14 March 1981 US $1.95 (by air) 30p ISSN 0028 6362

Aus 55c NZ 60c Den Kr 10.75 Fr NF 10.40
Ger Dm 4.30 Malaysia $2.25 Spn 160pts

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

ANTS AND DEXYS BRITISH TOUR DATES

WOULD YOU HANG THIS MAN ON YOUR LIVING ROOM WALL?

WRAP 'N' ROLL WITH PiL · BY GAVIN MARTIN · PAGES 30-32

HEAVEN 17 — NOT SO VERY ANGELIC

DEAD OR ALIVE — YOUR CHANCE TO DECIDE!

STRAY CATS — STORM THE U.K.

JOHN LYDON GETS PLASTERED. PIC: ANTON CORBIJN

NME CHARTS

WEEK ENDING
March 14th, 1981

Pic: Justin Thomas

And you may ask yourself: How did I get into this position? And more to the point, how the hell do I get out? Fraid we can't help you there, Toyah, but don't lose your head: at least your EP 'Four From' is up to fourteen this week. Time you straightened yourself out.

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(4)	**Jealous Guy**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	3	1
2	(2)	**Vienna**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	7	1
3	(1)	**Shaddup You Face**	Joe Dolce (Epic)	5	1
4	(13)	**Kings Of The Wild Frontier**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	3	4
5	(9)	**Do The Hucklebuck**	Coast To Coast (Polydor)	3	5
6	(6)	**Southern Freeez**	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	5	6
7	(12)	**Something 'Bout You Baby I Like**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	2	7
8	(5)	**St Valentine's Day Massacre EP**	Motorhead/Girlschool (Bronze)	3	5
9	(3)	**I Surrender**	Rainbow (Polydor)	6	3
10	(20)	**Once In A Lifetime**	Talking Heads (Sire)	4	10
10	(—)	**Kids In America**	Kim Wilde (RAK)	1	10
12	(19)	**(Somebody) Help Me Out**	Beggar & Co (Ensign)	3	12
13	(8)	**Return Of The Los Palmas 7**	Madness (Stiff)	7	8
14	(23)	**Four From Toyah**	Toyah (Safari)	3	14
15	(27)	**Star**	Kiki Dee (Ariola)	2	15
16	(25)	**Reward**	Teardrop Explodes (Mercury)	2	16
17	(10)	**Rock This Town**	Stray Cats (Arista)	5	9
18	(7)	**Woman**	John Lennon (Geffen)	7	2
19	(—)	**You Better You Bet**	The Who (Polydor)	1	19
20	(11)	**Oldest Swinger In Town**	Fred Wedlock (Rocket)	5	5
21	(21)	**That's Entertainment**	The Jam (Metronome)	5	21
22	(—)	**I Missed Again**	Phil Collins (Virgin)	1	22
23	(—)	**Jones v Jones**	Kool & The Gang (De-Lite)	1	23
24	(29)	**Hot Love**	Kelly Marie (Calibre)	2	24
25	(—)	**This Ole House**	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	1	25
26	(14)	**We'll Bring The House Down**	Slade (Cheapskate)	4	13
27	(—)	**Lately**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	1	27
28	(17)	**Fade To Grey**	Visage (Polydor)	8	7
29	(—)	**On Ceremony**	New Order (Factory)	1	29
30	(15)	**Message Of Love**	Pretenders (Real)	4	7

BUBBLING UNDER

Nagasaki Nightmare — Crass (Crass)
John, I'm Only Dancing — Polecats (Mercury)
Walking On Thin Ice — Yoko Ono (Geffen)
Shack Up 12" — A Certain Ratio (Factory)
Intuition — Linx (Chrysalis)
Can You Feel It — Jacksons (Epic)

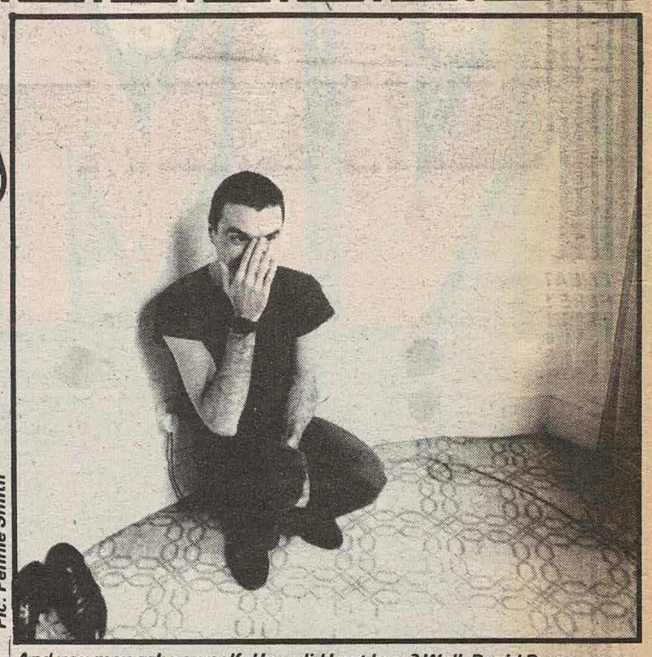
US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week		
1	(3)	**Woman**	John Lennon
2	(1)	**Keep On Loving You**	Reo Speedwagon
3	(2)	**9 To 5**	Dolly Parton
4	(7)	**Rapture**	Blondie
5	(6)	**The Best Of Times**	Styx
6	(5)	**Celebration**	Kool & The Gang
7	(4)	**I Love A Rainy Night**	Eddie Rabbitt
8	(9)	**Crying**	Don McLean
9	(12)	**Hello Again (Love Theme From 'The Jazz Singer')**	Neil Diamond
10	(11)	**Treat Me Right**	Pat Benatar
11	(8)	**The Tide Is High**	Blondie
12	(14)	**The Winner Takes It All**	Abba
13	(17)	**Kiss On My List**	Daryl Hall & John Oates
14	(13)	**I Ain't Gonna Stand For It**	Stevie Wonder
15	(15)	**A Little In Love**	Cliff Richard
16	(21)	**What Kind Of Fool**	Barbra Streisand & Barry Gibb
17	(19)	**Hearts On Fire**	Randy Meisner
18	(18)	**Games People Play**	The Alan Parsons Project
19	(22)	**Don't Stand So Close To Me**	The Police
20	(28)	**Morning Train (Nine To Five)**	Sheena Easton
21	(27)	**While You See A Chance**	Steve Winwood
22	(24)	**Fade Away**	Bruce Springsteen
23	(25)	**Ah! Leah!**	Donnie Iris
24	(26)	**Living In A Fantasy**	Leo Sayer
25	(30)	**Just The Two Of Us**	Grover Washington Jr
26	(23)	**Smoky Mountain Rain**	Ronnie Milsap
27	(31)	**Somebody's Knockin'**	Terri Gibbs
28	(10)	**Same Old Lang Syne**	Dan Fogelberg
29	(34)	**Angel Of The Morning**	Juice Newton
30	(32)	**Guitar Man**	Elvis Presley

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week		
1	(1)	**Hi Infidelity**	Reo Speedwagon
2	(2)	**Double Fantasy**	John Lennon/Yoko Ono
3	(4)	**Paradise Theater**	Styx
4	(3)	**The Jazz Singer**	Neil Diamond
5	(5)	**Greatest Hits**	Kenny Rogers
6	(6)	**Crimes Of Passion**	Pat Benatar
7	(7)	**Autoamerican**	Blondie
8	(8)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand
9	(11)	**Captured**	Journey
10	(10)	**Zenyatta Mondatta**	The Police
11	(9)	**Back In Black**	AC/DC
12	(12)	**Gaucho**	Steely Dan
13	(14)	**Celebrate**	Kool & The Gang
14	(13)	**Hotter Than July**	Stevie Wonder
15	(17)	**9 To 5 And Odd Jobs**	Dolly Parton
16	(16)	**Gap Band III**	Gap Band
17	(15)	**The Turn Of A Friendly Card**	The Alan Parsons Project
18	(20)	**The Two Of Us**	Yarbrough & Peoples
19	(38)	**Moving Pictures**	Rush
20	(25)	**Arc Of A Diver**	Steve Winwood
21	(22)	**Horizon**	Eddie Rabbit
22	(28)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross
23	(18)	**The River**	Bruce Springsteen
24	(19)	**Super Trouper**	Abba
25	(30)	**Winelight**	Grover Washington Jr
26	(29)	**Imagination**	The Whispers
27	(27)	**Trust**	Elvis Costello & The Attractions
28	(21)	**Foolish Behaviour**	Rod Stewart
29	(33)	**The Nature Of The Beast**	April Wine
30	(24)	**Fantastic Voyage**	Lakeside

US Charts Courtesy 'CASH BOX'



Pic: Pennie Smith

And you may ask yourself: How did I get here? Well, David Byrne, you are here because your record, 'Remain In Light' is in this week's LP listings at numero 19. You've also showed up in the singles. Aren't you a clever lad, then? Right, now wipe that stupid smirk off your face, for God's sake.

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
1	(1)	**Kings Of The Wild Frontier**	Adam & The Ants (CBS)	16	1
2	(1)	**Face Value**	Phil Collins (Virgin)	4	1
3	(3)	**Vienna**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	6	2
4	(5)	**Stray Cats**	Stray Cats (Arista)	2	4
5	(7)	**Jazz Singer**	Neil Diamond (Capitol)	15	5
6	(8)	**Dance Craze**	Soundtrack (2-Tone)	4	6
7	(6)	**Double Fantasy**	John Lennon and Yoko Ono (WEA/Geffen)	16	1
8	(13)	**Moving Pictures**	Rush (Phonogram)	4	7
9	(4)	**Difficult To Cure**	Rainbow (Polydor)	3	4
10	(9)	**Makin' Movies**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	9	5
11	(—)	**Point Of Entry**	Judas Priest (CBS)	1	11
12	(14)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	30	3
13	(10)	**Visage**	Visage (Polydor)	6	10
14	(16)	**Southern Freeez**	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	5	14
15	(15)	**Killers**	Iron Maiden (EMI)	2	15
16	(25)	**Barry**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	14	4
17	(21)	**Absolutely**	Madness (Stiff)	23	2
18	(11)	**Guilty**	Barbra Streisand (CBS)	21	2
19	(—)	**Remain In Light**	Talking Heads (Sire)	3	19
20	(12)	**The Very Best of David Bowie**	David Bowie (K-Tel)	9	2
21	(—)	**Another Ticket**	Eric Clapton (RSO)	1	21
22	(—)	**Journeys To Glory**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	1	22
23	(22)	**Arc Of A Diver**	Steve Winwood (Island)	8	16
24	(28)	**Hotter Than July**	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	18	1
25	(—)	**McCartney Interview**	Paul McCartney (EMI)	1	25
25	(20)	**Imagine**	John Lennon (EMI)	9	4
27	(—)	**Closer**	Joy Division (Factory)	9	8
28	(18)	**Dirk Wears White Sox**	Adam & The Ants (Do It)	4	18
29	(—)	**Christopher Cross**	Christopher Cross	1	29
30	(19)	**Fawlty Towers Vol 2**	Various (BBC)	3	19

BUBBLING UNDER

Celebrate The Bullet — The Selecter (Chrysalis)
My Life In The Bush Of Ghosts — Brian Eno/David Byrne (Polydor)
Shades — J. J. Cale (Shelter)
Thirst — Clock D.V.A. (Fetish)
Diminished Responsibility — U.K. Subs (Gem)
In Our Lifetime — Marvin Gaye (Motown)

INDIES 33s

1. **He Who Dares Wins** — Theatre of Hate (SS)
2. **New Age Steppers** — New Age Steppers (On You)
3. **Signing Off** — UB40 (Graduate)
4. **Photographs Memories** — Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)
5. **Dome 2** — Dome (Dome)
6. **Stands for Decibels** — dB's (Albion)
7. **Thirst** — Clock DVA (Fetish)
8. **Blurt In Berlin** — Blurt (Armageddon)
9. **Stations Of The Crass** — Crass (Crass)
10. **Toyah Toyah Toyah** — Toyah (Safari)

INDIES 45s

1. **Tell Me Easter Is On Friday** — The Associates (Sip)
2. **On Ceremony** — New Order (Factory)
3. **Give Me Passion** — Positive Noise (Static)
4. **The Act Became Real** — Bollock Brothers (Mcdonald & Lydon)
5. **Dreams To Fill The Vacuum** — I'm So Hollow (Hologram)
6. **Shake Rake** — Zeitgeist (Human)
7. **Unexpected Guest** — UK Decay (Fresh)
8. **Legion** — Theatre of Hate (SS)
9. **Is Vic There** — Department S (Demon)
10. **Fade Away** — New Age Stepper (Human)

Chart by: Saul at Bonapart, 284 Pentonville Road, London N.1

REGGAE

1. **Warrior Stylee** — Mikey Dread (Dread at the controls)
2. **Ranking Dread Showcase E.P.** — Ranking Dread (Art Craft)
3. **Love T.K.O.** — Hugh Porter (Germain)
4. **Love Between A Boy & Girl** — Chosen Few (Love & Unity)
5. **Girls I Like** — Barrington Levy-U-Brown (Top Ranking)
6. **At The Club** — Victor Romero (Special Request)
7. **Riding** — Bunny Wailer (Solomonic)
8. **You're The One** — Tropical Breeze (Daddy Kool).
9. **Tonight** — Revelation (Kingdom)
10. **Sandy** — Sugar Minott (Germain)

Chart by: Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W.1.

DISCO

1. **Get Tough** — Clear (WEA)
2. **Its Just The Way I Feel** — Jean Dunlop (EMI)
3. **Sexy Lady** — Young & Co (Excalibur)
4. **Love Is Gonna Be On Your Side** — Firefly (Emergency)
5. **Gangsters Of The Groove** — Heatwave (CBS)
6. **Burning Up The Carnival** — Joe Sample (MCA)
7. **Counting On Love 1-2-3** — Peter Jacques Band (RCA)
8. **By All Means (Import)** — Alphonse Mouzon (MTS)
9. **Chill Out** — Free Expression (Vanguard)
10. **Can You Handle It** — Sharon Redd (CBS)

Chart by: HMV Records, Oxford Street, London W.1.

5 YEARS AGO

1. **I Love To Love** — Tina Charles (CBS)
2. **Convoy** — C. W. McCall (MGM)
3. **December '63** — Four Seasons (Warner Bros)
4. **Love Really Hurts Without You** — Billy Ocean (GTO)
5. **Rodrigo's Guitar Concerto** — Manuel & The Music Of The Mountains (EMI)
6. **It Should Have Been Me** — Yvonne Fair (Tamla Motown)
7. **Rain** — Status Quo (Vertigo)
8. **Dat** — Pluto Shervington (Opal)
9. **Funky Weekend** — Stylistics (Avco)
10. **You Don't Have To Say You Love Me** — Guys & Dolls (Magnet)

Week ending March 13, 1976

10 YEARS AGO

1. **Another Day** — Paul McCartney (Apple)
2. **Baby Jump** — Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
3. **Rose Garden** — Lynn Anderson (CBS)
4. **Hot Love** — T. Rex (Fly)
5. **My Sweet Lord** — George Harrison (Apple)
6. **It's Impossible** — Perry Como (RCA)
7. **Pushbike Song** — Mixtures (Polydor)
8. **Sweet Caroline** — Neil Diamond (UNI)
9. **Tomorrow Night** — Atomic Rooster (B&C)
10. **Amazing Grace** — Judy Collins (Elektra)

Week ending March 17, 1971

15 YEARS AGO

1. **The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore** — Walker Brothers (Philips)
2. **I Can't Let Go** — Hollies (Parlophone)
3. **Sha-La-La-La-Lee** — Small Faces (Decca)
4. **Barbara Ann** — Beach Boys (Capitol)
5. **Shapes Of Things** — Yardbirds (Columbia)
6. **Make The World Go Away** — Eddy Arnold (RCA)
7. **Backstage** — Gene Pitney (Stateside)
8. **A Groovy Kind Of Love** — Mindbenders (Fontana)
9. **These Boots Were Made For Walking** — Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
10. **Dedicated Follower Of Fashion** — Kinks (Pye)

Week ending March 18, 1966

20 YEARS AGO

1. **Walk Right Back** — Everly Brothers (Warner Bros)
2. **Theme For A Dream** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
3. **Wooden Heart** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
4. **Are You Sure** — Allisons (Fontana)
5. **Will You Love Me Tomorrow** — Shirelles (Top Rank)
6. **My Kind Of Girl** — Matt Monro (Parlophone)
7. **Exodus** — Ferrante and Teicher (London)
8. **FBI** — Shadows (Columbia)
9. **Sailor** — Petula Clark (Pye)
10. **Riders In The Sky** — Ramrods (London)

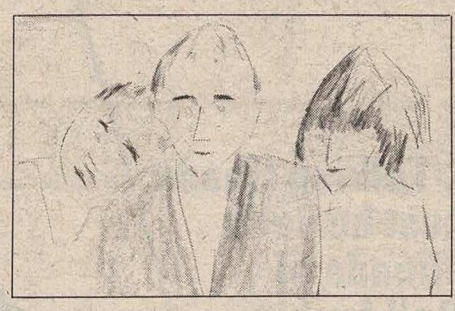
Week ending March 17, 1961

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

BENEATH EACH BLACK AND WHITE PAGE THERE'S A COLOUR PAGE SIMMERING . . .

Sketches of PiL

Two pictures for you to colour



NEWS DEREK JOHNSON

THRILLS CYNTHIA ROSE

DEXYS' PASSION RUNS DRY

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS have announced details of their first tour since their major personnel upheaval last autumn. They're presenting a series of shows at selected theatres under the banner of 'The Midnight Runners Projected Passion Revue' which, in addition to the band's own set, will feature comedy duo The Outer Limits — who will also act as comperes — plus a six-piece dance troupe called Torque.

All theatres included in the schedule are seated, and Dexys have insisted that only light refreshments are on sale — which means that it will be a completely 'dry' tour with no alcoholic beverages on sale at any of the venues.

Rob Hallet, who is promoting the tour for the Derek Block agency, explained that Kevin Rowland felt alcohol affected people's enjoyment of the group's music. "He'd rather see them enjoy the music for its own highs, without also being on an alcoholic high."

So would those carrying alcoholic drinks be stopped from coming in at the door?

"That I don't know, but most of the places where the group will be playing are theatres anyway, which don't allow people in with alcohol. But alcoholic drinks will definitely not be on sale at any of the gigs."

It was also confirmed this week by EMI Records that guitarist Al Archer — regarded as Rowland's most dedicated sidekick in both the original Dexys and the post-split group — has now left the new line-up, as was stated in last week's long-awaited 'essay'.

An EMI spokesman said on Monday that Archer would shortly be advertising for musicians to form his own group.

This leaves Dexys as an eight-piece for the tour with the two surviving original members Rowland and trombone player Big Jimmy Patterson joined by the "six new fusiliers": drummer Seb Shelton, organist Mickey Bellingham, bassist Steve Wynne, tenor saxist Paul Speare, alto saxist Brian Morris and guitarist Billy Adams.

Confirmed dates are Edinburgh Odeon (April 4), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (5), Hull City Hall (6), Birmingham Odeon (9), Doncaster Odeon (10), Ipswich Gaumont (11), Oxford New Theatre (12), Southampton Gaumont (13), Brighton Dome (14), London Tottenham Court Road Dominion (17) and Leeds Grand Opera House (19). The revue also visits Manchester (April 7) and Watford (16), though venues have still to be announced.

There is a range of admission prices varying from one venue to another, but the maximum is £3 — and tickets are on sale now.

ANTS STAND AND DELIVER

Adam raids his big brother's wardrobe. Hendrix gear, everybody . . .

ADAM & THE ANTS, who weren't expected to make any UK appearances for some considerable time, have unexpectedly lined up a short tour for later this month.

The dates go under the banner of 'The Stand And Deliver Tour', and serve a double function — to aid promotion (if such aid were needed) of their new single and, in their own words, to "thank the kids for their wonderful support". Not surprisingly, the single is titled 'Stand And Deliver', and it's scheduled for early April release by CBS.

The dates are Newcastle City Hall (March 23), Glasgow Apollo (24), Birmingham Odeon (26), London Tottenham Court Rd Dominion Theatre (27 and 28) and Manchester Apollo (29). There will be an additional afternoon performance at London Dominion on Saturday, March 28, at 3.30 pm — otherwise, starting times are 7.45 pm (London) and 7.30 pm (elsewhere). Tickets priced £4 and £3.50 (London) and £3.50 and £3 (all other venues) are limited to four per person, and are available now only by personal application at the respective box-offices.

The band leave in early April for their debut tour of the States, to be followed by an extensive jaunt around Europe — and on their return, they'll be working on their next album. So there is obviously no prospect of any more UK dates in the foreseeable future, though — according to a CBS spokesperson — there are plans for a comprehensive British tour at some period during the autumn.

Bow Wows bow out

BOW WOW WOW have cancelled the first six dates of their major UK tour, because of problems concerning the education of 15-year-old singer Annabella. With the school leaving age now at 16, the GLC has belatedly decided that the band's singer would effectively be "playing truant" if she goes on the road. This means that a tutor has to be engaged, and approved by the GLC, to accompany Annabella on the tour.

In view of the short notice of the GLC's edict, dates at Norwich East Anglia University (tonight, Thursday), Nottingham Rock City (Friday), Manchester University (Saturday), Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (Sunday), York University (next Monday) and Durham University (Tuesday) have been called off, although the band plan to re-arrange them later in their tour. They now intend to pick up their previously announced schedule at Poole Arts Centre on March 19.

Spizzles flower

THE SPIZZLES, the 1981 version of Athletico Spizz 80, are going out on their first major tour under their new name — and their outing ties in with the release this weekend of their new A&M album 'Spikey Dream Flowers'.

They headline at Bolton Sports Centre (March 28), Cardiff Top Rank (April 1), Manchester Polytechnic (2), Huddersfield Club Eros (3), Nottingham Rock City (4), Brighton Jenkinsons (5), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (7), Liverpool Rotters (8), Sunderland Mecca (9), Newcastle Mayfair (10), Bradford Tiffany's (11), Edinburgh Tiffany's (13) and London Hammersmith Palais (21), with more dates still to be slotted in.

Wanderers on

THE WANDERERS, the band formed by three ex-Sham 69 members plus ex-Dead Boys vocalist Stiv Bators, play their first major London date this Sunday (15) when they headline at the Lyceum in the Strand — supported by Martian Dance, The Straps, The Cosmetics and FK9 (admission £3). The band's first Polydor single 'Ready To Snap' will be issued next month.

'After more than thirty years he is the most creative bluesman still recording' NME

NEW ALBUM B.B. KING

THERE MUST BE A BETTER WORLD SOMEWHERE

MCA RECORDS

1 Great Pulteney Street, London W1 3FW

NME is published weekly by IPC Magazines, Head Office King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London, SE1, England. Annual subscription $57,00 including air speeded delivery. Second class postage paid at Jamaica N.Y. 11431. Air Freight and mailing in the USA by Publications Expediting Incorporated, 200 Meacham Avenue, Elmont, New York 11003, USA.

Ah so, Talking Heads. You must be velly good fliends of Max Bell for him to go all the way to Tokyo to write a 700-word Thrill about you.

RIFE DEWING

LAWTIME

THE TALKING HEADS Funk Wagon finally came to rest last week after completing an eight-day tour of Japan — and it was a real pleasure to observe the emergent coherence of the new group after their somewhat hectic displays in London. My initial belief that their High Life directions were threatening to see the band disappear up its own ass proved to be unfounded when I caught them headlining over Tokyo's Plastics in Osaka.

David Byrne is crazier than ever, having perfected his cross-pollination of Dirk Bogarde, Roadrunner and a man learning to swim on dry ground, but his singing is now more ambitious and varied than you'd have expected from someone who was born in Scotland, did an Arts degree, and played ukelele on Frank Sinatra songs for a laugh.

The real nexus of Talking Heads' glowing step forward lies in the integration of keyboards and Roland synth player Bernie Worrell (ex-Clinton Corps) and percussionist Stephen Scales. Worrell in particular is now capable of steering the group into a heavily jazz-tinged mood that breaks down Byrne's more austere mannerisms and allows for some thrilling improvisation. The combination of Byrne and Dollette McDonald is now properly up-funky where once it was leaden and grating.

A happier combination of the duo bass parts given to Tina Weymouth and the incomparable Busta Jones also gives the lie to rumours that Ms Weymouth was dissatisfied with her role (it was even said that they were turning her bass down in the mix) and Jerry Harrison is more than delighted to be learning from Worrell's great technique.

Meanwhile Bernie Worrell had planned to come to London to work on Magazine's new album, as co-producer and musician — though a recent breakdown in communications leads Virgin Records to state that he's going to be a bit late (as in they've finished). Should Worrell turn up unannounced, Magazine are still anxious to make use of the partnership. If you're reading this, Bernie . . .

Byrne, Brian Eno and Plastics front people Chica and Toshi and going to the island of Bali together to eat papaya and catch up on Kecha — this being the local Balinese folk music. That could be a pointer for Heads' next record.

Chris and Tina Weymouth/Frantz aborted their plans to work with Lee Perry in Jamaica owing to the latter gentleman's unstable behaviour, but Weymouth will now record a solo album with a Mr Youth something or other. She is already sporting the obligatory Rasta chic woolly hat and practising her rolling fingers.

Whether this nine-piece stays together for a proposed British summer visit is not certain. The organisation and finance involved in supporting a bunch of hard-working hedonists may tax them unduly. It's ironic though that 'Once In A Lifetime' should be such a big hit here after the group rather snubbed Europe last time around. The next single is a 12" of 'Listening Wind' and a live album culled from the American tour is a possibility.

While internal feeling within Talking Heads can never be said to be perfect, there seems to be an amusing love-hate relationship developing within ranks. Best quote of the tour was attributed to a well-known female bass player who reckoned that "When David Byrne and Brian Eno are 80 years old they won't have anyone to talk to except themselves."

I Zimbra. You Jane.

"Balis to all that." Tina Weymouth pic: Lynn Goldsmith

New Cross march aftermath and ANL news by ANDREW TYLER

Skinhead bands disown the Sieg Heilers

INFA-RIOT AND The Four Skins want it known that they are not now and never have been fascists nor do they want a Nazi following.

The two young London bands came forward to state their case this week following the March 1 *Sunday Times* article on youth and fascism reported in last week's *NME*.

The Four Skins' 'manager' (*Sounds* writer Garry Bushell, writing under the pseudonym Gary Birtles) subsequently had a stiff letter published in the *Sunday Times* — though it should be said that it was the bands' followers, not the bands themselves, that the *Sunday Times* pinpointed as potential fascists.

On Monday The Four Skins called at *NME* to underscore their anti-Nazi sentiments.

The adverse publicity has already cost them a booking in Nottingham and two in Scotland, and they are now concerned the unwarranted "pro-Nazi" tag will stick.

Andy Russel, the group's road manager, says the timing of the *S.T.* article and other recent media exposes of the British Movement and their ilk is especially unfortunate since, he claims somewhat implausibly, "the whole thing was beginning to die right out in the East End. That kind of thing's going to start it up again, especially with the real little ones."

Infa-Riot take a similarly firm line. A spokesman tells us: "We've played all over the country including places with large immigrant areas and we've never had one complaint saying we're outrageous or racist.

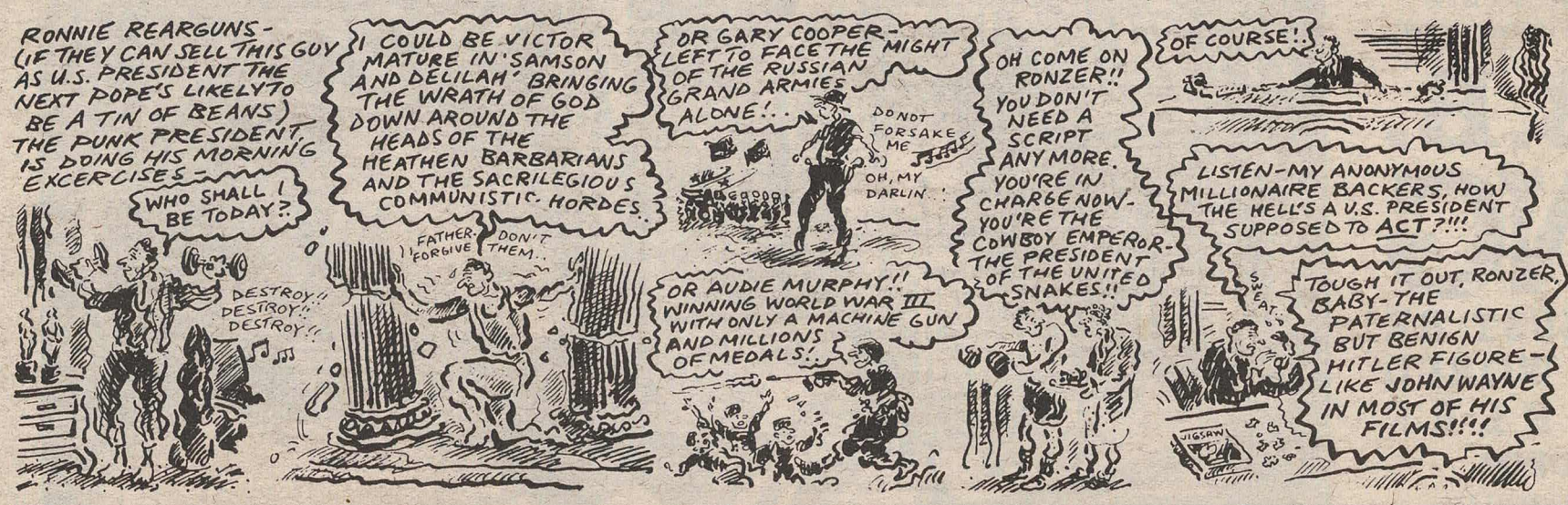
"We don't allow racial overtones in or out of performances. As it happens Infa-Riot do Rock Against Nazi gigs and although we do have a large skinhead following, it doesn't mean they're all racists. We take this very seriously because Infa-Riot have only been going for a year and it would be a shame if they were unjustifiably shot down in flames before they got two feet off the ground."

□ IN OTHER developments this week, **The Specials** confirm they are preparing for a low-key benefit gig in Leamington next month, proceeds to go to the local anti-fascist and anti-racist committee. The group haven't played since January when they joined The Beat in Ireland for a children's benefit, but manager Rick Rogers says that if Leamington works out "a lot more will be arranged through local campaigns."

□ MEANWHILE, a strategy meeting was due to be held today (Thursday) between the **Anti Nazi League** and what remains of the Rock Against Racism central organisation. In future the co-ordinating back-up for local rock against fascism events will be provided by the newly vamped-up ANL.

□ THE ANTI NAZI League's press officer **Peter Hain** last Saturday met with Scotland Yard officers along with Miriam Karlin and other activists whose names recently appeared on a National Front "hit list". Hain, who last week had stones thrown through his living room window, called the rendezvous

NOT ONLY ROCK & ROLL — LOWRY


RONNIE REARGUNS- (IF THEY CAN SELL THIS GUY AS U.S. PRESIDENT THE NEXT POPE'S LIKELY TO BE A TIN OF BEANS) THE PUNK PRESIDENT IS DOING HIS MORNING EXCERCISES-
WHO SHALL I BE TODAY?
I COULD BE VICTOR MATURE IN 'SAMSON AND DELILAH' BRINGING THE WRATH OF GOD DOWN AROUND THE HEADS OF THE HEATHEN BARBARIANS AND THE SACRILEGIOUS COMMUNISTIC HORDES.
DESTROY!! DESTROY!! DESTROY!!
FATHER FORGIVE
DON'T THEM..
OR GARY COOPER- LEFT TO FACE THE MIGHT OF THE RUSSIAN GRAND ARMIES ALONE!..
DO NOT FORSAKE ME
OH, MY DARLIN..
OR AUDIE MURPHY!! WINNING WORLD WAR III WITH ONLY A MACHINE GUN AND MILLIONS OF MEDALS..
OH COME ON RONZER!! YOU DON'T NEED A SCRIPT ANY MORE. YOU'RE IN CHARGE NOW- YOU'RE THE COWBOY EMPEROR- THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED SNAKES!!
OF COURSE!..
LISTEN-MY ANONYMOUS MILLIONAIRE BACKERS, HOW THE HELL'S A U.S. PRESIDENT SUPPOSED TO ACT?!!!
TOUGH IT OUT, RONZER, BABY- THE PATERNALISTIC BUT BENIGN HITLER FIGURE- LIKE JOHN WAYNE IN MOST OF HIS FILMS!!!!
SEAT
JIGSAW

So then, Clem Burke. You have come to London to talk to Lynn Hanna. Does Debbie know about this?

BLONDIE NO SPLIT SENSATION

Clement Burke. Clement? Burke?? *Pic: David Corio*

AT THE TOP of a flight of dingy stairs, Blondie's Clem Burke is sitting behind a desk in an empty publicist's office. His American punk black bouffant is silhouetted against a window which overlooks the squalid back of London Bridge market. His nervy NY twang and inscrutable sunglasses seem a trifle misplaced in this mundane setting.

Clem's over here to have himself a holiday. He's been to Cabaret Futura and "another super trendy club somewhere around here. They were playing 'Rapture'." And even before I ask him, he's quick to quell any rumours about a Blondie split.

Blondie, he says, are only on hold for the next six months while its various members pursue extra-curricular activities. Debs and Christein are hanging out with the NY avant-garde art set while Debbie records a solo album. Jimmy Destri is recording his own projects. Nigel Harrison is also in London, while Clem benefits from his own form of musical therapy.

"I was going a bit crazy in New York at this point. I hadn't really played the drums since the last tour. It was either come to London or go to a psychiatric ward. I chose London."

Indeed, some of Clem's answers do sound a little like a deadpan dialogue by some Woody Allen character. For instance, do Debbie and Chris take the Blondie decisions while the rest of the band simply carry out orders?

"In a way, that's what it is like. The musical direction from the last album was from Debbie and Chris. But that's fine with me. I think I've actually matured as far as things like that go. I've sort of found my place in the band — I'm the drummer.

"It gets a bit rough because there's a stereotypical cliched attitude to drummers. Maybe three or four years ago I had a problem with it. But there's absolutely no problem now. It's not rilly taking orders at all."

Clem's solution is managing and producing a New York group called The Colours, for whom he's trying to secure a distribution deal in this country.

"Actually, it's a big secret, but I do play on the single because they didn't have a drummer at the time. I did a couple of gigs with them. But it's great for me, because they're four or five years younger than me, so they're not as cynical or jaded as one *might* get being in this business for as long as I've been in it, y'know?"

He and Nigel have also been collaborating with Michael Des Barres, who fired his band after his *OGWT* performance. They are playing with a "fairly well known" guitarist who at this moment Clem says he cannot name. They've also been auditioning hopefuls from an ad in *MM*, and plan to set up half a dozen gigs as The Chequered Past.

"It's a bit romantic, a bit like starting over. It's been rilly fun."

So how did Clem feel about Blondie's poor showing in *NME's* readers' poll?

"It was a bit disappointing. But it's understandable since we haven't performed here for a long time. All that stuff does worry me. But I know the people will be there when we're ready for them. That might sound a bit selfish, I guess.

"There's a whole paradox in Blondie between artistic integrity and mass crass commercialism. I don't want Blondie fans to feel slighted, but it gets a bit hectic, especially for Debbie. I think it's healthy to sell a few less records."

How important is Debbie's face to Blondie's sales?

"Debbie's image lets her in for a lot of things. I think initially the marketing was a bit wrong. I think the group could have been stressed a little more. But I'm sure there's a lot of little kids who aren't interested in the sexual imagery, they just hear the record. I think Blondie have a very clean image in a lot of ways, very sensual.

"But of course I could say all this stuff and everybody could say 'This is a load of shit'. Obviously Debbie's image had a lot to do with the band, but it was the whole idea behind the music. Otherwise it wouldn't have sold."

And the direction for the new album which, Clem is at pains to assure me, Blondie will record after their vacation?

"A lot more up. A lot more rock and roll. We took a breather and got away from the Blondie sound because we all felt it was getting a bit stale. It freed us to go back to what Blondie originally stood for. And I know people are waiting to hear that."

New Cross protest *Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez*

"a good one" and anticipates progress towards an arrest.

☐ THE *SUNDAY TIMES* has also irked leading black activists. An investigative piece last weekend examining the Deptford "fire bombing" tragedy, in which 13 young party-goers choked, burned and fell to their deaths, speculated that the conflagration was the result of an attempt to clean vomit from a carpet using highly volatile paint thinners. With a flashpoint of only 90 degrees centigrade the vapours, says the article, could easily have been ignited by a gas fire in the front "best" room.

John La Rosa, chairman of the **New Cross Massacre** Action Committee, claims the article is misleading, and is based on "carefully controlled leaks by the police to their favourite journalists". He calls for full forensic evidence to be released so that "details can be questioned and challenged".

Darcus Howe, editor of *Race Today* and leader of the black community's march through London last week, was more emphatic. "The article is nothing but police propaganda," he claimed. "The journalists sat down with the police and were told what to do and what to write.

"It's very curious that this article comes seven weeks after the fire and so soon after 15,000 black people have taken to the streets. It is an attempt to damp down the strength of feeling among black people in this country."

☐ TWENTY TWO adults and one minor will appear at Camberwell Magistrates Court on March 24 charged with offences relating to the London protest. Funds are being sought in the black community for their defence as well as for the families of the fire victims, and so far £1,500 has been raised through local collections and street events.

"Anything else, sir?"

WEST COUNTRY egghead Robert Fripp will be playing a gig at the Virgin Megastore in Oxford St this Thursday evening with "famous hairdresser" Mary Lou Green — or, as Fripp prefers to call her, "a conceptual artist who works in the medium of hair". Ms Green recently performed the world's first haircut-by-laser-beam in LA, but she'll be using more orthodox methods on Thursday when, according to Fripp, she will *"sculpt* rather than cut" the hair of the hapless Gang Of Four (who've been lured along by the promise of free drink) while mad guitarist Fripp performs specially-devised "barbertronics" in the background.

It seems the days of a quick short back and sides and a discreet "anything else, sir?" are gone forever.

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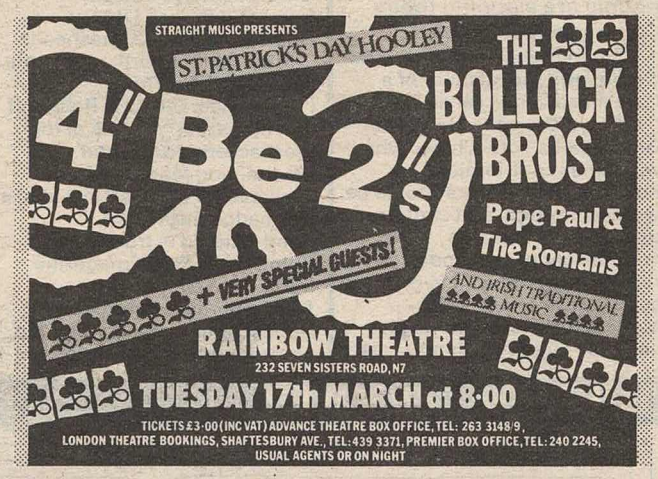
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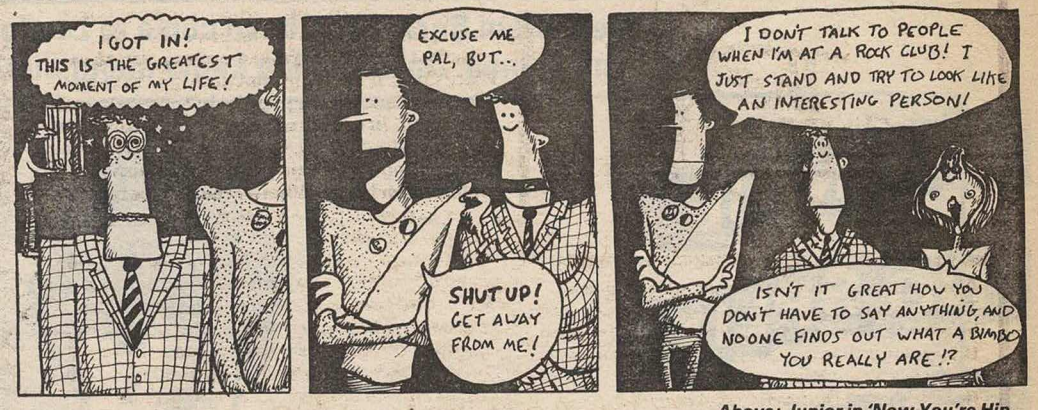

I GOT IN! THIS IS THE GREATEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE!
EXCUSE ME PAL, BUT...
SHUT UP! GET AWAY FROM ME!
I DON'T TALK TO PEOPLE WHEN I'M AT A ROCK CLUB! I JUST STAND AND TRY TO LOOK LIKE AN INTERESTING PERSON!
ISN'T IT GREAT HOW YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY ANYTHING AND NOONE FINDS OUT WHAT A BIMBO YOU REALLY ARE!?

Above: Junior in 'Now You're Hip, Now You're Not' by Peter Bagge, Comical Funnies

Time capsules for our era
by CYNTHIA ROSE

TALK MUST be cheap — 'cause more and more people are slapping theirs down between staples.

Comment first perhaps on ***No Comment!***, the offshoot of a Gateshead venue called The Garage. *NC* is edited by Gaz of Gateshead's Total Chaos, who welcomes contributions. Potential contributors should be warned, though, that contrary to its title *NC* contains anti-nuclear propaganda, reports and contact info on local combos like The Reptiles, Model Workers, Underdogs, and Blue Lights Flashing . . . as well as a glue-sniffing tractette which hit the stands before *NME's* own. *No Comment!* from: Old Branch Library, Lindisfarne Drive, Gateshead.

From further north comes the latest ***Next Big Thing*** ("Scotland's Ultimate Rock and Roll Magazine") — one of the most accomplished and entertaining reads aboot, available for 65p P&P incl (and a free badge thrown in). Hand-lettered in true John Holmstrom/*PUNK* magazine tradition, *NBT* is the Teengenerate production it claims, offering plenty of poop on stuff wackos like myself always love to read up on — *The Outer Limits*' 'Zanti Misfits' episode, The Angry Samoans, and a band called Alfred E Neuman and the American Dream (this from *Stirlingshire???*). The Legion of the Cramped (same staff) contribute a lengthy comic strip, and there's all sorts of enthusiastic evaluations of this'n'that on the rock scene. For all lovers of rock kulchur at the B-level a recommended must. B there or B square: 10 Dochart Path, Grangemouth, Stirlingshire FK3 0HJ, Scotland.

Down now to the Transvaal in South Africa where Jon Roxi produces ***The Palladium*** and wants to let the world know there are plenty of rockophiles with smiles in SA ("both white and black kids and we're not ashamed either"). *The Palladium* boasts a UK correspondent who slots in news on Numan and Joy Division between info on local SA talent like The Pop Guns and hints on hitch-hiking around South Africa. The cover feach this ish *(ish? feach?? — Ed.)* is a slightly naive but sincere one on Iggy Pop. Cost: 50c. Address: PO Box 10287, Strubenvale-1570, Springs, South Africa.

From Capetown, SA comes *Snake in the Grass Fashions;* originally inspired, write editorial team Frankie and Jane, by the *i-D* mag preview in *NME* 16-8-80. It's a pose-and-survive, cut and slap dash collage of dangerous visions, mostly mostly-reggae local club in Capetown. A good deal like UK's *The Poser* and well worth continuing; from 22 Camp Str. Gardens, Capetown, 8001, South Africa.

From Boston Yew-Essay comes Issue One of ***Take It!*** — an awesome-sized newsprint monthly whose expressed editorial interest is in "creativity wherever it exists". *Take It!* (price $1) bears a free flexi-disc (a wobbly delight called 'It's Up To You' by The Trademarks). Best boast: Gary Panter's surrealist Rozz-Tox Manifesto (first Sighted in *New West* magazine): "Our lack of popularity in high school has led us to think and thinking has led us to this". Also art and movie reviews, local rock stuff, fashion and coiffure ('Mohawks vs Domeheads'). *Take It!* is also up for unsolicited ms, photos, and art work (send saes for return) at: 196 Harvard Ave, Suite, 5, Boston, MA 02134 USA.

New York also lends us ***Zipper*** ($1.75), a large-format one-off picture mag and general avant-a-rama production, with the conspicuously ripped.off slogan "Fuck Style — Let's Dance".(got those lawyers ready, Rocking Russian?). Also filched (from the cover of *FILE)*

■ ***Continues opposite***

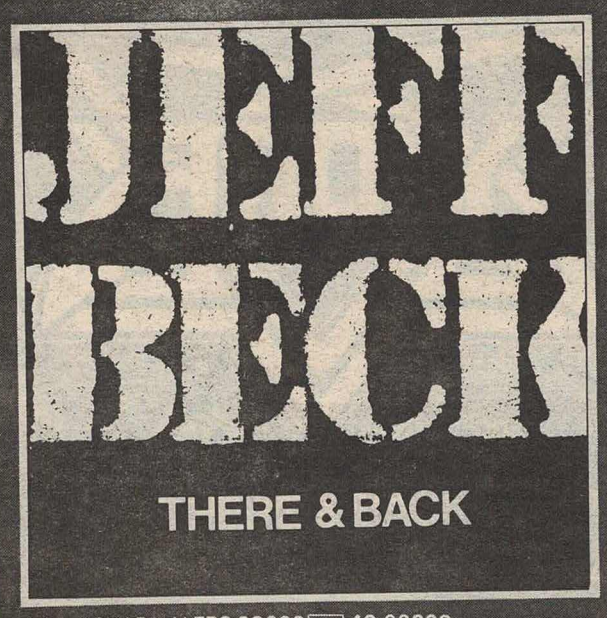
THE LONE GROOVER — BENYON

ONE MINUTE WE'RE SUPPOSED T'ADORE STARS FROM A DISTANCE AN' THEN WE'RE TOLD BY TH' SAME PEOPLE THAT WE, TH' FANS, 'RE ALSO TH' PERFORMERS, LIKE THIS BOW WOW WUFFO CIRCUS....
I RILLY DON'T KNOW WHERE I STAND—
T'BE EXACT Y'RE STANDIN' IN TH' MIDDLE OF TH' WEMBLEY PITCH PLAYIN' FOOTBALL WITH 100,000 FANS.....
WHILE TH' LIVERPOOL AN' WEST HAM TEAMS WATCH US FROM TH' STANDS.
SHOULDN'T IT BE TH' OTHER WAY ROUND?
NOPE— WE LOST TH' TOSS....
BEHIND YOU! YOUR BALL!..
SIGH... IT MUST BE THESE TROUSERS!

BECK IS BACK

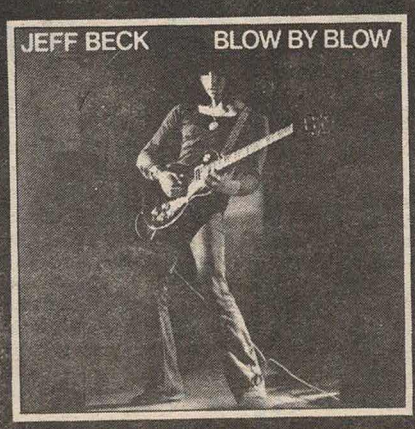
WITH A SPECIAL FOUR TRACK SINGLE

Featuring 'The Final Peace' and 'Too Much To Lose' from Beck's latest album 'There And Back'. Plus 'Scatterbrain' and 'Led Boots', taken from the albums 'Blow By Blow' and "Wired". Out now in picture bag. EPC A1009



'There And Back' EPC 83288 40-83288

'Wired' EPC 86012 40-86012



'Blow By Blow' EPC 69117 40-69117

Epic

A grave is laid, the Buttery long closed and Thorn Electrical and Lighting gone. Embraced in scaffold shroud the Hall remains to mourn this pulling down of people into waste. Judd Street gazes without irony. Bleak. Remorseless. Meanwhile the mobile Bengalese, the Scottish refugees, the basement Greek stray through the haggard squares beneath the trees and no one stops to speak. The wreath is placed: the priest performs his lay, his words that scatter in the winter cold. A baby cries, the sheep return to fold. The tower bows his head, his hands to pray. The hearse threads silver pastures in its haste.

The self possessed are tucked up in their snug. The midnight dims in waiting rooms. Hopes sway against the pavements. Lurching couples hug, ineffable, or is it terror? Another day comes to an end in night. In time the final coach from Birmingham arrives, its passengers a unified sublime, all wrapped warm in the closeness of their lives, unbend, alight, unclimb. Some stay for bitter tea and sour talk. Some hail the hov'ring merlin midnight cabs that fly their prey to Camden for kebabs. Others, hail or horror, turn and walk. Between the bricks and plaster mice at play.

In Euston Street, uneasy, Mayell trucks stand waiting to unload their magazines. Between the bricks the nervous couple fucks; from each to each according to his means. When the music stops the alcoholic cough resounds the Square, uneasy to its bones, where fly rags air the fanfare rate with: "Off Joe Levy!" The onus is on he whom owns. The doff confront the toff. Uneasy like the mice that pause in rooms and cower at our footsteps as we pass: the repetitious mimicry of farce. Uneasy lie the dead within these tombs. Memorial, the Euston Tower leans.

Uneasy are the muttering twilit ghosts whose souls berate the burden of their cells. Uneasy into Islington, where hosts of fallen angel, sullen winter wells, broken by the bitterest lottery. To freeze uneasy, snore in Mary Quant. The constant springs that skirt the river Lea. Uneasy up the hill climbs need and want, in search of property. Uneasy into Pentonville, to Bow, street walking where our whispering footsteps goad the tedium of Caledonian Road. Where Freedom sets up shop and in its glow the weakly living guide to time outsells.

In Somers Town, here Molly Churchill dies and goes to Hendon heaven. The Burnt Oak Mafia declares uneasy truce, lies in wait in gunner's wake beside the cloak and swagger shadow of George Bernard Shaw. These leaflet streets, this mutilated skull of bomb struck homes for rats. The padding paw of one stray vacant man against the law. The gentry's agroboot absorbs the butt of servile, indirect or servile pleas. His sordid gentleness asserts to tease, and stranded Benhams moves. The Buttery shut. Mad Michael chuckles at his private joke.

In Drummond Street the broken structures peer with terrifying eyes at cracks and claws and outworn yams, the lingering of beer. Some cheerless trace of curry curdled paws and turns the broken glass, the splintered shells. The crime — such cruel comfort — to dare cry, and each unconscious of the other's hells. The weary Northern businessman sucked dry. The dead sea scroll hotels scrawled on the black street plains of the near East. Little India yet! But still mistrust in eyes, such rue, regret, with carefully counting hands. This all remains in soggy night where one bland siren gnaws.

And here the busy festive season spins, and here the bitter burial and peace, and here the skull of malice blankly grins its promise of redemption in decease. I see the lonely legend on the stones, and hear much broken whispering of song where every ghost of Starcross Street still groans and all the icy chill of death belongs to rattle in our bones. I see the hobble murmurers depart, a bottle to each breast, a final toast to every private paradise and coast. A battle hymn of terror in each heart. A stubble chin and matted parting lease.

Epitaph: Here lies one who died just as he lived: in struggle. Climbing and descending wormwood stairs, unscrubbed, without reproach. No start. No plot. And ne'er a happy ending.

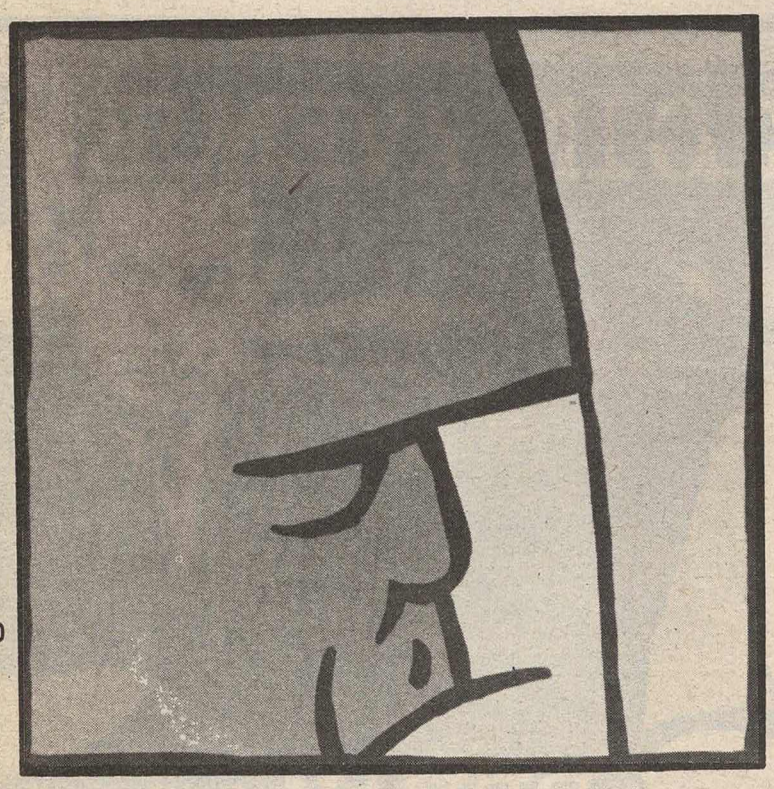
■ *From opposite*

is the charming pin-up of the rock star's hair stylist Mary Lou Green, who cuts locks with laser beams. Visual stimulation from: 179 Broadway, New York, New York 10007 USA.

Any rock or comic freak will be delighted by the debut of ***Comical Funnies.*** ("Lotsa Laffs — Only a Buck!"), which offers a new showcase for John Holmstrom of *PUNK* and Ramones' sleeve fame, as well as other loonies. *Comical Funnies* feels that "cartoons have lost their influence in

■ *Continues over*

altered images



the single

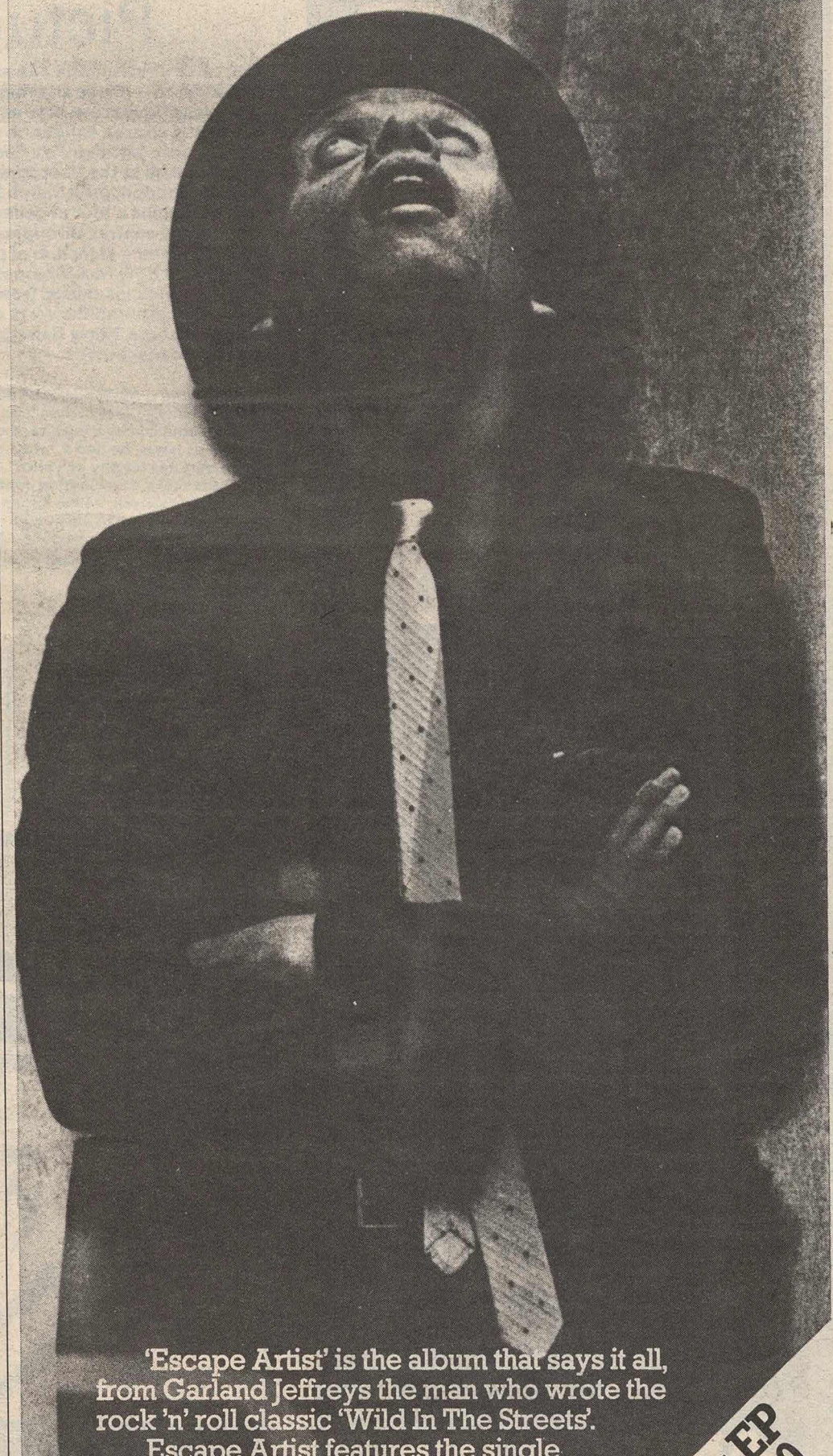
lead pop stars

March 18 Wednesday Liverpool, Warehouse
March 19 Thursday Leeds Fan Club
March 24 Tuesday London, 100 Club
March 25 Wednesday Birmingham, Cedar Ballroom
March 27 Friday Manchester, Rafters Club

Produced by Steven Severin

Epic EPC A1023

GARLAND JEFFREYS THE 'ESCAPE ARTIST' IS OUT



'Escape Artist' is the album that says it all, from Garland Jeffreys the man who wrote the rock 'n' roll classic 'Wild In The Streets'.
Escape Artist features the single '96 Tears', musicians from The E-Street Band and The Rumour plus Big Youth, Linton Kwesi Johnson and many more.

Epic Garland Jeffreys Escape Artist EPC 84808 40-84808

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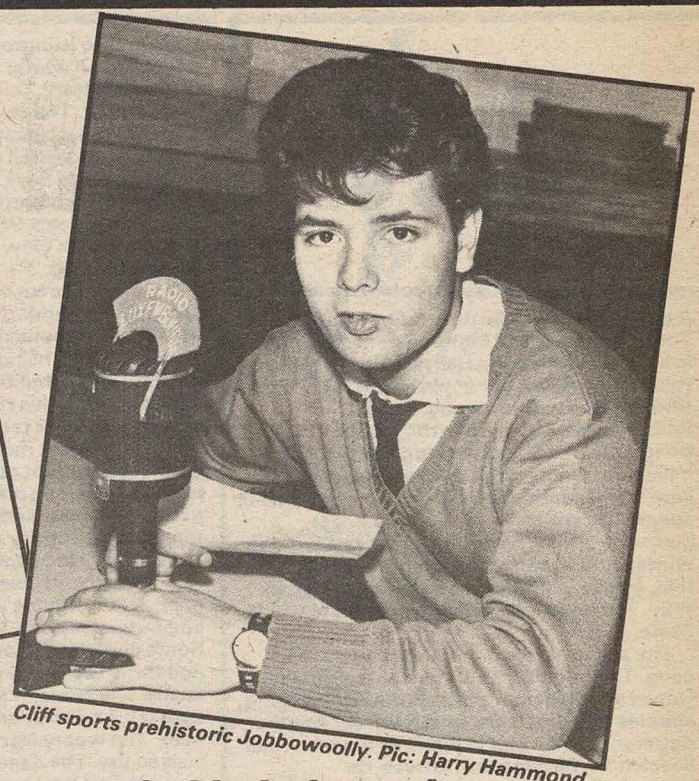
Jimi models early Antjacket. Pic: Gered Mankowitz



Cliff sports prehistoric Jobbowoolly. Pic: Harry Hammond

Pictures for an exhibitionist

THE LATE Jimi Hendrix and early Cliff Richard — these and many more rock figures are now on view in a neatly chosen exhibition of photographs entitled *Pop People*, which will be at the Photographers' Gallery, London, until March 28 when it begins a tour of galleries and community centres throughout the UK. Its stunning selection of pix illuminates how rock's heroes and heroines were visualised from 1950-1980 through the work of two photographers, Harry Hammond and Gered Mankowitz.

Hammond's work was done during the music's emergent era when, as a photojournalist covering showbusiness people as news, he had a "maximum of three minutes for any one shot". His portraits make a fascinating contrast to Mankowitz's work, which began just as Hammond's came to an end. As Hammond was photographing the young Beatles, Mankowitz was taking his first shots of The Rolling Stones — and from these to the fastidiously lit, inventive images he architected around his later clients' personae is a progression *Pop People* traces most effectively.

Both lensmen were self-taught and both apprenticed as lab assistants before actually manning the shutter. Hammond (born in 1920) even worked for the studio of Bassano, the Court photographer of the '30s, until he succumbed to the lure of Tin Pan Alley — and served as *NME's* staff photog throughout the '50s. Mankowitz began in theatrical photography and the elaborately theatrical album covers to which he eventually progressed will be familiar to any record buyer.

Perhaps the most interesting facet of the exhibition is the changing set of self-estimates evident in the portraits — the way in which 'pop people 'began to take themselves seriously as rock *stars*, and how their growing socio-artistic influence made them ever more attractive to photographers. Just compare the hesitant symbolism of a '64 shot of the Stones by Hammond to the transitional 'personality' portrait of Giles, Giles & Fripp by Mankowitz — and then look at all the album sleeve encapsulations of John Foxx, Kate Bush, Toyah, Chris Spedding and their like which followed. Along with Gene Vincent, The Platters, The Everly Brothers, Helen Shapiro, *6.5 Special*, Jerry Lee Lewis, The Yardbirds, The Nice, The Nashville Teens, Slade, The Small Faces, Steve Strange, and Marianne Faithfull (there are 120 pictures in all), it's a fascinating presentation no rockophile will want to miss.

The Photographers' Gallery is at 5&8 Great Newport St, London WC2, Tel 240-5511. Admission is free and the gallery is open from 11-7pm Mon-Sat and 12-6pm Sunday. The bookstall stocks a number of rock and pop books, including import copies of Jurgen Vollmer's *Rock'n' Roll Times*, mentioned in *NME* last week.

— CYNTHIA ROSE

Mondo zine-o

■ *From previous page*

society because certain jerks believe that cartoons are an 'art-form'. Cartoons should be funny! This magazine is full of funny cartoons.'' It sure is, and you can send yours along too if you think they fit the bill. Write editor Peter Bagge or Holmstrom hisself at: PO Box 711, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10113 USA. Highly recommended, especially Bagge's 'Now You're Hip, Now You're *Not*' strip.

Let us not end without a mention of ***Coolest Retard*** (80c), a Chicago 'zine with increasingly impressive covers and exhaustive explorations of the Illinois scene (yes, there is one) — with plusses like an attack on that modern Hedda Hopper, Rona Barratt, and a piece on T-shirt collecting. Or ***Comstock Lode's*** winter '81 issue (60p), which features a long piece on Peter Stampfel ('Alleged In His Own Time') which is one of the finest and most informative pieces of rock writing to get done in quite a while — moving as it does from the original beatnik scene in San Francisco to who-thought-up-the-name-Jefferson-Airplane to playwright Sam Shepard's little-known stint in an Elektra-based rock band, to who turned the Rounder Records people on to the stuff they're now re-issuing right up through today . . . WHEW! *Coolest Retard:* c/o Schmidt, 2042 N. Bissell, Chicago, Illinois 60614 USA. *Comstock Lode:* John Platt, 51 Bollo Lane, Chiswick, London W4. Try 'em — you'll like 'em.

We wondered what to put on the other side of these cassette albums...

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J. J. CALE
SHADES
SHADES
PLUS A FULL SIDE OF BLANK CHROME TAPE
TODD RUNDGREN
HEALING
PLUS A FULL SIDE OF BLANK CHROME TAPE
BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS
UPRISING
PLUS A FULL SIDE OF BLANK CHROME TAPE
THE JAGS
NO TIE LIKE A PRESENT
PLUS A FULL SIDE OF BLANK CHROME TAPE
BOB MARLEY & THE WAILERS
EXODUS
PLUS A FULL SIDE OF BLANK CHROME TAPE
U2 · BOY
PLUS A FULL SIDE OF BLANK CHROME TAPE
ROBERT PALMER
CLUES
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THE B-52'S
WILD PLANET
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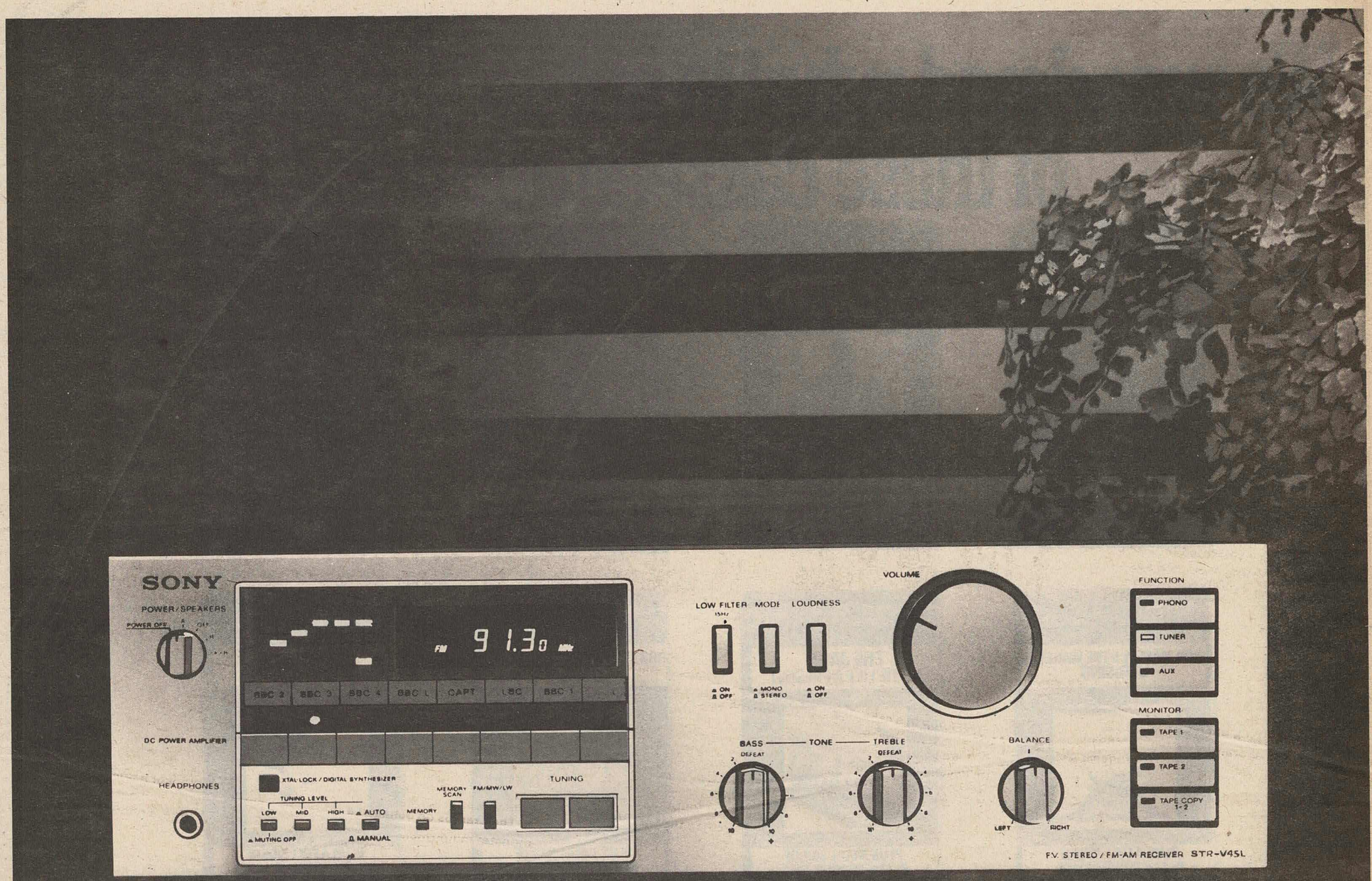

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REFUGEES IN A PSYCHEDELIC JUNGLE

YOUR GUIDE: MICK FARREN

AT HOME WITH THE CRAMPS

IF ROCK AND ROLL ever failed them, Lux Interior and Ivy Rorschach could easily star in a modernised *Addams Family*. They live in a slightly run-down two-storey apartment building in predominantly hispanic East Hollywood. By L.A. standards, I guess it would be something of a dubious neighbourhood, but from the point of view of the real world it simply has a certain funky charm.

The front door mysteriously swings open immediately I press the bell. There isn't anybody there — the whole door trick is done by a remote control device in the first floor apartment. It's an impressive start. Lux mumbles something about how he's meaning to try and get the door to creak.

The living room looks as though it rarely sees direct sunlight. A bunch of Japanese toy robots are on display, as are an 18-inch plastic Godzilla and a number of clockwork insects. On a side table there is a copy of a paperback with the title *Concentration Camp Bestiality*. There is also a toy planetarium that doesn't work very well in anything but pitch darkness.

The Cramps are now based in Los Angeles. They are refugees, fleeing the sub-zero winter, New York, the escalating prices and a constant buzz of "mad slasher kills four" style media mayhem. They have opted for California with its idyllic climate, its comparatively healthy economy and its lower paranoia count.

Nick Knox

"It's not that we don't like New York anymore. It's great to live in a city where you feel that anytime of the day or night you can get into a cab and go and do something exciting, but when you don't have the money to jump in a cab . . ."

At the moment, the final touches are being put to their album 'Psychedelic Jungle.'

"It's a psychedelic record."

Isn't everything these days?

Talk moves on to the subject of the departed (and one-time rumoured for dead) Bryan Gregory. At first, Lux is noncommittal in a world-goes-on sort of way.

"I haven't spoken to him since he left."

Lux Interior

But information always filters through. Gregory has totally changed his hair and appearance and is still also in Los Angeles, reading his way into the occult.

"He'd started to give us these lectures on how rock 'n' roll was the silly earthly way. He told us that we should transcend all that."

Ivy makes a gesture that leaves no doubt that she has more faith in the silly and earthly than in the transcendental.

One thing The Cramps aren't doing right now is playing live. In fact their last concert was that at London's Lyceum.

Kid Congo

"Now that we've finished the album we have to start playing out again. We'll probably play some things in L.A., even parties, just to ease into it again. There'll be some dates fixed when the album comes out."

The conversation wanders off into the realms of cheap '50s and early '60s horror movies. (For my sins, I am also talking to The Cramps on behalf of a monster magazine.) We cover everthing from *The Horror Of Party Beach* to *Plan Nine From Outer Space*. Lux Interior is something of an expert. He collects soundtrack albums of old horror movies ("Those great electronic sounds") and cites them, along with rockabilly, as a major influence on the music of The Cramps. In between recording sessions Lux and Ivy have been checking out the current deluge of slash, hack and maim flicks — the offering of the moment being *Blood Beach*, in which innocent bathers are sucked down into the sand and digested by a giant carnivorous plant.

"There's this cinema up on Hollywood Boulevard. It's great . . . everyone is screaming right from the start."

What kind of people get in there?

"Lowriders."

A low rider is a kind of Chicano hotrodder, totally unique to Los Angeles. In Spanish they call themselves *vacos locos* — the crazy ones — but more of them at another time and in another place. Lux grins.

"There are times when you're not only scared of the movie on the screen, you're scared to go to the lobby for popcorn."

☐ Those who want to join one of the more warped fan organisations of our time are referred to the Legion of the Cramped. The LOTC's official 'funzine' is *Rockin' Bones*, which features high-contrast (ie smudgy) black and white pin-ups of the band — on nice quality paper. For a two-quid enrolment fee, you get *Rockin' Bones*, a badge, a photo, poster, and membership card, 'erratic' bulletins on the band, and self-satisfaction! Write: LOTC, 10 Dochart Path, Grangemouth, FK3 0HJ, Stirlingshire.

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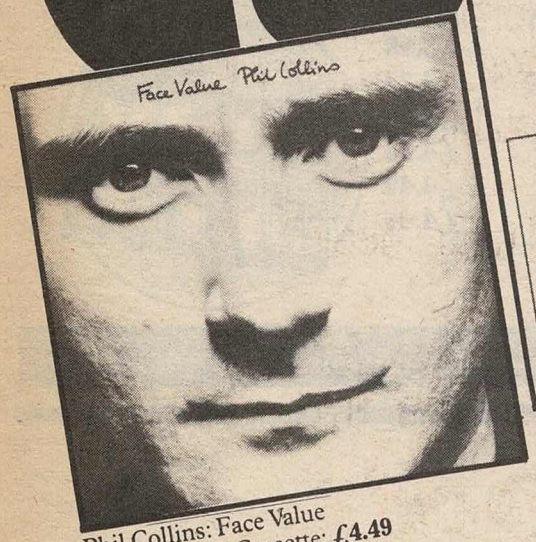

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ROVING REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

STORY: THE STRAY CATS
REPORT: CHRIS SALEWICZ
PICTURES: KEVIN CUMMINS

Brian Setzer and Jim Phantom

Brian prettys up

HOT CATS & LYING DOGS!

THE PRESSURES AND PRETENCE OF POPABILLY SUCCESS

QUIVERING AND swaying to some silent rockabilly beat running through his soul, Stray Cats bassist Lee Rocker stands in front of the mirror of the Liverpool hotel bedroom he shares with drummer Jim Phantom and plasters his hair with a handful of urine-coloured pomade, working up with his fingers and metal comb an elaborate sausage-roll quiff.

He sets in place the final piece of tonsorial sculpture with an aerosol blast of lacquer that mingles with the grease to create a chemical mixture that probably only can be shampooed out with paint stripper.

On the floor on his hands and knees, Phantom spreads a damp bandana over a pair of black peg-leg pants and, with dry ice-like steam arising about him, irons out the suitcase-created creases, readying his wardrobe for this evening's show in a couple of hours time.

On the edge of the bed nearest the door sits Brian Setzer, guitarist and chief vocalist and songwriter and — judging from the fact that he gets his own room — leader of The Stray Cats. With hooded old eyes just like his prime influence Elvis Presley (" 'The sun Sessions' is one of my favourite all-time albums") that peer lazily out of a round, rosy-cheeked face that is part Marilyn Monroe and part Liberace, and that has an Edward Heath nose, Brian is a cartoonist's dream.

At first there is a subtle petulance about him at this business of being interviewed that is more to do with the apparently never-ending necessity these days of talking to the press than with any ego problems with which some say The Stray Cats are currently blighted by their rapid success: downstairs both *The Daily Mirror* and *Record Mirror* are waiting for their turns — no-one had even bothered to tell the group I was turning up.

Besides, like feline creatures should be, the three Stray Cats are far more interested at the moment in the mystery of the thirty or forty sprats, along with a couple of oversized plaice, lying at the bottom of Lee and Jim's full bath-tub. This seems to be an example of Rock Stars' Looning, a rather '60s phenomenon. "They came straight out of the taps," claims Lee. "They're local fish, direct from the Mersey." I almost expect them to start tearing them apart raw and stuffing them in their mouths.

In fact, The Stray Cats are not the world's grandest providers of Hot Copy. This is partially because as they have been coached in their attitudes to their careers by manager Tony Bidgood, a former, English expatriate Philadelphia fashion designer, who is constantly instilling immense ambition into the three Long Islanders, so also has he given them hints in how to deal with the press.

This hasn't quite worked, though: when they learn I'm a journalist the care-free looseness they carry about them disappears into something approaching fear in the case of the Olive Oyl-like Jim, and something closer to mistrust in Brian's case — the runty Lee, who has an air about him that suggests he would be thoroughly at home as a shyster member of Sergeant Bilko's platoon, doesn't react: perhaps he's more secure. (Lee, incidentally, is also the only member of The Stray Cats who lacks tattoos: like people who have trouble with smallpox vaccinations, he says they won't "take". He also complains about the cost of old clothing in England. Brian suggests the best place for good rockabilly clothing in America is local newspapers: "Look in the paper and see who died. And if they were young in the 50s then go round and try and buy their stuff!")

Certainly, Brian is paranoid about the press, and particularly about *NME* — though in that worry he seems to forget it was the *NME* that was the first paper to put the group on its cover, thereby presumably assisting them along the way to their current status. More to the point, though, Brian's time in England hasn't been sufficient to give him a good overview of the operations of the music press, and he is as bewildered as I sometimes am by the whimsical shiftings of affection.

Lee Rocker

BUT KNOWING that doesn't really help when you're unable to get going any dialogue about the group's successful, and — compared with their entrancing live-work — disappointingly weak debut album, because "legal problems" mean they can't discuss Dave Edmunds' production.

What of these tales, I inquire, of Edmunds' manager Jake Riviera allegedly hi-jacking the tapes of the LP until he was able to see that the sleeve artwork bore Edmunds' name? Didn't Brian himself re-mix a large number of the songs?

Brian: "I can't talk about that. But I had no problems personally with Dave."

Lee: "We got on great. His next single after 'One More Saturday Night' is Dave Edmunds playing with us, doing a George Jones song."

Brian: "It was nothing between us and Dave personally. It's stuff we can't even talk about."

Attempting an approach from another angle, I say I was surprised the group chose the obvious Eddie Cochran classic, 'Jeanie, Jeanie, Jeanie' for the album.

Lee: "So was I."

Brian: "We just decided to do it in the studio."

Let's try again: were you surprised it happened so quickly for you in England?

"Not as surprised as I was about the fish in the bath-tub," says Lee waggishly.

"In five years time when we stop," adds Jim more helpfully," then it might sink in. Personally, the only thing that'll surprise me is if I make it that long." Behind the obtuseness of their replies is a lingering exhaustion created by the punishing schedule the group has endured since it came here last July.

"We're booked up pretty solid for about the next eighteen months," Jim informs me. At the close of this current four week English tour, The Stray Cats have three days off, followed by a six week tour of Europe, followed by four days off, followed by an Australian and Japanese tour, followed by a US tour. Like many young bands on their first tours, they seem to be coping with their fatigue by fuelling themselves on booze — bourbon and beer being the favoured combination. There is about The Stray Cats a lurking chaos, created largely by the absurd schedules experienced by every group that enjoys sudden, extreme success, and booked by the constant presence of large men who visibly tense when anyone approaches them.

Their £125,000 advance, claims the appropriately-named Bidgood, with its fourteen points royalty rate, was the best deal handed out in England in five years. Talk of it is the source of some contention within the group. (And outside, too: Bidgood claims he subsequently has been physically attacked by two jealous managers of unsuccessful punk bands . . .)

"For a while," complains Jim, "we were being described as rockabilly orphans. Then we signed the record contract and there was supposedly a lot of money flying around, and people suddenly didn't want to know us."

"I don't think that much about the whole thing," adds Brian, "I worry more about the music — that's why we've got Tony. But it was a good deal because it allowed us to get really professional people around us — great sound crew and stuff like that.

"But all that advance is recoupable. It might just mean that you don't make any money for two years, instead of for one, because you're paying back such a large advance. It can work against you, instead of for you — they're not *giving* you anything. They're loaning it to you."

"You've got to make an album out of that," explains Jim," and you have to run a load of tours, and buy equipment and anything else you want to talk about. But all that stuff we leave in the hands of our manager, because we trust him." Consideration of Jimi Hendrix, who also had to come to England from New York to attain the acclaim with which he — as part of a similarly classic three-piece — could return to conquer America, leads nowhere. All three members of the group stutter and pause over my attempts to open up some dialogue about their similar situation. A little later, they themselves bring up the subject of The Clash, with whom The Stray Cats have built up some sort of friendship. Suddenly they clam up, refusing to talk any more about it.

This is because they're confused; manager Bidgood has apparently advised them that discussion of other groups in their own interviews is hardly to The Stray Cats' credit; this instead leads them to holding back areas of themselves they'd be better off revealing. English groups, reared on the English music press, don't have such difficulties — they usually have an innate understanding of the need to speak in quotation marks. Perhaps,

PTO

though, this reflects well of The Stray Cats' probity.

ACTUALLY, LIKE Hendrix, they have by now been back to America, visiting a few weeks ago their parents out in the New York hinterlands of Long Island ("You know *Saturday Night Fever?* That's what it is. Real suburbia. The Grateful Dead movie." — Brian), and playing one Manhattan club date.

"We were kinda overshadowed by the hostages, though," says Jim.

Lee: "Yeah, right: the tickertape parade and shit. Nobody made a very big deal of us. . .The Stray Cats are home? Oh well, so're the hostages. . ."

Considering that the group's album contains 'Storm The Embassy', a reaction to the US hostages seized in Iran which seems an example of Reagan Republican-ite rock, this was obviously an ironic time for the group to return. Were they really so wound up by the problem of the hostages that they felt a need to write that number? I'm sure loads of those people they seized really *were* CIA agents or spies . . .

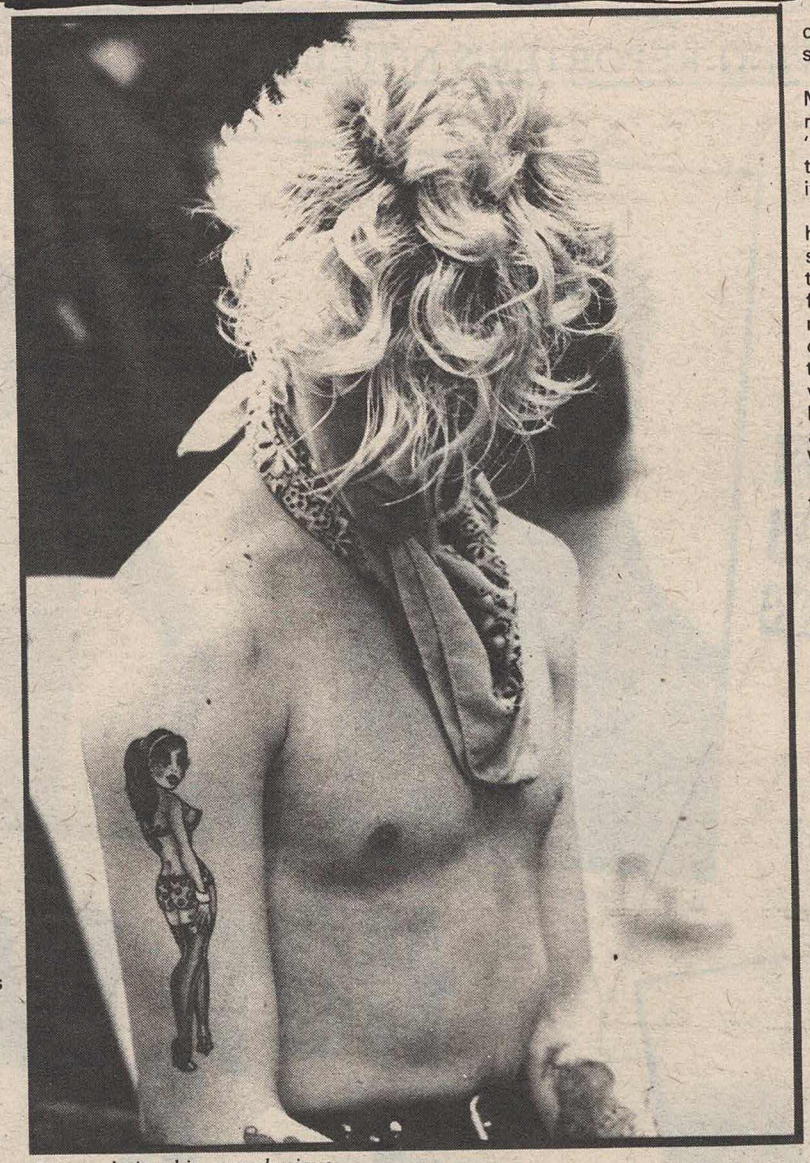
Lee: "Sure. Every embassy's filled with people like that."

Brian: "But there were a lot of innocent people and marines, too. They all came back fucked up. You shoulda seen them on TV: they couldn't answer questions. Ten of them couldn't be shown, because they had such bad mental problems. I'm surprised there wasn't more fuss made about the English hostages."

Had they known the rockabilly thing was happening in England when they decided to come over here?

Brian: *"No.* I knew there was something called Teds. But that was about it. They don't come to see us, anyway. I don't think they go and see anything but their little local bands. They're cool: they're into their own little world — that's alright."

According to Brian, he started greasing his hair up around five or six years ago. There is a bit of a problem here, though: Brian *isn't* the nineteen he's meant to be. He's actually twenty-one, with a birthday next month. When the *Daily Mirror* reporter asks Brian his age, it's noticeable that he has to look down at the floor as he delivers his lie. Lee and Jim, though, *are* the nineteen they're meant to be — they were both friends of Brian's younger brother, and were together in a blues band called The Mad Vipers who "played around the suburbs". The Stray Cats all lived around the corner from each other, and had been friends even before they were teenagers.



Brian admires his own physique

On nights when The Mad Vipers weren't playing, Jim and Lee would go and see Brian's group, The Bloodless Pharoahs. "We were a good group," Brian says, "kinda early Roxy-influenced. Plus we had a lot of rockers, and a lot of chord changes, too. Really a very original sounding group.

"I used to be really into Roxy Music," he admits, as does his recent ally and friend, Adam Ant, "especially the first two albums. The third one lost me a little, though I like it now.

"It was great stuff. It never really happened in the States, though. I saw the second American Roxy tour: they had a strictly gay college following — all like Village People men. It was so weird: I was a little kid of about fourteen and went to see them at the Academy Of Music, which is now the Palladium. I loved Roxy, but I was really scared of the audience — it was like going to see Wayne County."

It must seem quite odd, I suggest, that though they're playing rockabilly they had to come over to Europe for it to happen.

Brian: "Yeah, it's American music, but they don't know too much there — they don't even know who Gene Vincent is."

Lee: ". . . And that's why we came here . . ."

Jim: ". . . People here know a helluva lot more about it than I do . . ."

Lee: "The people here in general are just a lot more music-conscious. Old ladies watch *TOTP* and know who Adam is. The whole thing is geared around music a lot more. But when we came over here we had nothing to lose at all. We were doing okay financially in New York, so we could always have gone back and had the same 600 kids coming down every night."

"Yeah," adds Brian, "that's another thing about this supposed big advance we got — we were making *more* money then than we are now *(laughs).* More money in our pockets, anyway. You'd always go home with fifty bucks. Now here fuck knows *what* you've got."

THOUGH THERE is the problem of Brian's fake age to contend with, there seems to be little evidence elsewhere in The Stray Cats' saga of deliberately created mythology.

They are all working-class kids. Jim's father's a fireman, Lee's is a fisherman, and Brian's is a former construction worker who now "works for The City Of New York".

It was through Brian's parents that he got into rock'n'roll. "They were really '50s kids from Brooklyn. Real Fonz stuff. They had great music round the house always."

On the sly, all three members of The Stray Cats are obsessive musoes — they all read music, for example, and Brian was offered the job with Robert Gordon that, when he turned it down, was given to Chris Spedding. Brian has a really beautiful guitar style and, as much as he will wax orgasmic about videos he has seen of early Elvis Presley footage, will reel off an adept's list of guitarist influences that shows that even though he was attracted to rockabilly rather than punk because he felt it "more flamboyant and stylish", his affection for the music isn't just form at all:

"Let's see now: well, major influences have been people like Charlie Christian, who was the guitarist with Benny Goodman in the '30s, through John Lee Hooker and Muddy Waters right through to Keith Richard . . . Although if you want to know why I'm playing guitar, it's because of the very first time I heard The Beatles. I heard The Beatles, and I thought they *all* played guitar, and I decided I just had to play guitar."

Brian's Ideal Home would have one room devoted to pinball machines: "There's a Rolling Stones one you can get that I'd just have to have — the ball ends up going up a girl's skirt."

His eyes are blue, and he doesn't have a regular girl-friend: "She's *very* abnormal, in fact."

He also baths every day.

In fact, he's got to leave Lee and Jim's room right now for that very purpose. "Why don't you take it in our bath?" suggests Lee. "Swim with the fish. It'll cleanse your soul, Brian."

Brian ignores this advice and departs.

Lee and Jim also exit from their room.

It's only an hour until show-time and they both need a refreshing drink to give them that added "perk".

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SPECIAL GUESTS ~ PERE UBU DELTA 5

NEW SINGLE "WHAT WE ALL WANT"

So there I was, sitting on Pete Burns' leopardskin rug at four in the morning, watching his uncensored video of *Deep Throat* and stroking his stuffed stoat, while Pete was showing me his collection of nuns' bones sent over to him by former Cramp Bryan Gregory in Los Angeles.

Pete Burns *Pic: Kevin Cummins*

Dead Or Alive?

Frankly, it may well be hard to tell when Pete Burns gets his hands on Ian McCulloch

Paul Du Noyer — have Mersey on him, y'know?

DOA L-R: Pete, Sue, Mitch, Joey, Marty. Pic: Francesco Mellina

The stoat — forgive me, I should explain — was, unless I'm confusing it with the squirrel with a bullet hole in its head next to it, not professionally taxidermist-ised, you understand. All it had was one tightly-rolled copy of the *Liverpool Echo* shoved up one or other of the available orifices. But I digress.

Our story really concerns the group I'd been to see in Cheshire that evening: Dead Or Alive, once known as Nightmares In Wax, currently label-mates of the estimable Wah! Heat on Inevitable Records, and an arresting, spirited and entertaining outfit in their own right. They play songs that are brave and crazed, rich in texture and melody, but full of edge and energy.

Dear Or Alive are, in descending order of height: Martin Healy, keyboards, founder member; Pete Burns, vocalist; Mitch, guitarist, likeable, serious musician; Joey Musker, drummer, had moustache but now hasn't; Sue James, bass guitar, prefers *NME* to all other music papers. Before they played their set to a less-than-capacity Northwich Memorial Hall crowd (and a lovely set it was, as well), we sat around and talked and it went like this.

Dead Or Alive are, of course, another 'Liverpool band' although I know enough not to discuss them in those terms, at least not to their faces, because Liverpool bands are very touchy about that kind of thing — very precious about their own identitites. Plus they all hate each other. More of that in a second.

Dead Or Alive have the city's most outrageous visual phenomenon for a frontman, in the person of 21-year-old Pete Burns, a man whose musical history is an important strand in the tangled web of Liverpool history. He was, for example, one of The Mystery Girls along with Pete Wylie and Julian Cope.

Two years ago, Pete Burns formed Nightmares In Wax with Martin Healy and some others. In the months that followed, they went through over thirty changes of line-up. "We could never get musicians cos they thought we were fruitcakes," Pete reflects. "The thing about that band was it attracted real loonies."

Martin agrees. "They'd always come in and ask did we want them to dye their hair and things."

Pete: "They thought it was a deliberate image band, which it isn't, y'know. . . We didn't have a group at first, we just stole a keyboard and so we started a group cos we had a keyboard and we thought we'd have to do something with it. We're still on the run from some people."

Nightmares In Wax were picked up by Inevitable supremo Pete Fulwell and they put out one single, 'Black Leather'. The song is, frankly, a mess, but extremely funny. Apparently Rough Trade frowned upon it as sexist, which only goes to show what some people will take seriously. One day the group fell apart yet again, when who should walk in the room but Mitch and Sue, who were rehearsing in the room next door with their old band.

"We used to rehearse with our band next door," says Sue, and we'd be howling laughing at all the mistakes they were making. . . Before we joined we could never remember the name, and we'd say, 'Oh, there's The Waxworks again, The Night Horrors'."

I used to think Sue and Mitch were Yanks, which will teach me to read other papers. (Note to an *MM* sub-editor: "over the water" means from the Wirral, you berk, not America). Visually at odds with Pete and Martin, they describe themselves as the group's normal element. (This claim is thrown into some doubt by a later incident involving Sue's best pants, her stilettos and a flushing toilet — but over *that* episode, gentle reader, I've decided to draw a veil.) It was love at first twang, and they joined up immediately.

Joey Musker, who the more alert among you will recall is still the semi-official drummer with Wah! Heat, was also looking for employment, having finished a cabaret stint with — *ta-daa* — The Fourmost. He joined up after walking into the wrong rehearsal room and deciding to stay. Suddenly, Nightmares In Wax were a very different group. A new name was called for, and in a panic ten minutes before a radio session they hit upon. . . Dead Or Alive.

■ *Continues page 18*

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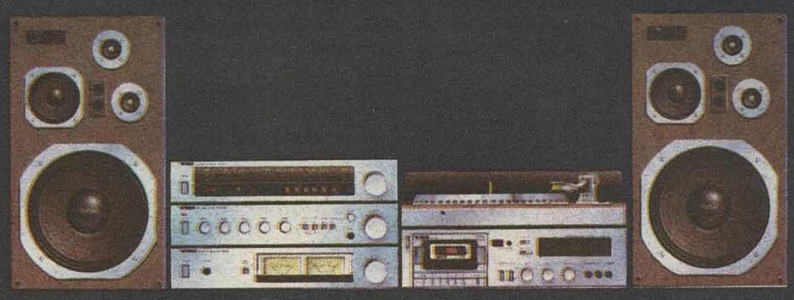

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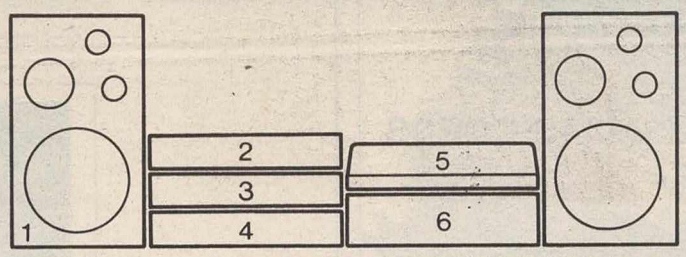

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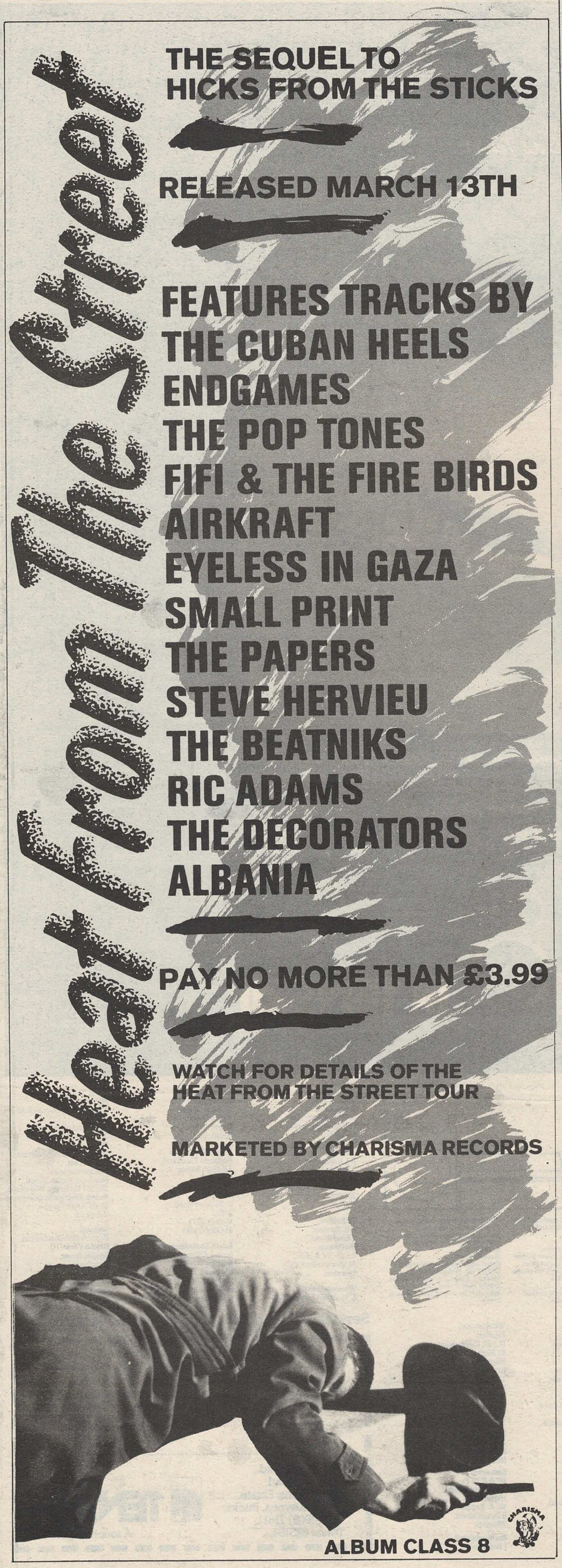

DEAD

■ *From page 16*

Pete takes up the story, and launches into an astonishing outburst.

"Another thing is that Liverpool bands always pick arty names and I just hate being associated with that arty movement. Like, the one band that I do like are Echo And The Bunnymen, but the other day I picked up this fanzine and someone had said to Ian McCulloch 'Isn't Pete Burns the ace face in Liverpool?' and he goes 'Oh no' — through his short-sighted eyes — 'I don't think so, he's just a moron in a black suit. And that really upset me cos I'd hate to see Echo And The Bunnymen go on with a dead lead singer.

"Cos there's a thing about certain Liverpool bands that they have to bitch about other bands in the press. *This* isn't bitching — this just serves as a warning to him, cos I won't go round bullshitting about it, I'll stick a mike stand up his arse if he starts slagging me through the press. I don't think there's any need for it, y'know.

"But Liverpool bands think that if you're not into the arty concept thing they're in, and the dry ice and the fucking camouflage and the monkeys swinging off the top of the stage, then you're a moron in a black suit, y'know. And it would be awful to see McCulloch in a shroud cos I fucking will kill him if he does that again."

Pete is rarely to be seen enjoying the nightlife these days — he finds it safer and more agreeable to stay home with his wife — and DOA in general pride themselves on keeping slightly apart from other local musicians. But there's clearly some unease in the hilarity with which they greet these last remarks of his (and me, I'm keeping *well* out of the whole thing). Mitch laughs: "You won't bitch, you'll just kill him!"

"No, I won't bitch," the singer resumes. "There's been so many successful Liverpool bands and everyone's in awe. But they're just no one to me. And if that happens again it'll be no teeth."

Drummer Joey, a sober, steadying influence on any group, leans forward and offers the frontman a large plastic bag. "Here y'are, Pete. Put that over yer head."

WHAT NEEDS to be stressed about Dead Or Alive is that while Pete is the most talkative and the obvious focal point, the others are in no sense anonymous backers-up. Pete is at pains to impress on me that he's not to be singled out. The group intend to share all their credits and insist that each contributes his or her individual ideas to the fullest extent. They're a very varied bunch in looks, musical tastes and personalities. And that quality of mixing is something they also value in their audience. Elitism is out.

"I hate that trendy bracket," Pete remarks. "All the Blitz kid thing. I don't wanna be part of that. I've looked the way I am for years, I'm not part of a movement. And that Blitz thing makes me wanna die, I feel really embarrassed when people associate me with it." Why?

"Because they're creating barriers. The punk movement broke down barriers. . . It's like, they couldn't be punks because their mummies and daddies would've killed them. And so when their kid comes in in a frilly shirt mummy and daddy go 'Oh, at least you look better than a punk' y'know. It's acceptable. They're real baby kids, they don't know anything about living, they're just so sheltered. They should be out breaking down barriers instead of waltzing round."

Pete Burns, it comes as no surprise, has suffered for his individuality.

"I go to *work* like this." (He works in Liverpool's Probe Records shop, though his lack of interest in other groups causes problems. When people came in and asked for 'Simply Thrilled Honey' he could never find it: he always looked for a group named Orange Squash). "I go to the doctor's like this, the toilet like this. I look like whatever I wanna look like. I can't be different or I'll be unhappy.

"It's not cos of vanity cos I'm not vain. I don't mind if I look a mess. If I just wake up one morning and think 'Ah! That's the way I wanna look then I'll do it . . ."

Marty: "The most outrageous I've ever seen him look is when he gets out of bed in the morning."

Pete again: "It isn't a want for attention because, as hard as this might come to you, *hate* people staring at me. I hate walking in somewhere first and everyone'll go quiet, y'know."

Life is not easy when you're so uncompromising, yet sensitive with it. Pete has lost count how many genitals have been flashed at him. This upsets him, and puts him off his food.

Recently the group made their TV debut on Granada's *Celebration* show. Seeing it, Marty's grandad declared that Pete Burns should be shot. Sue's mum saw it too, then asked her daughter, anxiously, why couldn't she have joined a *nice* band?

More seriously, Pete has in his time been bottled, bricked, spat upon, received poison pen letters, the works.

"I could never hope to understand it," he sighs.

As he tells it, his upbringing was a very disturbed one — "a loonie background. I grew up really fast, and now I'm having me second childhood cos I'm in a circle of people that'll accept me and I can function in. So I'm having the childhood that I missed . . . I'm living out all me fantasies. If you want to be the Empire State Building, some way you can do it. . .That's my philosobphy of life."

DEAD OR ALIVE'S music, however, is not an outlet for this philosophy. Their sound is a spontaneous, melodramatic one, laced with deadly humour and the ponderous, Doors-ish voice of Pete Burns. On stage, it's his erratic, eccentric presence which commands.

They have a single out, 'I'm Falling'/'Flowers', shortly to be followed by another one. They are well worth listening out for, and looking for as well. I could probably grow to love them.

Let's hope that Bryan Gregory doesn't succeed in his efforts to recruit Pete into his occult group. (He won't. Pete is much too normal.)

ALIVE

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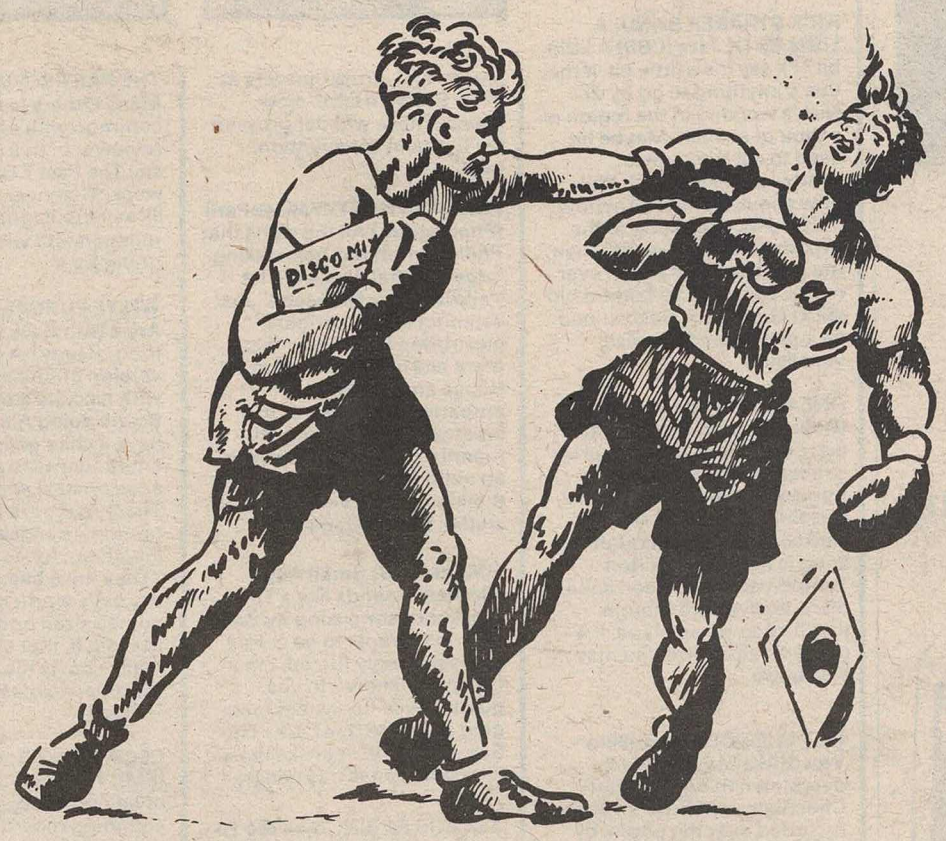
SINGLES

DANNY BAKER
AT THE RINGSIDE



MARVIN GAYE: Praise (Motown). So what if Marv spends all his time these days climbing out toilet windows in order to escape royal functions? Who doesn't, for Christ's sake? Why, if there were a window in here right now I'd be up and through it like a shot. 'Praise' is a pretty but pointless lift from his new LP, which despite Greg Edwards' thunderous hoo-ha, is two notches above OK and you might like to buy it. (PS: This single contains one piece of editing which is so bad they may well have doctored the album track with ten year old pruning shears).

PRINCE: Head (Warners). A crunching devil of a single. If a group like A Certain Ratio could funk an iota as deftly tough as this we might all find some peace. The sex — no 'y' — lyrics are losing their contrivance with each playing, and are boosted by a total lack of the overblown grunt'n'groan with which teapots like Instant Funk want to prove their butchhood. Worth its money, but mind, it comes from a blessed fine LP too.

ORIGINAL MIRRORS: Dancing With The Rebels (Mercury) Neat variation on the current Adam Ant vogue, here substituting handclaps for all those drums. My Rock Record Of The Week, which given it's me, isn't saying much, but I look forward to this being a hit. Shoot down and collect it.

GINA X PERFORMANCE: No GDM (EMI). Must be futurists. Everyone on the cover hasn't mastered the art of blinking yet and stand about like they've got size ten contact lenses in size three eyes. Gina's voice belongs to that school which thinks emotion is some kind of paint undercoat and the synthesizers peep and bleep away like the ten pee in the meter is going to go at any minute. Tries hard to be 'with it' with its arty lyrics about lesbians and 'queers.' Try hard to be 'without it.'

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX: Guilty (Liberty). Novocks? New-vo? Ah bolloes to it. Since 'Enola Gay' all the groups with much buttoned collarless shirts, black trousers with thin red stripes down the side and black boots have south to get in on the power electronics pop stakes. Lead singers holding burly middle Cs until blue in the face, pretty moogs belting out sensible tunes — you know the score Jimmy. They always hint that the public are never *quite* intelligent enough to *really* see what they mean. (This has 'New Version' plastered on it as though we're all so dashed tired of the old one we'll snap up a dozen on spec). This review is far too long already, so I'll say I don't like it and hang the consequences.

THE METEORS: Voodoo Rythm (Ace). Soundtrack, I think, from their dodgy film that's teamed up with *Dance Craze.* A note inside this went to great pains to explain how they got the authentic '50s sound for their psychobilly EP here (their term not mine). It really does sound like a dusty old rock archive but so what? Nobody in the '50s included technical notes unless they were using the very latest hi-fi, so here, once again, we experience rock music's parallel with the Oozlum bird which, as you know, flies around in ever decreasing circles etc. Hmm. There's the album title: 'Preserved For Posterior.' Or something.

FIREFLY: Love Gonna Be On Your Side (Emergency). Very promising old-fashioned disco record from a bunch of Italians. Doesn't sound particularly like 'Shaddup You Face' so there's a fat reason for getting to hear it. This is, furthermore, the No. 1 best seller out here in Foxtrotville — it doesn't deserve that but you may well be persuaded to 'shake ass,' 'whoop it up' and 'mashed - potato' at it once you come across it on your disgusting weekend jaunts.

GILLAN: New Orleans (Virgin). There are two deeply ingrained emotions that time and Darwinism cannot shift. One is the inability for any sane person to stop himself reacting to the statement "I've lost my ring / bracelet / wallet" with the pea-brained rejoinder "Oh, where'd'you lose it?" The other is a failure to stop the brain signalling hilarity at The Ian Gillan Band. Their new single — so soon after the last monumental *flop* — only strengthens the findings of scientists.

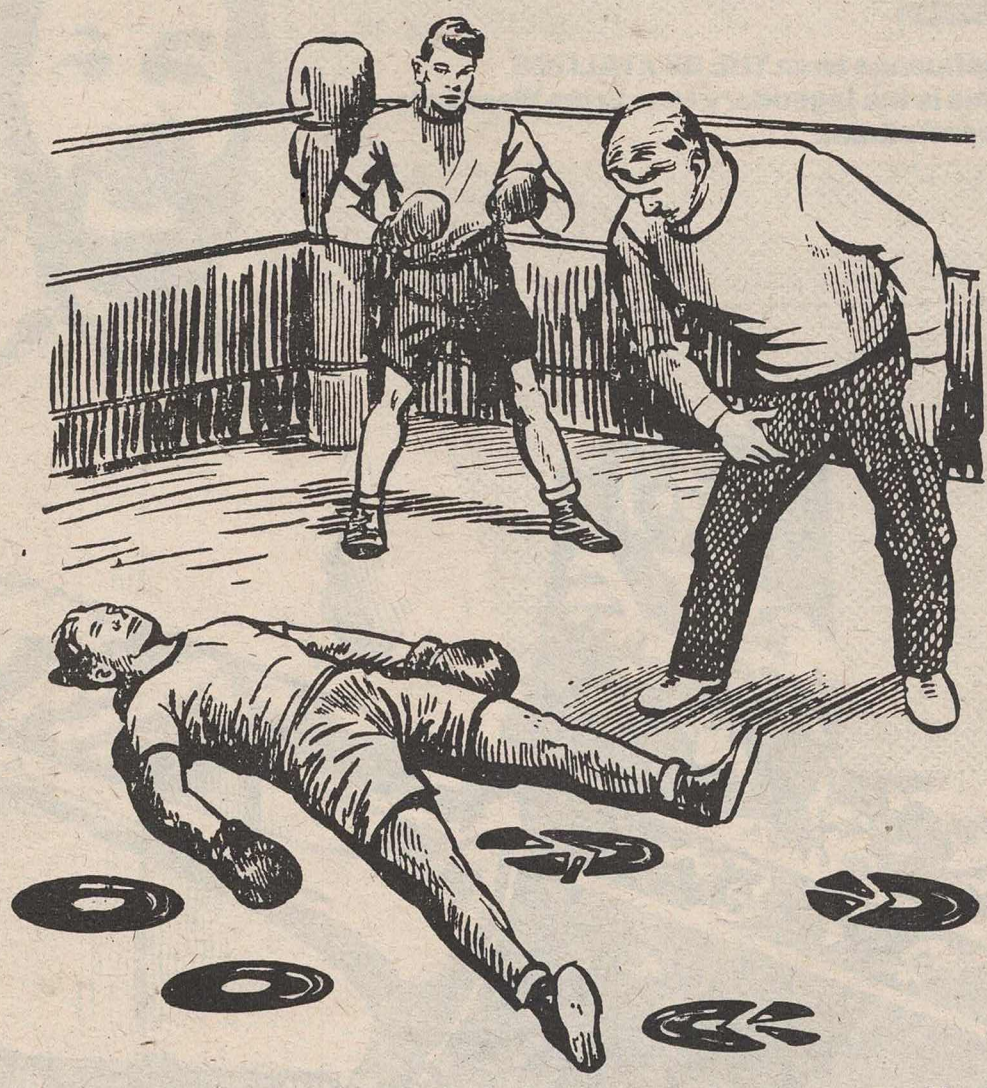
THE PLANETS: Intensive Care (Rialto). After their small hit 'Lines' this group sank like the Lusitania. I think their insistence on white cloth boiler suits as effective stage wear had a major say in this. But The Planets make neat clean pop songs without, I think the term is, 'wimping out'. Too popular for Peel, too unfuturist for Powell, you may never get to hear it. Worth something between 50 and 80 pence so keep an eye on those ex-chart bins.

THE BUREAU: Only For Sheep (Bureau). Very like Dexy's indeed except somehow the vocals give it a dated quality that old miseryguts never had. Not a bad record by any token but in their lapsed period I think events have overtaken their heads. In short, I don't think there's a viable market available for Bureau product, sir, in fact our annual March trend-spies detect a distinct wind of change in the streets. (Pushes glasses up nose). If I might show you some graphs, you see, it appears the kids are settling for nothing less than 100% futurist lined, compass soled Hucklebuck shoes and with the aid of this slide rule I intend to prove . . . *(continued next convention).*

THE TEEN IDLES: Minor Disturbance (Dischord). Imagine you were some heard anything but Menace & early Sham 69 and you think they're great! Imagine being interested in independent records and buying an EP by The Teen Idles then actually playing it! Imagine crying your eyes out! It's easy if you try.

BINO: Dream For My Sake (Upper Class). I wish this had been an atrocious record because then I could've just written 'Shut up for God's sake' under the title and thereby done one of those hilarious 'one-liners' that put us journalists apart from ordinary people. But it's not. It's a chirpy but unadventurous pop song — bouncy guitars and discreet moogs — that wears out its welcome before its three minutes are up.

RILEY: Mister Chip (New Rose) Saucy little reggae lilt that will have fans of UB40 signing away their first born daughters for it. I'm not a UB40 fan but, well, it brings a glow to my day to think I've helped someone on the right path. That's Riley — 'Mr Chip' on the New Rose label. Address *(Not on your life — Sub Editor).*



"One – two – three – four – five – six——"

XTC: Respectable Street (Virgin). At last, XTC name the place wherein live The Jam's 'Mr Clean', ELO's 'Horace Wimp' and all those other 'straights' that rock folk like to measure their hipness against in those self-congratulatory moments. Randy Newman wrote a good send-up in 'Mr Sheep' — good send up of the rock attitude that is — and even the music on 'Respectable Street' is extraordinarily tame.

DONNA SUMMER: Who Do You Think You're Foolin' (Geffen). A listless lift from her 'Wanderer' album that was such a flop that most stores had to employ special 'movers-on' to keep the crowds from congregating for laughing sessions. Huge unsold piles of it swamp Oxford Street, store managers on bended knees pleading with indifferent passers-by to 'please take one.' Don't taste of this single — it may lead to bigger things.

QUINCY JONES: Ai No Corrida (A&M) Though Chas Jankel's version of this — his own writing — died, I never saw obstructive groups of people pointing and laffing at the product in shops. (See *Donna Summer: A Life Overshadowed By An Eggplant*). Quincy's version must be for the Americas, it sticks so close to the original it must be banking on no-one hearing the original. (Which apparently no-one did but let's not get too cluttered here). Anyway, consequently this *sounds* like a cover version and all I can say is that if you see the original (Cat. No AMXS 7570) buy it. This is pale.

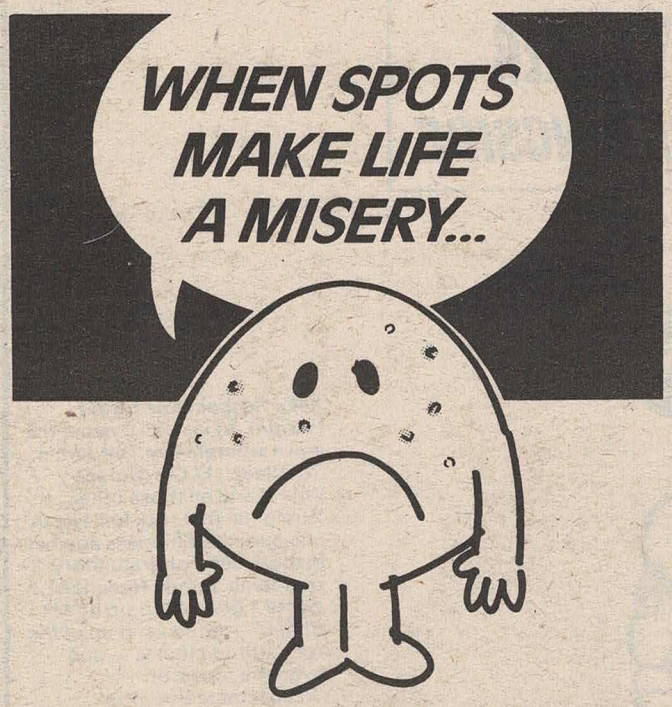
THE ROYAL SHOWBAND featuring Brendan Bowyer: Do The Hucklebuck (EMI) The original of the current hit gets re-issued. I review only to tell you that the flipside is called 'Don't Throwaway Your Hucklebuck Shoes'. Which, all in all, is just about as sound a piece of advice as you can expect on a contemporary record.

HEATWAVE: Jitterbuggin' (GTO) Heatwave continue their welcomed return with another Rod 'Gimme The Night' Temperton soul song. Hopefully a hit to follow 'Gangsters', my second favourite British outfit today after Linx.

CHAMPAIGN: How 'Bout Us (CBS) There's always one slow soul song in the charts, one of those with regular and spaced bass clipped for dancefloor shufflability and the old sax mournfully sailing in and out like The Woolwich Ferry with a broken heart. Lyrics all gush sincerity and invariably concern 'Make Your Mind Up Time' in some mythical romance. They get on my wick. But this US outfit seem as likely a hunk o' ham as the next street corner symphony to fall heir to sackfuls of the stuff.

REO SPEEDWAGON: Keep On Loving You (Epic) In America, REO Speedwagon are currently bigger than Kellogs. Take a look at their charts. REO Speedwagon, dear me. Left to outfits like this, a

■ *Seconds out...*



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SINGLES

■ *Round two*

seminal work like 'Don't Throw Away Your Hucklebuck Shoes' might never have been written. The song is rubbish liberally soaked in crocodile tears.

NICK STRAKER BAND: A Little Bit Of Jazz (CBS) A little bit? I'll say it's a little bit. If the title's anything to go by ol' Nick's working in the region of a thou of an inch. Maybe he used to cut the cheese sandwiches for British Rail, how should I know? Anyhow, 'ALBOJ' is, according to the ever decreasing 'Ian' Penman, the greatest bit of music ever made, ever. Not so faithful old stick! Great back track ruined by squawky and childish vocalising.

ONE ON ONE: Body Music (Bonus Import) So derivative this one comes with free prop suitcase of hats, lensless frames and wigs. The vocal certainly does a fair Michael Jackson in places, though the song is hardly in the Rod Temperton class. Good solid disco twelve inch though that'll edge-up any tape. If it gets a release here you may well buy it.

HOT CHOCOLATE: Losing You (RAK) String driven overblown thing from Hot Chocolate with Errol's vocals recorded over the phone by the sound of it. The other side is called 'Children Of Spacemen' which, yes, maintains we may all well be from the stars. Eric Von Daniken: "Yes, a wery sane conclusion. I contend we are all descended from ancient wisits and may only truly express ourselves mit d grand pianos and string quartets as in Mr Brown's case. Now please, make wid der grossen fee for mein consultation, bub".

PHILLIP LYNOTT: Yellow Peril (Phonogram) All the signs that *Phillip* Lynott has been taking large internal doses of The Yellow Magic Orchestra. Just listening to this sprightly electrobop I just know that there sits in some vault at TV House an acutely embarrassing video of the artist concerned doing all manner of regretful poses in an obligatory white — or thinking inventively — yellow studio. Fluff voltage.

SMALL ADS: Small Ads (Bronze) Sounds like a Tony Blackburn song sung by Steve Marriott. Wants to be chirpy but is gratingly forced. I'm a cockney y'know. Ho yus guvnor, wey up me old mate goin dahn the Den? Wey Up! See, proved it. Just like these incredibly small ads people.

TREVOR RABIN: Take Me To A Party (Chrysalis) Titles like this are better straight men than Ernie Wise. Alternatively we could go for the old 'Rabin lunatic' gag. A Bad Companyish plodder, dreadful, and just the sort of thing open-air rock festival DJs use to pick on the lower orders of intelligentsia. Muck.

THE PAST SEVEN DAYS: So Many Others (4 AD) In common with every other reviewer of this record I shall say The Past 7 Days make one weak. That over with, we can all set about ignoring another independent with nothing going for it.

WHITE EUROPEANS: Sun Arise (Aura) Oh belt up, you fools. Ready? A stern futurist version of Rolf's hit complete with hiccupy strop vocals a la Bowie doing Aladdin. Here we have a chap giving his emotional all to lines like "Sun arise on the kangeroo paw". There really are some no-hopers knocking about. Pity them, for as the sage said "They have been blessed with a groat's worth o'wit in a guinea sized noddle". And like, dig it, that sage, man, really knows his zatsumas. *(Shome mishtake perchance — Ned).*

CECIL PARKER: What It Is (EMI) The age old annoyance of having a magnificent sounding record loused up by certain lyrics that were pickled at the British Museum about the time Billy Bennett was playing The New Cross Empire. That's all there is to it — it's been spoiled.

THE CUDDLY TOYS: Astral Joe (Fresh) I was reclining just the other day, wondering amongst other things whether I had, in some thoughtless mood, thrown cleanaway my hucklebuck shoes. Then my thoughts drifted to whatever happened to Cuddly Toys, the Bowie-philes once known as Raped. (Sometimes a danged name won't stay dead, eh chaps?) I decided that they were tucked away on some tiny label vainly 'trying to make it' with their decidedly meagre talent and lack of spark. Funny that. 'Astral Joe' has just been released.

CABARET VOLTAIRE: Sluggin' For Jesus (Cabaret Voltaire) We've got good neighbours here. They've only complained once and that was during debut playing of Mark Perry's 'Music Death' which is the very worst record ever made and only available with a doctor's certificate. But they banged during this. So I turned it down. Still they banged. So I took it off. More banging. I took the record into another room. The banging continued. I went upstairs with the record and put it outside the front door. Still the banging went on. So I walked to the end of our landing, opened the chute and popped it inside. When I got back the banging had stopped. But now the dustmen picket our house. Yes, we've got good neighbours here . . . but they know what they like.

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RICO – An original influence from THE SKATALITES to THE SPECIALS, this is the legendary Man From Wareika's eagerly awaited second album.
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A NEW ALBUM BY
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INDEPENDENTS DAY PARADE

RICHARD GRABEL looks over the latest American independent singles

Left: Mission Of Burma (Pic: Laura Levine). Below: Funky Four Plus One (Pic: James Hamilton).

Most of the independent singles released in America are one-shot, privately financed deals. There are more and more of them every week, though quantity doesn't mean quality. The sad thing is that the good independents are often ignored because there is no distribution network to back them up.

A few independent labels are showing a commitment to putting out great singles and getting them heard. 99 in New York and Ace of Hearts in Boston are two of the most promising operations.

There is diversity, innovation and excitement though you sometimes have to sift through piles of vinyl to find it. Here's a short survey, arranged by locality.

Boston
Single of the Week(I)

MISSION OF BURMA: Academy Fight Song (Ace of Hearts) ***"Walk into my room/Ask me jerky questions".*** **A record that asks a lot of questions, gives you something to think about and something you'll find yourself humming on the street. The pace and toughness of this could never have been accomplished without the legacy of punk, which I guess makes this "post-punk". Explosive guitars, incisive lyrics are wrapped around an all-time great hook of a chorus. It's not about glory on playing fields. It is about people thinking they own each other, about letting go of such thinking, about making judgements. There is anger here, and tenderness and understanding, and a lot of real life emotion rammed into the old 3:05. And you can (must) dance to it.**

NOTEKILLERS: Clockwise (American Bushmen) Instrumental garage rock. Nothing fancy, just guitar-bass-drum, lots of fuzz and a good rave-up tune. Unfortunately sounds like it was recorded with a blanket over it, which blunts the kick of the guitars.

OUR DAUGHTER'S WEDDING: Lawnchairs (Design) OMITD-style two-man synthesizer operation, but lacking that band's wit and flair for hooks. This just beep-beeps along in linear boredom.

New York
Single of the Week(II)

FUNKY FOUR PLUS ONE: That's The Joint (Sugarhill 12") Rap is a true regional music. It's a New York sound, born out of New York youth style. It speaks to the kids who strut the street with their boxes blaring, and it's made by the same kids.

Right now Sugarhill have the leading rap talent, and the hot records are being orchestrated by Sugarhill producer Sylvia Robinson or her son Joey. This is one of the best. The Funky Four Plus One are young, know whereof they rap, and are very, very good. They've got that timing down, that exquisite interplay of five voices trading off, riding the rhythm and coming in together at the crucial stop-points. They also introduce the first female rapper on the scène, Sha-rock (the plus one of their name).

The music is the hardest funk around. Sprung bass, occasional horns for punctuation, every element perfectly thought out yet sounding dizzyingly free and loose.

Get the point? That's the joint.

GRANDMASTER FLASH AND THE FURIOUS FIVE: Freedom (Sugarhill 12") This one uses a sharp horn line for an intermittent hook. It also adds background party sounds and call-and-response games between the rappers and the crowd. The personalities of Cowboy, Kid Creole and Mellow Mel stand out. Inspiring rhythm.

BANDY GUN: I Do (Shake) Light, sing-songy pop from a former Necessary. One always thinks this sort of thing would sound perfect on AM radio — then one remembers sadly how far beyond all hope American AM radio has slid. Gun has an appealing, love-lorn quiver to his voice. The very able guitarist John Klages (Individuals) and drummer Dave Van Tieghem (Love Of Life Orchestra) are underused, though, and the whole thing could do with a bit more flash.

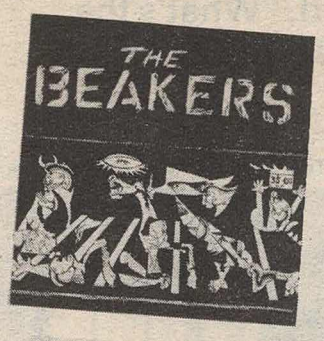
OUTSETS: I'm Searchin For You (Contender) Former Voidoid Ivan Julian approximates Richard Hell's songwriting style and even some vocal mannerisms. The result is predictably derivitive, rocking out on automatic. On the flip, just what the world didn't need, another cover of 'Fever'.

Canada

YOUNG CANADIANS: Hawaii (Quintessance 12") Pogo music done right. The Young Canadians want to go to ***"fuckin' Hawaii"*** **or** ***"fuckin' Tahiti",*** **get drunk in the sun, make like the rich. That "fuckin" is the hook, they spit on the dream as they're dreaming. But they don't come across as surly bastards. They're just shouting for release. Me too. This is off-the-wall, a riot, and delivers that rush.**

Cleveland

CLOCKS: Confidentially, Renee (Terminal) The Clocks have two faces. One side is springy, Merseybeat pop. Such fluff it's a guilty pleasure, but quite fun. The other side is murky, slow, a sickly sound of things falling apart. You take your choice.



Olympia, Washington

BEAKERS: Red Towel (Mr Brown) Takes at least two listenings to come through, then kicks in hard. Sort of James Chance in a healthy environment and blessed with a sense of humour, plus Pere Ubu with saxophone. Push-pull rhythms, stuttering horns, laced and livened with farcical tootings, clever asides and nonsense ravings. Who are these guys? The address on the sleeve is in Olympia, Washington. Nowhere! Out there! Crazy cross-eyed American funk keeps on swinging.

Springfield, Missouri

ORIGINAL SYMPTOMS: Double Shot Of My Baby's Love (Ambition) A cover of the Swingin' Medallions' mid-'60s garage classic. Raucous, rowdy, wild-eyed, a party on plastic. Doesn't improve on the original, but what could? Studios today being what they are, the sound is too clean.

On the flip, one cut is a standard mid-West boogie. But 'Hey' is an actually funny novelty cut. A mad jam, sort of The Kingsmen meet The Ventures, keeps getting interrupted by some hayseed saying things like ***"Hey, nice 'Vette"*** **(a car reference) and** ***"Hey, nice solo."***

San Francisco

DILS: Les Dils EP (Quintessence) A posthumous release by a San Francisco band on a Canadian label. 'Its Not Worth It' is a rousing nihilist's anthem, an intersection of country rebel and street-corner wise ass. Another one of those stick-in-your-head tunes. The vocal means it but lets on to some ironic distance as well. 'Sound Of The Rain' is hypnotic, a glide up the river into a modernised Creedence country. The Dils were a great band.

Los Angeles

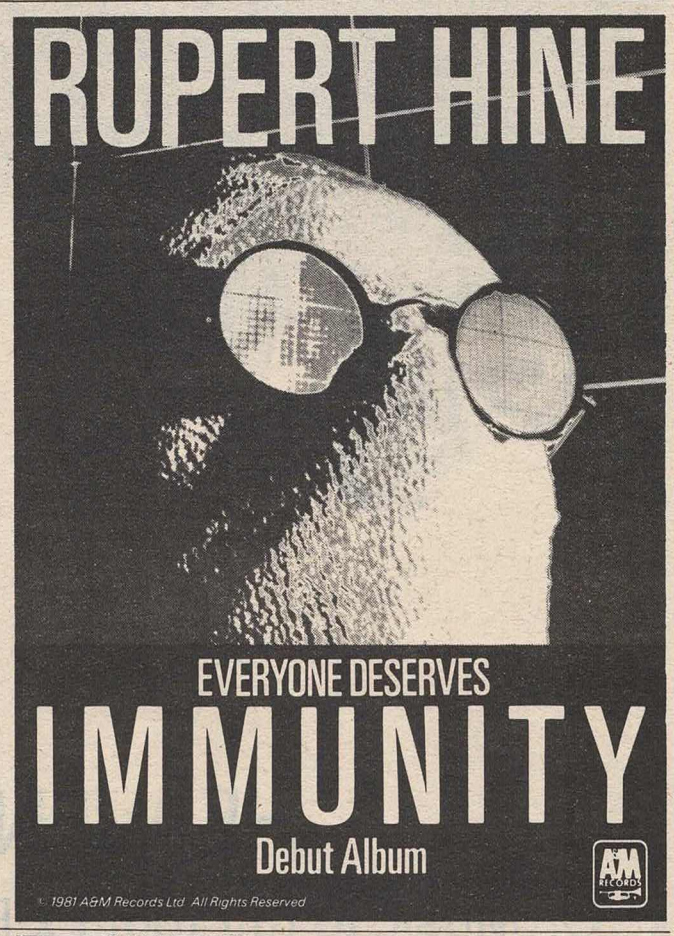
X: White Girl (Slash) On their album X were the Jefferson Airplane of the West Coast punk scene. Here they've become The Mamas And The Poppas of same. The world-jaded man singer and mournful waif girl singer recall the Mom's and Pop's 'Young Girls of the Canyon'. So do the enigmatic lyrics. ***"She's a white girl/But I'm living with a white girl."*** **Probably a caution concerning China White, a synthetic heroin that's all the rage in LA these days (The Germs' Darby Crash used it to off himself recently). At Least, X seem to take a stand opposed. Anyway, the vocal tricks work, the harmonies really grab and hold.**

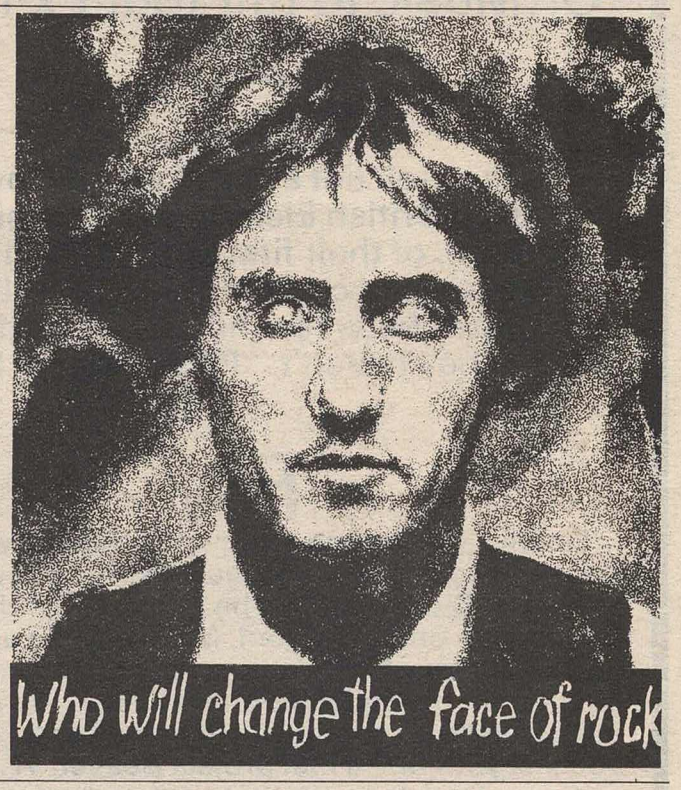
BLACK FLAG: Jealous Again (SST) Does the name refer to an anarchist symbol or the popular brand of roach killer? And if the latter, do they shoot it, smoke it or what? Aarrgh, etc.

Next week in NME

JAPAN

Max Bell nips there and back



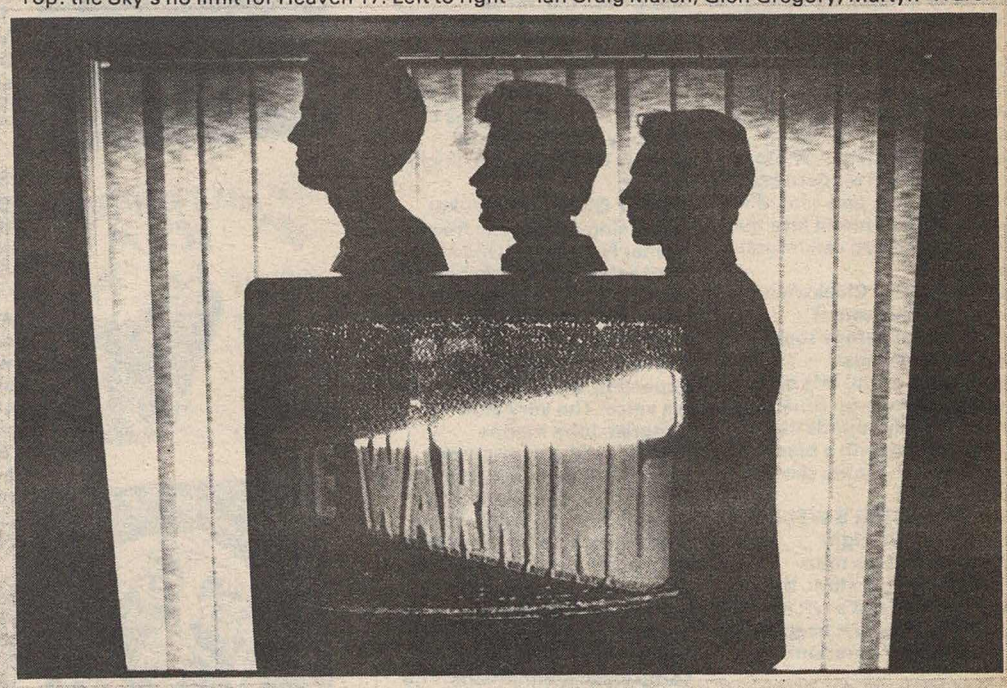


HEAVEN'S ABOVE

Or, Music To Kill Your Ex-Friends By...

First there was The Human League, until they fell out and fell apart. Now there's the new '81 Human League and the British Electric Foundation. BEF speak of their dreams for the future, of their first project the divine Heaven 17, and of their love, affection and contempt for the colleagues they left beind. "What's the difference between the League and BEF?" Paul Morley asks. "We've got talent. They haven't." Photography by Anton Corbijn.

Top: the Sky's no limit for Heaven 17. Left to right — Ian Craig Marsh, Glen Gregory, Martyn Ware.



FINALLY . . .

Finally, after eating a couple of meals, watching a bit of TV, Listening to a few tapes, seeing some of Edinburgh, watching shows by Siouxsie And The Banshees and Au Pairs and then drinking an unfair amount, Martyn Ware and Ian Craig Marsh (British Electric Foundation, ex-Human League) get to bitching about their old colleagues Phil Oakey and Adrian Wright — with enthusiastic prompting from myself and Glenn Gregory, the vocalist with BEF's first project Heaven 17.

It's past midnight, and we're drinking in the guests' bar of the hotel the Banshees are staying in after their Playhouse show. I ask Ware what it was like being trapped in Human League as a cult.

"Not very interesting," he confirms. "Phil was definitely into being a cult, though. He seemed to enjoy it."

I aim below the belt. What was Phil like in bed?

"Not too good. I've had at least a factor of five more lovers than he has."

What's the difference between Oakey and Wright's Human League and your British Electric Foundation?

"We've got talent. They haven't."

Ware grins in silly satisfaction.

Frankly, as much as I love them, I don't understand how they managed to keep going.

"It must be revealed that the backing tapes for their last tour were made up by me and Ian. It won't happen again. We got hold of the master tapes and erased them. They haven't got any of our performances now."

Ware grins in evil satisfaction.

The tall Gregory interrupts: "It all rests on the vocal magic of Phil Oakey, a bit of white noise and a couple of . . ." The last part luckily gets drowned out by party noise.

So you really hate '81 League?

Marsh: "I don't like the girls!"

Ware: "I don't like Philip."

Gregory: "I do like Philip!"

Marsh: "We're due a bitch because on Radio 1's *Newsbeat* they were saying that if they'd known about our attitude they would have thrown us out before. They couldn't have done that! They're lucky to have kept the name. Actually we've never told them but Human League were really an early British Electric Foundation project. We selected Phil and Adrian and now we're letting them carry on — and we'll still get money from the third LP!!! Oh, tears of laughter!"

Gregory makes sure I haven't got my tape recorder on and confidentially informs the other two that Oakey "likes Ian, loves him like a son, but thinks he's a bit odd. He thinks that Martyn . . . hang on, let me get this right . . . is a self-opinionated twat."

I have my tape recorder on.

"Well, I agree," says Ware, usually touchy about these things. "Nothing wrong with that bit of force. I think he's a berk anyway. Yeah, he does like Ian — he thinks he's been led astray by my evil influence."

Ian dips deep in his Split memories.

"That night at the end of last year, the day we'd more or less decided about The Split, we were back at the Sheffield hotel the Banshees were staying in. I went to the toilet and I was in a cubicle when Phil and Adrian walked in. They started talking . . . saying things like 'have you asked Ian about re-joining?!' Phil was convinced I was momentarily deluded. He said to me once, 'Do you realise you're aligning yourself with the unaesthetic part of the group?'

"Oh brilliant!" mocks Ware. "They have a world monopoly on unaestheticism!!" he barks.

"I think Phil is aesthetically pleasing," whispers Gregory enigmatically. Ware is speechless.

Gregory: "But the girls are definitely dodgy boilers!"

Ware releases an unimpressed gasp at the gratuitous bitchery." It's all a bit wet. Let's put a bit more coal on the fire."

HUMAN . . .

League Mark 1 have been scratched into history as pioneer post-glam pre-'futurist' electro-pop toot-boys. HL source. In the immediate post-punk lull they, along with Daniel Miller and his Normal, introduced the wonders of applying synthesizers to pop technique and flirted allusively and pre-fashionably with SF legends. Their first single 'Being Boiled,' released on Fast in the orange cover, is, with Miller's 'TVOD' an electro-pop equivalent of 'Spiral Scratch'.

Ware, Oakey, Wright and Marsh emerged out of a Sheffield clique that has now spread out as Cabaret Voltaire, Clock DVA, '81 Human League and British Electric Foundation. A show can be recalled featuring members of all those companies in a unit that supported The Drones: a Sheffield Crucial 3, only it was a Crucial 5 or 7. Marsh and Ware with The Future — "ahead of their time" remembers Oakey — who grew into Human League.

The League were never 'futurist' — the new breed who use League labour as a sort of launching pad are even less 'futurist'; in fact they're fakerists.

The League were future hit. They were destined to be pop stars: live and no mess. The image was intelligently cut — pre-technological fascinations, synthetic gloss, space passion, an edge of nonsense and a sprinkle of glam. A logical extension

from Glitter and Kraftwerk, attractive with it. The face — Phil Oakey. The fool — Adrian Wright. The cynic — Martyn Ware. The mystery — Ian Marsh. They were going to be massive.

Virgin Records thought so too. With florid promises they guided them away from Fast and with their customary action systematically sucked up all the glam-goodness and experimental effervescence: the Virgin vacuum victorious yet again! Two years with Virgin and Human League were sadly, safely buckled. The future-hits became objects of pity: missing out on success as Numan, OMD, Foxx sped past, and having their initial creative idealism and articulacy comprehensively compromised.

By the last third of 1980 the typical League banter-bitchery had developed a nasty crust. The four boys began to work apart. They weren't allowed to release the singles they wanted, the apparent security of a six-year contract turned into a farce, productivity dropped dramatically and circular touring faded the heart.

A sympathetic eye noticed the failing wills, sensed the agitated atmosphere and helped bring to the surface the muffled disillusionment. The eye acted as catalyst, stimulating the change, balancing the split. Two/two — a necessary renovation. Ware and Marsh had worked together before. Oakey and Wright were both unashamed pulpists.

As austere star Numan melodramatically bids farewell, as Ultravox groan from afar at Island's hack opportunism, as some bizarre groups dance cliches through a quasi-future mist, Human League are starting over. It's working the way it always should have done.

Toot-boys Phil and Adrian with sweet-girls Susan and Joanne are painlessly having a hit single, winning favours and fans with their electro-gum (bubble-pop and aural chewing gum) music. Pin up the posters, sort out Phil from Joanne!

As demands for new methods of presentation increase, as the rock gig dies its death, as the face of rockism gets uglier every hour, as record labels taste less and get clogged up by old-fashioned morals, British Electric Foundation find space. Ware and Marsh move back into the Future, back to nature, back to back, back to heaven . . . and step forward with renewed vigour and retrieved vision.

Two years have been wasted. But two from one goes! How it is is how it has to be. In different ways — League's new syn-glam, BEF's new structure — they're both just right for the times. A major influence, and substantial participants.

The sympathetic eye who co-ordinated the split prefers to remain anonymous until it's all obviously successful — he (hint) shouldn't have to wait long to claim his prize. The Split has quickly caused the two factions to receive the kind of attention they want: the wait's / waste's forgotten.

MARSH . . .

Ware and Gregory are eating omelettes in the second-floor restaurant of an Edinburgh department store and being slightly reticent about The Split. As the day develops more details will emerge. But in the harsh, sober daymight, enjoying a fine view of the city, they prefer simply to announce British Electric Foundation. They're in Edinburgh to finalise details of the Foundation with Fast/Pop Aural Godfather Bob Last, Human League manager and a small partner in BEF.

"It's set up as a production company," begins Marsh. "It is actually a limited company — the public name being British Electric Foundation. We've signed a contract that is between the production company and Virgin Records, not us as individuals, to deliver a number of LPs per year. A maximum of four and a minimum of two, and related singles. As well as the major projects there are exercises termed minor which Virgin don't think are commercial but they'll put them out anyway. I suppose they'll make as many things minor as possible.

"It's very complicated the way it's been set up because record companies inevitably prefer long-term contracts to short ones because there's more chance of making money. But the contract does give us a lot of scope. We'd always got bored doing the same thing. The album-tour-album tour-crap."

Later on I spot an item in a League balance sheet. £50,000+ was spent on touring last year. "It can't be right spending all that," groaned Ware profoundly.

Marsh: "We like working with other people as well. Being stuck inside one group, it gets unhealthily insular."

A BEF project need not be performed/written by Marsh or Ware. It need not even be a record, cassette or video.

Marsh: "I think that if there was something that we presented to Virgin as a project under BEF that wasn't by us they'd take it on even though they wouldn't have done by themselves. It gives them an escape route if it turns out crap or uncommercial."

With Last's help — "I did a very good job. I'm very proud of it" — they re-negotiated their ridiculous eight-LP Virgin contract.

"We're better off than if we had stayed as Human League."

BEF is freedom to move, freedom to stay still, freedom to think, a control that is pure-punk complete. It's the flexibility Ware and Marsh once expected with the League: the chance to maintain assiduity, trust their own judgement, frame their own inventions. Intelligent application: some sense! With BEF Virgin expect variety, 'unusual' values, irreverence, informality, the exotic and the unclassifiable — and will do their best to 'deal' with it.

FIRST . . .

'major' BEF project is the heavenly heavy Heaven 17: Ware and Marsh conducting, Glen Gregory's tendentious bass voice starring, John Wilson's instrumental dexterity featuring. (Wilson is black and 17 and causes the normally reserved Marsh and Ware to open their mouths in wonder when they consider his sorcerous bass playing.)

Three Heaven 17 singles, 'Fascist Groove Thang', 'I Am The Money' and 'Let's All Make A Bomb' will precede a summer LP. The first minor BEF product is the timely tape tonic 'Music For Stowaways'. I play the incendiary cassette to Heathrow and onflight to Edinburgh and it's spectacularly mixed for the Walkman headphones.

"That's the idea. We mixed it so that the sound is surrounding you instead of just coming from two directions."

Side One is excitable, percussive and persuasive: sound pressure, foreground music for travel. Noise allures.

The title of side two's first piece 'Music To Kill Your Parents By' sets the pitch for the side's sly parody of Eno's 'Music for . . .' series, its modish customs.

"Yeah, it's a spoof on that whole thing. 'The Old At Rest' is classically nauseating, don't you think?

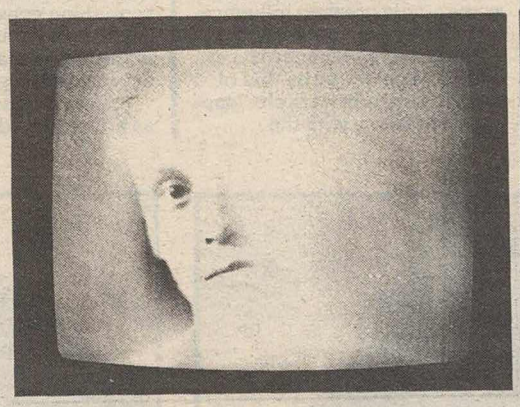
Yes! Music for scheming, definitely. Music for screaming, probably. 'Stowaways' disposable value, fresh trendiness, untamed humour, accumulating noise — for variable functions! — cuts across general expectations of how music is prepared and received. This music is a tool. For leisure, for emergency, for consumption. It's BEF's first blow against that album-tour-album-tour crap: a budget packet of noise.

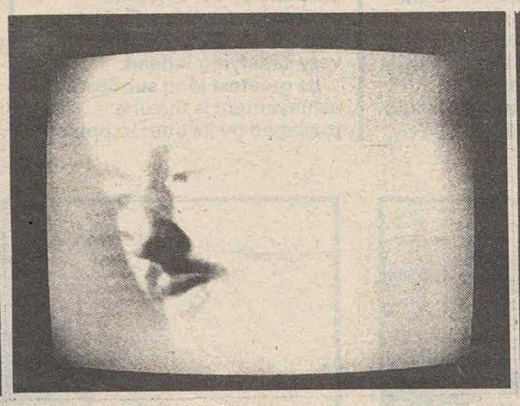
"It isn't a gimmick," they point out.

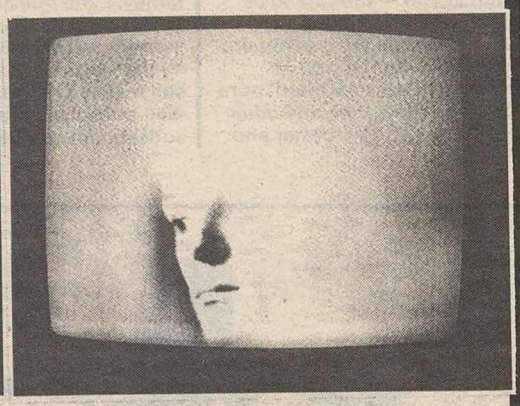
But there is that about it, and why not!

"We do like a lot of instrumental music. The title came very early."

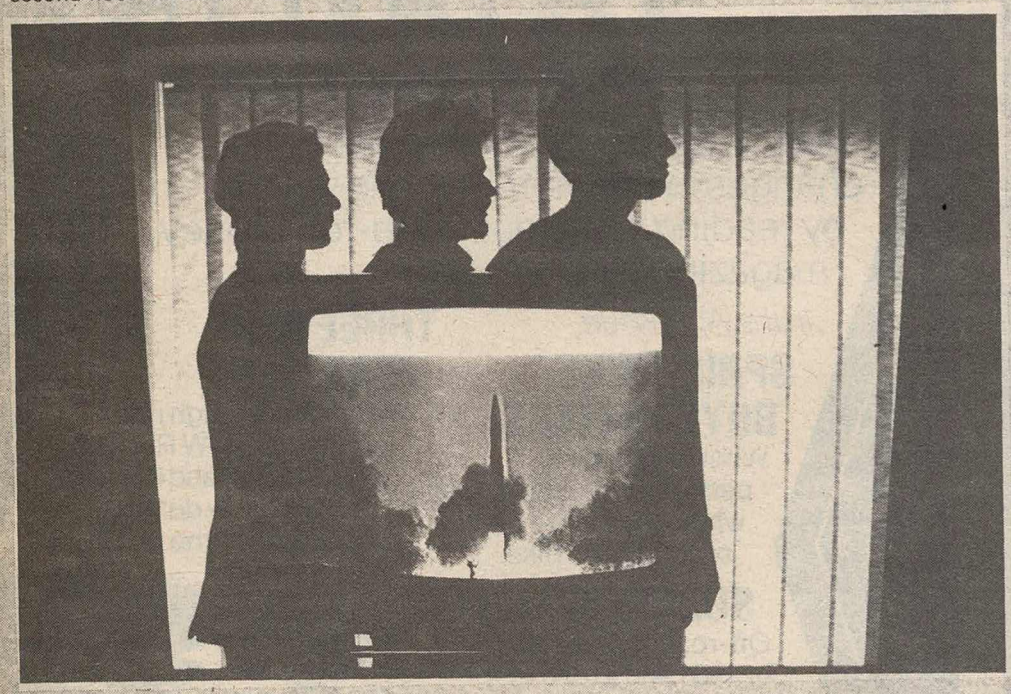
It shouldn't stop anybody else using it.







"America is only good for one thing and that's taking money off them. They don't deserve better. Over there we just want to sell. In Britain we want to impress."



"We thought we might get a sponsorship deal, but that idea fell through. We thought Sony might be interested in a joint advertising campaign."

With typical appreciation of the ramifications of an idea, Virgin wanted to put out the cassette — custom-made for portable tape machines, remember, instrumental (pro)portions celebrating woe and leisure — on a RECORD. It's a joke.

"Oh yeah. But you expect that sort of thing from Record Companies. You get to know what they're going to say. I mean, we're into profit. It's stupid to work for nothing. But record companies are used to making money in a certain manner and they're going to suggest what they think will get them the most money. All the time."

Virgin, after the apparent failure of PiL as new (research) company, are probably a little wary of what they perceive as BEF's unorthodoxy.

"The only real argument we've got with Virgin Records is that we think they don't know what's happening and they do. More often than not they're wrong. They're scared to death of doing anything wrong. And so they end up doing things wrong all the time."

We finish our plain meal talking about Marsh and Ware's role as employers — Gregory is their first employee — the possibility of using Gary Glitter in a future project, games, video — "We'll be making those, a bit of art, a few commercials, some light entertainment, no long epics" — their commitment to fun, fashion, profit, occasion.

We leave, BEF managing to avoid paying for their ample sweets.

AN INTOXICATED . . .

Excerpt from the psycho-dramatic *Popeye* film is on the TV: Ware, Marsh, Gregory scratch their heads and pull faces at the arresting images and dislocated sounds. We're in Bob Last's flat a couple of hours later, drinking tea or whisky and getting ready to eat again. The excerpt finishes, we're speechless, the sound's turned down. Blond, smiley Gregory explains how he ended up as an angel in Heaven.

An old friend of Ware and Marsh, he moved to London just as the League were beginning. Back in London for a weekend three years later, Ware puzzled him by probing into his London lifestyle.

"He said he might be leaving the League. I couldn't understand it, thought he was just looking for a shoulder to cry on . . ."

Ware shouts across the room: "I wasn't crying!"

"No, you were quite elated," grins Gregory.

"It was like getting out of a real bad marriage," grunts Ware, eyes rolling heavenward. "I didn't think he was going to ask me to join. He said do you want to sing, because he didn't know whether he was leaving or not. I went back to London, he said he'd ring, but I honestly didn't think about it at all, I thought they'd just had a little tiff and they'd be back together. Two days later I got the urgent message — Martin's left, Ian's gone with him, come up and do some demos. Within a week I was back in Sheffield."

Ian wanders into the room with a tray of tea and recalls, "There was all sorts of bizarre combinations at one time. I'd actually got Adrian convinced that it was Phil who was going and that it was to be the three of us."

"Do you realise the tape is on?" whispers Ware listlessly.

"Ooops sorry. And I'm not even drunk yet. We'll get to the bitchy remarks later."

Gregory resumes: "I never had time to think about it. I just said yes. Then I thought is this a good idea? But, yeah, it is a good idea."

Some pieces from the LP are played. Gregory's prurient bass vocal is reminiscent of Oakey's. To some extent Heaven 17 is Ware/Marsh's vehicle for League-type formula — structured electronic songs, but occasionally divinely dishevelled by Wilson's flamboyant bass/guitar.

"It's no bad thing sounding like Phil. He has a really good voice. But this is nothing like the League."

He turns to Ware and Marsh. "I've always thought I should have been in from the start. That was your first mistake, getting Philip in. You should have thought about it more carefully, instead of just getting the first person that came along."

Hearty heaps of laughing.

'Monkey' starts on the TV: the tape is switched off.

JUSTIFYING . . .

Marsh and Ware's new ways of working, supporting the notion that they're in tune with current/to be sound, purpose and feeling, '(We Don't Need This) Fascist Groove Thang' is the best piece of work they've been involved in. Its well-designed disco print, sense of mission, smooth motion, electro-enterprise, flawless vocals, word play, vogue vision, impulsive motive cuts right through all fakerist stodge. Clinging, gleaming, trim and tempting.

Then there's the bass solo. A spell! 'Thing's' a classical blend of the novelty and the profound, a parody of nonsense and a tenable declaration.

"The plan for America is to re-record the vocals and call it 'Commie Groove Thang'! It's not that we're wet liberals, it's just that America is only good for one thing and that's taking the money off them. They don't deserve any better. We'll be taking the money out of them. They have plenty of money and not much taste. Over there we just want to sell. In Britain we want to impress.

"We were going through the disco charts in *Record Mirror* picking out all the words from those absurd disco titles. We were laughing at those phrases, thinking they're pretty good, and then we just chucked in 'How Much Longer Must We Tolerate This Groove Thang', a spoof on The Pop Group, and then Martin changed that to 'How Much Longer Must We Tolerate This Fascist Groove Thang.'"

It was shortened down.

"We were pissing ourselves for days. Glen had to sing it line by line in the studio. We've got loads of out-takes of him cracking up whilst singing. It was *'hot you ass I feel your power'* that did him . . . the classic stupid line . . ."

"There was the joke aspect to it, being too dogmatic about politics, and then extra fun to imply that to get across to a mass audience it's no use preaching to the converted. It was like a hangover from the time the Presidential elections were on TV. Martin came round and we were up all night getting absolutely fucking paranoid depressed when Reagan got in. The moral majority, Haig, the whole thing . . . The Americans have got to go! Initially they were ridiculously over the top lyrics! *'Reagan is the fascist twat, I'd like to fucking top him!!'* . . ."

Even lacking that ultimatum, 'Fascist Groove Thang' may yet not get daytime Radio 1 play, because of the word 'fascist'. A hard word! A nasty word.

"To be fair, we were going to call it 'Fashion Groove Thang' or 'Flashy Groove Thang" . . . But that would have been ridiculous.

'Fascist Groove Thang' is habit forming: anthemic: music for the sense of occasion. Come out your house and dance your dance.

CONTINUES PAGE 55

She was only a coalminer's daughter . . .

Coal Miner's Daughter

Directed by Michael Apted
Starring Sissy Spacek, Tommy Lee Jones, Beverly D'Angelo and Levon Helm *(CIC)*

FIRST *The Rose* with Bette Midler as Janis Joplin *and* Jim Morrison. Now *Coal Miner's Daughter*, starring the justly acclaimed Sissy Spacek as Loretta Lynn — the Queen of Country Music and most beloved female artist of her era in that field. (In the past 10 years, Lynn has chartered more Top Ten entries than any other female country performer and her hit songs have also often reflected Middle America's changing attitudes, embracing subjects like adultery and female loneliness from more permissive perspectives.)

The tale of this coal miner's daughter (based around Lynn's discreet autobiography) was certainly ripe for the full star-is-born biopic formula.

The second of eight children in a poor Kentucky mining family, Lynn married at 13 and by 18 had four children. Managed in her meteoric rise by the husband to whom she is still married, her stardom, well-publicised breakdown and subsequent recovery guaranteed a script containing considerable triumph over circumstance (it had already inspired the Ronee Blakley-Allen Garfield characters of Robert Altman's *Nashville*).

Given the confines of its conventions, the film simply fails to be as remarkable as is Loretta Lynn's real-life rags-to-riches story. But, given within those confines the same suspensions of disbelief country music's magnified metaphors often require, it is very satisfying indeed.

Its greatest (and subtlest) achievement is the one presaged by its title: to present a portrait of Lynn as the coal miner's true legatee, the embodiment of 'country values', both within the music and without the now-anachronistic community which served as that music's source. This portrait is rooted in the film's earliest and best scenes, of Loretta's impoverished Appalachian home with its laconically benevolent patriarch (The Band's Levon Helm), pictured as the single greatest influence on the future singer's spirit.

The father's influence is quickly superseded by that of the husband when Loretta leaps into matrimony with the unconventional 'Mooney' Lynn — an excellent performance by Tommy Lee Jones, who ages into his role fully as well as does De Niro's Jake La Motta.

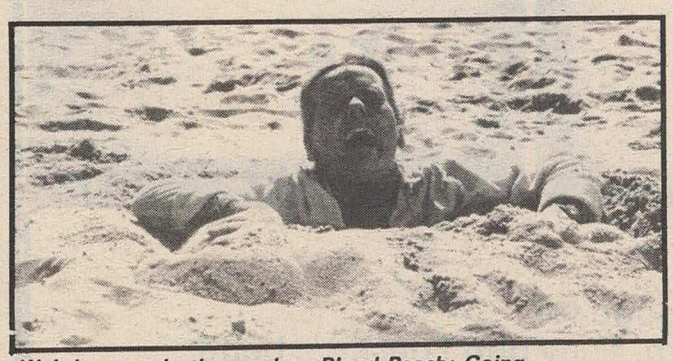
The real problem in this film is that the script Jones confronts is a severely evasive one (it enjoyed the co-operation and blessings of the real-life Mr and Mrs Lynn). Thus the way both poverty and patriarchy overshadow and shape Loretta's music and life is something conveyed more through the intuitive invention of the acting than by anything extraordinary in the script.

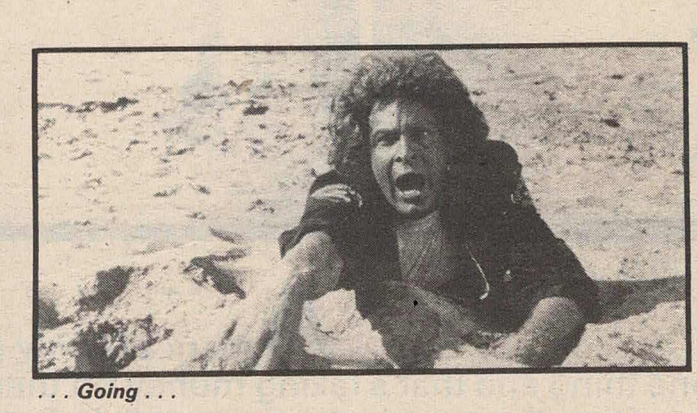
Spacek (uncannily convincing as a 13-year-old) also relates much more believably to the other actors than to her 'audiences', though her singing is a pleasant surprise and a more than passable suggestion of Loretta Lynn's own style.

It is her briefly pictured performances 'at the top' which leave the largest gap — unfortunately they project purely the glib side of country rather than that absolute conviction of the heart which can carry the genre's worst cliches.

Still, *Coal Miner's Daughter* does create from even its stock scenes something both affecting and haunting.

Cynthia Rose





Weird games in the sand on Blood Beach: Going . . . *. . . Going . . .* *. . . Yeeeuch!!*

Blood Beach

Directed by Jeffrey Bloom
Starring David Huffman, Mariana Hill, John Saxon and Burt Young *(Miracle)*

"THE verdict is I have no verdict," says the coroner, as befuddled as the rest of Los Angeles by a series of gruesome attacks on a favourite patch of sand. "I could make an educated guess or I could give you scientific mumbo jumbo."

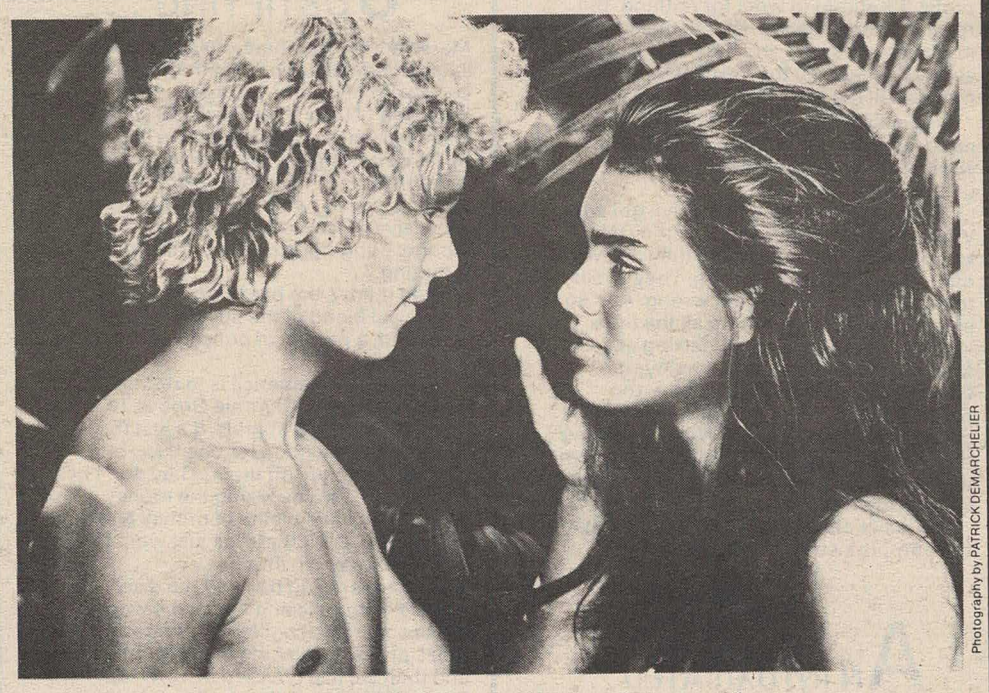
He settles for mumbo jumbo, and so does writer-director Jeffrey Bloom; but credit where it's due, they serve it up with style. *Something* beneath the sand is splooshing people into its innards but no-one's unduly alarmed until a little dog gets its head bitten off ("I say fuck the SPCA," says the increasingly harassed police captain, "and I've got two dogs of my own".).

As the camera pokes around underneath the pier there's inevitably a sense of unease but — the long-delayed appearance of Old Thingy itself aside — the biggest jolts come from those favourite standbys, shock cuts involving squealing cats and squawking gulls; a few putrefying limbs come in handy, too.

Perhaps the oddest thing about *Blood Beach* — apart from its almost total lack of blood — is its would-be hero. David Huffman (obviously no relation of Dostin) is as anaemic a nelly as you could imagine this side of Russell Harty; he irons his jeans and eats celery rolls for Chrissakes. But the police make up for that; John Saxon's the sardonic Capt. Pearson and, best of all, tubby Burt Young is Sgt. Royko, a reluctant transferee from Chicago who persists in wearing a dark suit and wide-brimmed hat in the LA sunshine, and never misses a cue to plug the windy city — he also refuses to speak unless his mouth is full of doughnut.

This mix of slobbish humour and so-so suspense is handled skilfully by Bloom, who obviously knows a good B-movie when he's made one. It's a bit like *Jaws*, I suppose, but with the draws on.

Monty Smith



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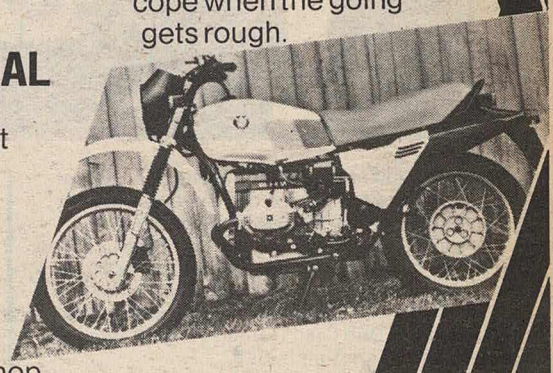

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Sissy Spacek as Loretta Lynn as coalminer's daughter.

SILVER SCREEN

Ordinary People

Directed by Robert Redford
Starring Donald Sutherland and Mary Tyler Moore *(CIC)*

IN RECENT years most American film makers have tended to take the view that the only "little people" whose private lives deserve close scrutiny are urban sophisticates with, to most of us, laughable pretensions — the kind of hopelessly self-absorbed folk who like to think they're 'improving' or even 'liberating' themselves as they try to 'relate' to one another when ever they have a free moment in between their frequent visits to pet shrinks.

Despite Woody Allen's persistent attempts to ridicule such people and their life styles through the matrix of his own, shared anxieties, the likes of playwright and screenwriter Neil Simon have prevailed and made America's would-be thinking heads their lucrative stock-in-trade. As a result, we've been treated to a steady stream of films (eg in 1980 *Chapter Two* and *Starting Over)* that masquerade as romantic comedies and are thick with maudlin, unappealing characters who only talk in 'witty' one-liners and who deserve all the usually self-inflicted emotional pain they can endure.

Ordinary People dams the breach at a stroke. The quiet, leafy and affluent upper-middle class suburbs of North Shore, Chicago, might not be everybody's idea of 'ordinary', but there's no point in carping about the fairly exclusive social milieu in which actor - turned - director Rober Redford's first film is set. Nor do you have to accept his special pleading on behalf of the American bourgeois to appreciate the film's importance.

People simply ignores accepted notions about whose problems are interesting and whose are not. You can take or leave its three central characters, but I suspect you'll find it hard not to feel at least some sympathy for them — mainly because they really are unexceptional and quite literally ordinary people, members of a family that's been traumatised overnight by the drowning of its sporty, elder and favoured son in a yachting accident.

Younger brother Conrad (Timothy Hutton) feels directly responsible for the death and has already tried suicide as a drastic means of expiation. Back at home once again and convalescing, he remains withdrawn — a state of mind hardly improved by the behaviour of his parents, who go to great lengths to avoid any discussion of the whole sorry business. Meals are taken in awkward silence or, if there is any table talk, it's crushingly mundane.

Conrad's father (Donald Sutherland, an unlikely but inspired piece of casting) is sympathetic towards him. A terribly 'nice,' jogging tax lawyer, he seems well - intentioned but ineffectual. The best encouragement he can offer his son is one dismal platitude after another. He simply isn't equipped to deal with the situation. But then who would be?

The boy's mother (Mary Tyler Moore, whose real-life son shot himself soon after the film opened in America last year) is not so patient or accommodating. It rapidly becomes clear that she bears him little if any love, and that his dead brother was the sole object of her affections. In her way as genuinely pathetic as the mother in Ken Loach's recently TV-screened *Family Life* although by no means as comic and/or hateful, she's a cold and emotionally crippled woman who's often extremely antagonistic towards husband and surviving son.

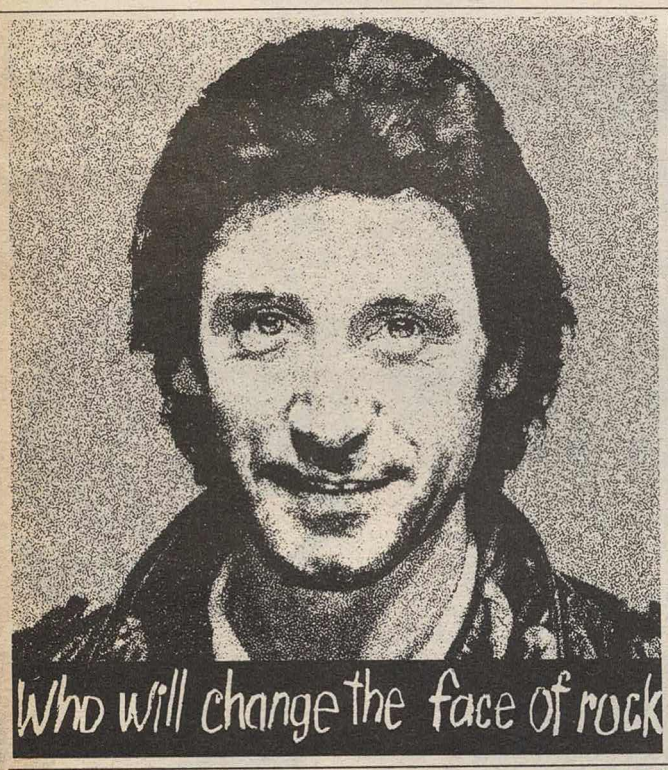
And so it goes on. Much to his mother's resentment — family problems should have family solutions, she insists — Conrad begins to consult a psychiatrist (Judd Hirsch), whose pokey office and flip Jewish manner provide a few welcome moments of light relief amidst the otherwise deepening gloom and whose intrusion eventually forces matters to a cathartic head. Some sort of familial exorcism has to take place, and duly does.

In a purely technical sense (camera angles et al) Redford's direction is accomplished but conservative. The performances he has extracted from his cast are magnificent though and, even more importantly, the film's realities are palpable.

Its knowing treatment of Conrad's hesitant but intense relationship with a warm-hearted girl from his college is as good an example as any of its strengths (and those of Judith Guest's original novel). There's plenty of embarrassed teenage drama in these scenes, but very little orchestrated melodrama — and the distinction is vital. Seamless or highly theatrical scripting is out. Confused, faltering everyday dialogue is in. It all makes a real world of difference.

Redford has said he wanted to make a film that universalised its characters and their predicament. He has largely succeeded in doing so, and *Ordinary People* is as timely and compelling as it's gruelling to watch.

Angus MacKinnon



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COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER A

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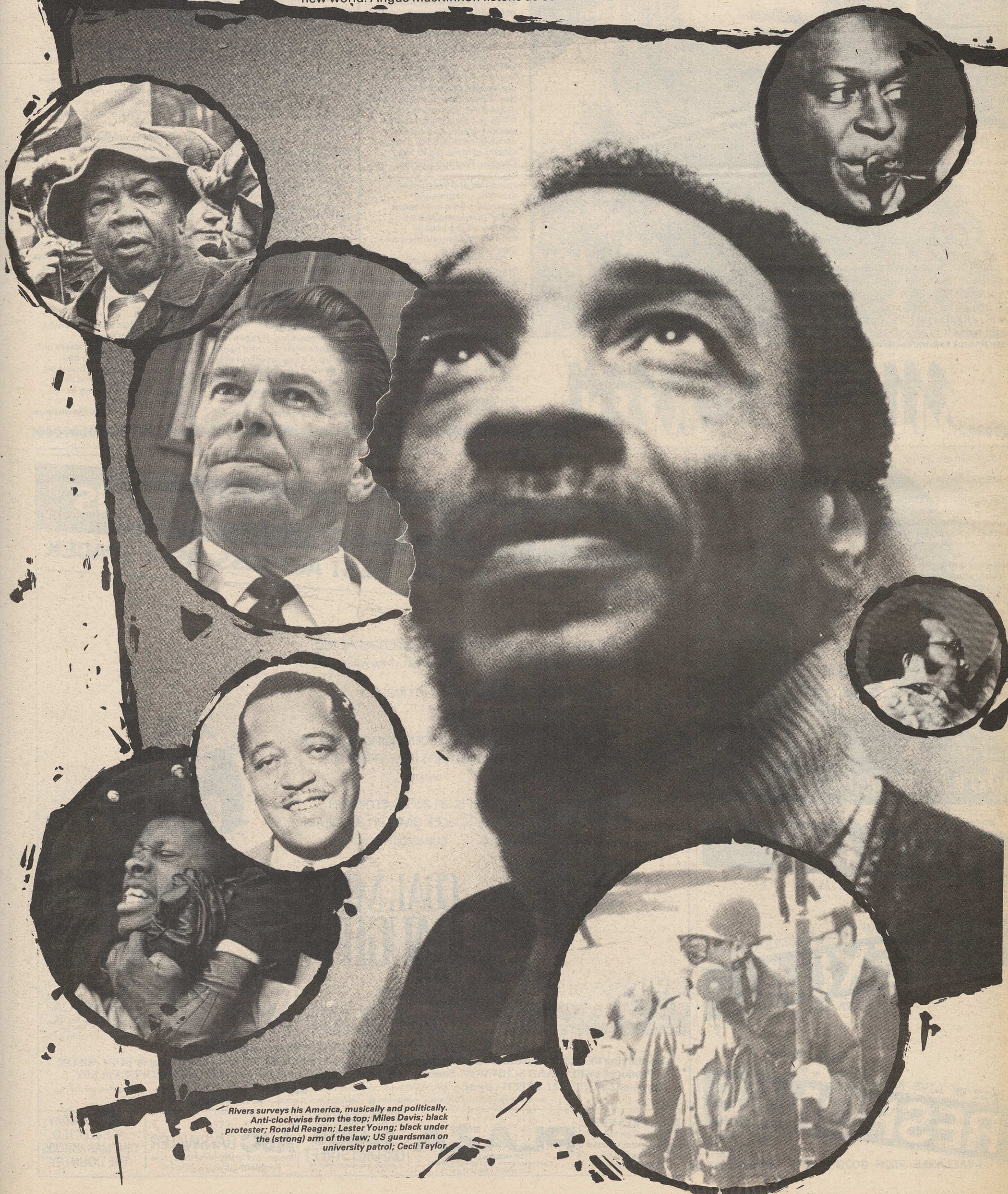

Rivers surveys his America, musically and politically. Anti-clockwise from the top; Miles Davis; black protester; Ronald Reagan; Lester Young; black under the (strong) arm of the law; US guardsman on university patrol; Cecil Taylor

SAM RIVERS PIC BY DAVID CORIO

TRYING to play artistic African-American music in this country (America) is musical suicide. Given the nature of the lifestyle, the competition, the constant bribes which tempt artists to conform to some uneducated concept of music . . . (and) add to this the humiliations that an African-American artist has to suffer living in a country that despises his people, and it becomes clear how hard it is not to compromise the music, just to take some pressure off his back. It is downright impossible to maintain a constant flow of exceptional music despite poor working conditions and the practically nonexistent respect for the music.
Bill Cole: *Miles Davis: A Musical Biography* (Morrow)

"SO WHAT'S kept me going all this time? I really don't know. I guess it's that I've always been respected by other musicians I respect. That keeps you going however much you might get panned for your troubles."

Tall and gaunt, Sam Rivers is 50 and unexpectedly soft-spoken. There's something of the patriarch about him, and the passing impression is one of a man whose asceticism is offset by sheer warmth of personality.

"I think," he adds quizzically, as if he's almost afraid what he's about to say might make him appear too virtuous by half, "I think I must value that respect more than I do money. If you're respected, it's enough — as long as you don't starve to death of course."

Rivers has been a jazz musician all his working life. Try and place him in the intricate and constantly evolving scheme of things that is African-American music and his work defies easy or instant categorisation. It has however always been distinguished by its intelligence and incisiveness, by the rigour and strength of its guiding principles, and there's no doubt that Rivers has made significant and enduring contributions to what he refers to as "the music and the tradition" — in itself an apt choice of phrase since, unlike some of his contemporaries, Rivers has invariably stressed the importance of that traditional aspect, of knowing and understanding where the music has come from before deciding where it might go to.

A very adaptable multi-instrumentalist who plays piano and flute as well as tenor and soprano saxophones, Rivers has led both small groups and, wherever possible, written for larger ensembles. His live performances have tended to concentrate on exploring that paradoxically most demanding of musical disciplines: free improvisation.

Although not an iconoclastic innovator, Rivers has nonetheless been a prime mover within the music in other, less obvious ways. From a very early stage in his career he has gone to great lengths to cultivate a highly original playing style. In this respect, he has perhaps set something of a relatively unsung precedent.

Whereas now such individuality is widely encouraged amongst younger generations of jazz musicians, it certainly wasn't in either the 1950s when the music staggered under the crushing uniformity of bebop as it effectively rubber-stamped almost everyone within earshot or for that matter in the '60s when John Coltrane was setting apparently absolute and often unthinkingly imitated standards for aspiring saxophonists. Rivers himself remains one of a handful of comparable players whose style owes very little indeed to Coltrane's otherwise pervasive influence.

At the same time, Rivers has consistently refused to compromise his music by 'crossing over' into disco, funk or rock. Instead and along with his wife Bea, he's involved himself wholeheartedly in the unequal struggle he and other like-minded musicians have had to undertake to present their music to the public.

As a result, he's predictably encountered either overwhelming indifference or active hostility from many critics and the recording industry. Attribute it to age, experience, temperament or a combination of all three, but Rivers' attitude towards the occupational hazards of the jazz life as he's lived it is determinedly philosophical, resilient rather then resentful.

HE'S A polite and rather charming man with a distinctly dry sense of humour. Talking to him makes a welcome change from trying to interview others I've met in his profession who, rightly or wrongly, tend to regard people like myself as mere creatures of the industry.

"A lot of things about and surrounding the music used to depress me," he explains, "and they still do. But I made the decision to become a jazz musician and over the years I've learnt to accept what that means in America. Although that's what I like about jazz — sure it's work, but it's also something you can do for life. So yes, I take it pretty seriously.

"I heard a lot of different kinds of music when I was a kid. All your experience can be used to make the music of the day. I think that now most musicians like myself find that's increasingly the case. We immerse ourselves in whatever we can: African, European or Asian music. Innovation and style really come down to how you use those existing materials, and how you put them together makes you the artist that you are."

After he had completed his national service in the US Navy in California and spent some time in Texas studying, Rivers enrolled at the Boston Conservatory in 1947.

Boston itself was a hothouse of musical activity and creativity in the '40s and '50s, and Rivers based himself there for almost 20 years, playing in a bewildering variety of contexts and seizing every opportunity that came his way. Although his own music continued its inexorable gravitation towards what was eventually to be termed the avant-garde, he also toured briefly with singer Billie Holiday in Florida in the mid-'50s and later led a Boston pit-band which supported visiting R&B artists like Wilson Pickett.

In 1964 Rivers was touring with guitarist T-Bone Walker when he received a call from Miles Davis' young drummer Anthony Williams, himself a graduate of the Boston school. Williams' recommendation led to Rivers taking over the tenor spot in the trumpeter's quintet from George Coleman, and the line-up was completed by bassist Ron Carter and pianist Herbie Hancock.

"I loved Miles' way of interpreting particular pieces of music, all the nuances there, even though the material itself was pretty straight. It was easy for me. We never rehearsed, just went out to Philadelphia the night after I joined and I knew all the music. But then, after we'd been to Japan, things got to the point where Miles could afford not to be always on the road, whereas I couldn't. When he next wanted me, I was in California working with (pianist) Andrew Hill."

The excellent CBS/Sony album the Davis quintet had recorded in Japan was never released in America, but Rivers was soon to appear on Williams' Blue Note albums 'Life Time' and 'Spring', the second of which interestingly paired his tenor with that of his replacement in the Davis group, Wayne Shorter.

The music on Williams' albums and Rivers' own subsequent recordings for the label strayed far from its mainstream norms, was unapologetically experimental. Blue Note's initial reaction was one of disapproving shock. 'Life Time' was almost refused a release, but then the label relented and went on to sign other even more radical players like saxophonist Ornette Coleman and pianist Cecil Taylor, whose tumultuous, emotionally and physically relentless music has caused often bitter controversy for some two decades now.

"It was as easy with Cecil as it had been with Miles," Rivers says of the six years he spent in Taylor's Unit, "but for very different reasons. Cecil sits down and explains everything to each musician, gives them their notes. It's also a thing of rehearsing six hours a day with him, and for me that was quite an experience. I'd never played two or three-hour concerts before either.

"Previously I'd had all these ideas inside of me, but had had to stop in case I bored somebody. But with Cecil it was a case of us playing until we'd finished — even if we'd lost half our audience. But you can expect that with music as tense and intense as Cecil's."

AT WHICH point I ask Rivers what passes through his mind when, perhaps surfacing for a moment from total absorption in his playing, he sees or senses that an audience is in difficulties. After all, for a variety of reasons — some good, some bad — many listeners find much of the so-called "new" jazz impenetrable or positively off-putting. Either they're not accustomed or prepared to make the effort of concentration sometimes required, or the music itself is in some respect lacking.

"Well now," Rivers laughs, "I guess listening to what they still call the avant-garde after 20 years — it must take some time for listeners to become involved. They're not being given anything on a plate. My music is, I think, pretty accessible, but I'd be surprised if anybody walked into one of Cecil's concerts and enjoyed the experience for the first time.

"I want the audience to enjoy my music, but I want to enjoy it too. And for me to enjoy it I have to bring in a whole lot of different emphases and experiences. There's the challenge for me of doing something technically demanding on stage as well, especially in a completely improvised setting.

"But I don't like to lower standards. I think that defeats the object. You've got to give of your best, otherwise you insult the audience."

Enter stage-right the well-fed spectre of crossover as I ask Rivers how he rates the achievements of the jazz musicians who, as Herbie Hancock once remarked to me, like to think they are "bringing the music to the people, educating them, you know?" (Maybe I'm hopelessly old-fashioned or just quibbling with semantics, but to me there's about as much jazz in most current jazzfunk as there's tea growing on the Moon.)

"Everyone has their reasons," Rivers demurs, "but I think if they're honest with themselves they look upon that kind of thing as . . . well, it's probably not something they're particularly proud of. It's just product. It has to be made and handled in a certain way for it to sell, and sales not music become the issue.

"Now to me that seems to be a kind of self-censorship. We all know that if you don't use your talents, you lose them. Inspiration doesn't just hang around. There are always things you might do today that you'll probably never do again. So you have to be careful. If you don't work *with* your talent, it goes, and if you block various aspects of yourself out for a period of time, then it becomes very difficult to even get back to where you were before you started censoring yourself".

SINCE moving to New York and leaving Taylor, Rivers has continued to tour regularly as a leader and also held various teaching posts. In the early '70s he made some of his best albums for Impulse, but with the label's demise as an outlet for new recordings he has had to turn to independents like Horo and Red in Italy, Tomato in America and ECM in West Germany.

Later in the decade, Rivers and his wife were to be instrumental in the establishing and growth of the so-called "loft scene"' in Manhattan. Denied access to the public by the major record companies and promoters, reviled or ignored by most influential critics, other musicians followed Rivers' lead in finding low-rent lofts where they could rehearse, perform and record. Self-help and collective organisations were the only ways forward out of the predicament, and these policies resulted amongst other things in the magnificent 'Wildflowers' series of albums, vital documents of some equally vital music that showcased already established players alongside what amounted to a new, emergent generation — musicians like Henry Threadgill, Fred Hopkins and Steve McCall of Air, David Murray, Chico Freeman, Oliver Lake, Julius Hemphill, Hamiet Bluiett and many more. The albums were mostly recorded at Rivers' own Rivbea Studios and gave those involved desperately needed exposure.

"It had to be done," Rivers recalls, "for a start there was just nowhere else for them to play in New York. The Newport festivals were bypassing them altogether, so we were forced to make our own arrangements. It all went much further than I originally intended. But I'm glad it developed. I think we achieved something.

"Not that the situation was anything new really. Take the big record companies — they look at most people like they're morons, and so they try to keep the music at a moronic level. Actually they don't even know anything about music and they're not good business people either — if they were, they wouldn't be in the mess they're in today."

And so what of the future? As far as Rivers is concerned, the music is flourishing in spite of everything.

"There really isn't the vacuum some people seem to think exists today. For a start, I don't think there will be any more dominant figures like there were in the past — the Parkers, Coltranes and so on.

"Why? Because all the frontiers have been broken and everyone sets their own standards. You can't say someone's playing the wrong changes anymore because there's now no such thing as right and wrong, not in that sense of what's correct anyway. Each musician is striving for individuality, but there's no one up there with the musicians' crown. There's no pied piper.

"Of course there are still musicians whose style is dominated by, say, John Coltane, just as there were after Charlie Parker. But most of the players who are in any way important have their own style. They pride themselves on that. I mean," he laughs, "you insult a musician if you say he sounds like someone else now".

Rivers' optimism isn't unqualified though.

"What concerns me is that it's been some time in New York since we've seen any younger musicians coming up and doing anything. I suspect that they see how much easier it is to get into blues, funk, disco and rock. It doesn't take too long to perfect your abilities in those particular styles and, since the recording industry gears itself to instant success, the temptations there are pretty obvious.

"Why wait and practise ten hours a day for six years when you could get something together for yourself in six months? Why make the effort when you see how badly others who have done that have got along? I don't blame the younger players at all.

"Maybe it's down to the price of instruments today. A good new saxophone costs about 2000 dollars and what black kid can afford that? So only the rich kids can buy them and no innovation in the music has ever come from anyone who's been a rich kid. Most of it's come from the middle-class blacks.

"Think of the real innovators: Louis Armstrong, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor. OK, so Armstrong came from an orphanage and Parker was working class, but most didn't really experience that much poverty in their youth — and poverty there is of the very worst kind in America, even now.

"Myself, I came out of the '30s and the Depression years pretty unscathed. I've never been hungry. I don't know what that means — to wonder where your next day's food is coming from. In that way I've been very fortunate as a black person in America today."

There are other reasons that Rivers cites for the apparent lack of new players. He has had to move away to New Jersey. He was reluctant to do so, but couldn't afford the ever-rising rents in Manhattan, a district which the property developers and New York's City Hall are intent on gentrifying. The musicians, dancers and others who once made Manhattan a thriving artistic community are being cleared out to make way for 'professionals: doctors, lawyers and suchlike from the suburbs whose high incomes enable them to afford a *pied-a-terre* nearer the city centre.

The same thing, Rivers says, is happening in Harlem, where whole blocks are being emptied by landlords who then have the buildings burnt out leaving their shells intact for future development.

"Manhattan was one of the few parts of New York where you could go out and not get mugged, shot at or bombed. That's its attraction, I guess. But anything musical there or in Harlem is being stifled. No attorney wants musicians living above him. They just about put up with the middle-class blacks like myself, but the poor ones have to go. Any place where the people are politically powerless, they move in and take advantage of the situation."

It all reminds Rivers of the demise of the jazz clubs on New York's 52nd Street in the '50s. Then the authorities decided to place a tax on the music. The club owners couldn't afford the burden and so brought in strippers instead.

"That wiped out a whole section of music in the city. Plus there was a police card that musicians had to have. Billie Holiday couldn't get one, nor Stan Getz. Miles only got one because he was friends with the police commissioner. But any kind of mark on your record, and that was it. Then, on top of all that, the money from the cards went to the Police Benevolent Association."

RIVERS chuckles at the irony. But talk of developers and landlords on the rampage in New York inevitably broaches the subject of Ronald Reagan's America, its current mood and the resurgence of an aggressive nationalism in the wake of the hostage 'crisis'. Understandably enough, the country's abrupt swing to the political right after the well-intentioned but incompetent liberalism (by American standards anyway) of the Carter presidency worries Rivers somewhat.

"For me the oddest thing about Reagan's winning the election is that the blue collar worker voted for him, and the undercurrent there is basically racist. There's no way the blue collar man would vote for Reagan unless he thought the man was going to keep the blacks down.

"But it goes much further than that. Reagan is big business and those same people who voted for him are going to find themselves in big trouble. The business community always works with a skeleton crew. That's what they're all about, eliminating any excess labour so that they can maximise profits. Plus the quality of the product suffers too. The workers aren't interested in it if that's the basis on which they're employed, and nor are the people in the offices above.

"It really all depends on what Reagan actually does and, because he's an actor, you just don't know what he's planning. He's already backed down on a lot of his presidential promises, but I'm sure the environment will suffer. The whole country is already pretty much polluted with chemical waste, but obviously this is kept very quiet. Now we have a new Secretary for the Interior who's the same person that brought suits against Carter's government for their tightness over pollution controls.

"This is unbelievable really. There's something very hard-headed about the new right. I guess you're finding the same over here now. They consider themselves conservatives, but they're very radical, very close to being fascists — and they can do so much more damage now because they have the vested interests behind them. They're also going to let so many people on the loose again, the CIA and so on. Haig, the new Secretary of State, he's a hawk all the way, a very dangerous and ambitious man."

In other words, the immediate outlook is bleak.

"It is, although I think that most people who do want positive change are somehow happy Reagan's in because if nothing else he'll create that situation with his particular political philosophy. After all, Reagan was the man who instigated the protest movement in the '60s. The trouble started on the university campuses in California when he was Governor there, and Reagan sent in the troops. That was the catalyst for what became a national movement."

But will there be a more specific response from blacks or anyone else whom Reagan's arrival in the White House seems especially likely to threaten?

"What you have to keep in mind is that these days so many people in America are armed. That's the big difference between the '60s and the '80s. There are guys down in Texas who'll sell you machine guns, cannon even. They have all this surplus shit for sale. So the Klan is well stocked and in the Southern states where it's legal to carry a gun, so are the blacks.

Continues page 57

PASSAGE

Joy Division and God — is there a difference? Yes, says MICK DUFFY. The Passage like Joy Division but they don't like them. They don't like God but they don't really sound like God's gift to modern music

GOD DOESN'T ONLY KNOW

LET'S GO for a coffee. Another interview and we're huddled round a table in a city centre cafe. Last night we'd seen New Order play their first Manchester gig and today we're looking back.

March '78, and in that formative early period, were members of the same Manchester Musicians' Collective as Joy Division (then Warsaw) and The Fall. That was the time when Buzzcocks were just becoming famous and Jilted John was top of the pops — a vintage period for the city's music. Amidst all the commotion, The Passage released a couple of seven-inch vinyl gems on Object that kicked and flourished for a while in indie-circles before vanishing completely as though they and their creators had never existed.

Certainly, The Passage would not exist today were it not for the single-minded determination of main-man Dick Witts, now the only surviving member of the original line-up. Long ago he took control of the band and guided it through difficult times as members came and went and opportunities faded. And just when most local voyeurs had begun to write off The Passage, the Witts-penned 'Pindrop' struck hard, slapping our smug faces, making us sit up and take notice again. The music press were unanimously declaring the album a masterpiece, and justifiably so. This was The Passage's new beginning, almost a resurrection.

Listen to The Passage's music and you know some absorbing, thoughtful minds are at work. Listen to their words and it's easy to become thoughtfully absorbed. Let's listen.

"GOD IS ONE of the most despicable inventions of our species, along with the noose and the revolver. Just another symbol of power and fear, another tool of a perverse social conditioning."

As Dick Witts talks, guitarist Andy Wilson sits intensely listening to these solemn words, and drummer Joey McKecknie sits intensely devouring a Marks and Spencer muesli yoghurt and looking as though he's heard it all before. (These three are The Passage — mentor, advocate and joker.)

Witts continues:

"There is no God. I believe only in human existence, and after that nothing."

This (leftist/atheist?) notion is a focal point of The Passage's philosophy. 'Pindrop' painted a world without compassion, where power is abused to terrible degrees and where God is just one more organ of suppression used by figures of power and authority.

"God, like a puppet, tells us of a world where after we're dead, everything will be worthwhile," snarls Witts. "I'm not interested in a Utopia after I'm dead. I'm interested in a Utopia here and now.

"Of course, it'd be very convenient for some people if we all believed in God. We're living in a shit society and those in power are trying to build an alternative Utopia for an elitist few: God has been their safety valve; they've fed on his fat for years."

A new LP, 'A Good and Useful Life' out in a few months time on the band's own label and licensed to DinDisc, will continue where 'Pindrop' left off. Its title is a direct quote from a speech made by James Anderton, Greater Manchester's chief of police, a traditional disciplinarian and a man with a strict, almost puritanical moral code. Anderton once said that the police exist "so that the public can lead a good and useful life." "Good for what? Useful to who?" asks Witts cynically. For The Passage, Anderton is a figurehead, the archetype of those who've seized and are now abusing their positions of power.

"That man extends his brief as chief of police," says Witts. "He's merely an administrator, yet he pontificates on TV and in the newspapers, imposing his despicable religious beliefs on others.

"Ironically, to him, his power is based on love, though the net result to the people is a power based on fear. It's a symptom — that oppressive morality he represents. We've got to combat the suppression, combat the stand he's taking."

But how's it to be done, Dick?

"Through our music we can only ask questions and suggest possibilities. But there's a whole load of other things you can do outside of them. Every minute, every second has a possibility that we can change our society. It's entirely up to us, you, me, everyone. But we've got to act!"

Let's go!

sighs Andy. "They think, 'Oh yeah, just another northern industrial bunch making heavy social statements, here's a label for them'."

In fact, Passage music is only similar to Joy Division's in that both are subversive, harsh and highly evocative. In terms of style, sound and texture they're poles apart. And now The Passage's new single, 'Devils and Angels' will be the end of the story. It's a reply to Joy Division's 'Heart and Soul', that world-weary, despairing hymn, and shows The Passage dancing through dark times to venomous veneer of anger and frustration, unlike Joy Division, a different fashion. Behind their they're ultimately optimistic. "To hope is our strongest instinct," says Witts. "We're dancing for better times."

Let's dance!

THESE ARE dark days, desperate times. We really are suffering the worst depression since the '30s, though you wouldn't guess it. Half of Britain's youth are preoccupied dressing up, looking in mirrors, dancing and posing in tribes and cliques whilst the rest of our culturally inanimate nation have just voted the insubstantial Police and the manufactured Easton muppet top-pop-stars in the *Daily Mirror*/*Nationwide* top-pop-poll. We're living on *Fantasy Island*! But this, I suppose, is what we want. Sadly, few groups have successfully confronted the depressing realities of this age though, appropriately, grey Manchester has been the home of two of them. Last year Joy Division, of course, offered us their sullen reflections and left us despairing . . . until now, when The Passage have emerged to offer us their alternative — a positive approach and positive solutions. They're realists and whilst they don't trade in miracles, their story begins with one: the feeding of the 5000.

Five thousand people bought 'Pindrop', The Passage's dizzily acclaimed debut LP. *Only* 5000. There was a demand for many more but an unsavoury row developed between the band and their record company of the time, Manchester's Object Music. The details of the quarrel are irrelevant here, only its effect important — the album was deleted from the Object catalogue. 'Pindrop' was killed. What a waste.

But at least some impression had been made, some interest stimulated. People wanted to know more about this exciting new Manchester band.

New Manchester band? The Passage were in fact conceived in the distant days of swapping careless adjectives like stunning, awesome, powerful 'til Andy's phrase *'They're only human!'* makes us laugh, leaves us silent — there's nothing more to say.

"But we're the new Joy Division," grins Joey. "Didn't you know?"

More smiles and The Passage tell me how a young lady journalist from a rival paper travelled up from London and tried to coax them into accepting they were "taking over where Joy Divison left off." Obviously, they were less than impressed. "It just shows the ignorance of some London journalists,"

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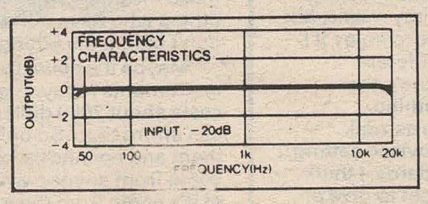

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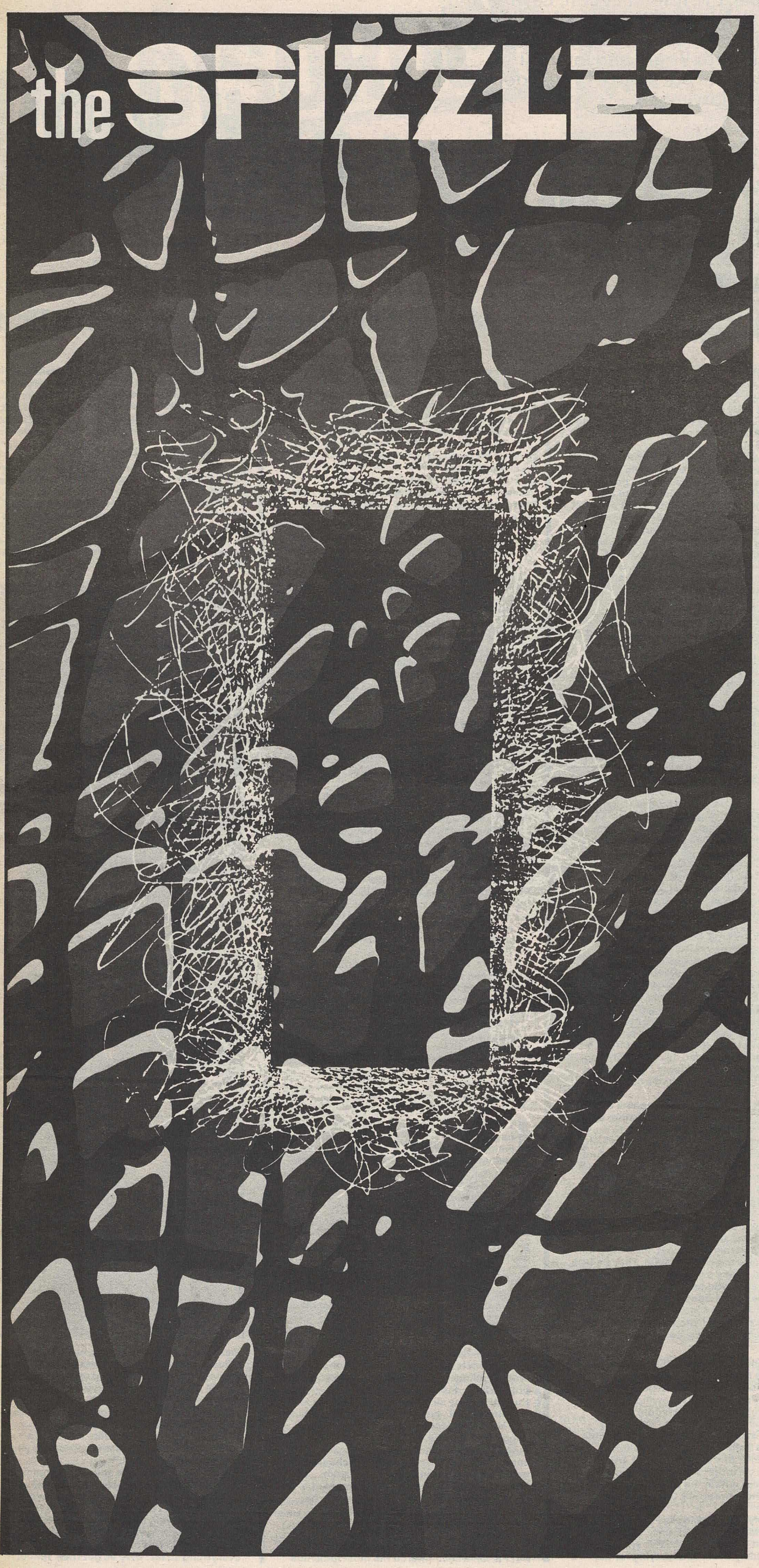

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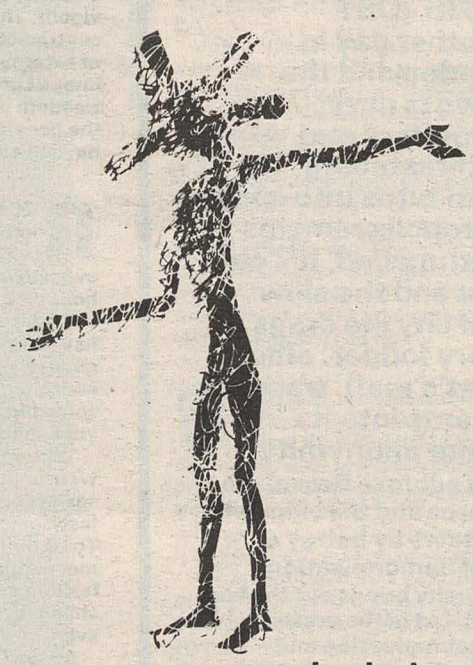

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15 SHEFFIELD Top Rank
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While England goes down the plug-hole, the firm of Lydon, Levene and Lee set out to prove that enterprise is not dead. They press boldly ahead with their plans to re-develop the face of rock as we know and loathe it. Three years of power struggle with Virgin and internal upheavals have kept them behind schedule, but soon — very soon — we should see the romance of PiL in full flower . . .

COMPANY LORE & PU

STENOGRAPHER: GAVIN MARTIN ◀ THE PiL

THIS IS JUST another day in London and the town is dirty, colourless and insidiously threatening. The winter gloom turns into spring but the metropolis remains insular and stupefied. It's cold and overcast and the slow dizzy hum of city life drags a cast of factory fodder, office workers (that's me!), tramps and delinquents into its monotony and anonymity.

Walking up Ladbroke Grove, the blank sullen faces and the sluggish pace of the passers by betray a weary sense of demoralisation.

They say adversity brings out the best in the, er, British, but in the present climate of blanket repression and mounting oppression, surrender and acceptance seem the easy and most popular options. And with an ascetic government policy of mass unemployment, strict cash controls and the renewed interests in nationalism and defence, there's a recipe for disaster compounded by the illusion of "a solution".

Of course the solutions don't provide ways of out the problem; they are of necessity part of the problem more correctly seen as little cubby holes with opaque windows. Here people can find solace away from the ruthless disunity. They can take the dramatic and romantic appeal of the gun, the false security of the bomb or the patriotism to a country that gives more to its life-takers than its life-givers. . .

It's not hard to see how things are going.

"This whole country is like sinking into the ocean. It's reached a stage where Britain will soon be getting sent food parcels. London is getting very, very fascist and I don't like it *at all!*"

John Lydon lights another Marlboro and continues to enunciate a slow but defiant train of thought, this time taunting me with direct information, his piercing bug-eyed stare fixed on the TV set.

" 'Go Back' was written about that, about London and tedium and right wing groups. It's pathetic, people wallow in misery and accept anything: *'Have a cup of tea, good days ahead'*," he concludes before returning to a recently discovered brand of choice German beer.

It's not the only time that Lydon inserts one of his own lyrics into our conversation and, of course, he does so because it's a cruelly apt piece of humour, a sharp way of underlining his point and exposing the dearth of imagination and apathy strewn around him. At times like this John can appear smug, but it's his honesty that stuns. I regain a foothold and fumble for another question.

Do you hold any sympathy for kids who get involved in fascist groups?

"I don't mind people having views like that if they know what they're talking about, but the promotion of ignorance and the glorification of stupidity is something I just cannot deal with. They like to be downtrodden and they like to think they're left out of everything. It's so sad-sect-two-bob-loser-city. That's all they're told by the daily papers and, of course, they believe it because the papers don't lie. There's precious fuck-all that I or anybody in my position could do to stop them."

I hate mob rule as much as Lydon, but his tolerance of individuals who would actively destroy individualism and literally dispose of dissenters is a hefty contradiction to his oft-repeated ideology of vitality and personal vigour. There also seems to be a similar contradiction which is contributing to the lack of external growth of his company, Public Image Limited: where much is made of freedom and independent control, but few of the benefits one expects of such qualities have been forthcoming.

ROCK MUSIC, the feeble sickness that is undoubtably is, loudly plasters itself with stifling prejudices, dangerously evocative imagery and creates cold callous boxes for its product — keeping in line with society's conservatism. So, not only do you have a musical mainstream consisting of a queasy, uninterrupted flow of blandness and conceited posturing, but on the pretext of some flimsy cloak of tribalism, each box seeks your support.

Take your pick from Adam's flatulent warrior pose, heavy metal's valium-fuelled sexism or Spandau Ballet's barely concealed fascism (check the sleeve notes on 'Journeys To Glory'). And on and on it goes — a sick meaningless merry-go-round of degradation, fashion and pawn-pushing. Nothing has changed, in fact things have got worse than ever.

Ah well, you can rely on rock music to provide a true reflection of the times.

Now it would take a fool or an evangelist to ask or expect John Lydon to swoop down on the masses and show them the error of their ways. He's already tried it once but, as he repeatedly tells me, people took the wrong things from his Sex Pistols days and ended up with the present confusion of aims and aspirations, causes and effects.

Besides, right from the outset it was made clear that Public Image Limited would continue to move forward regardless of pressures or circumstances. It's always been stressed that PiL are a company, and as such free to move into other areas apart from music — drawing, video discs, film making and designing various pieces of equipment with the knowledge acquired from experimenting in the studio.

All of which sounds fine, but some three years after their inception, these other ideas still exist only in theory, PiL are yet to move into market places other than those which are the immediate preserve of rock music. And this makes Keith Levene's contention that PiL are a communications company which has more in common with Warner Brothers than, say, The Gang of Four, seem like a lot of hot air.

But despite their weaknesses — and I'd say they're more marked than they would care to admit — PiL remain the most innovative and exciting noise makers in Britain. That's a fact indelibly stamped certainly on anyone with two clean ears who has had the privilege to hear their fourth album, 'Flowers Of Romance'. And it's a pleasure not as rare as one might expect if Lydon's claims of a Virgin tape leak earlier this year are true.

ORIGINALLY COMPRISING a nucleus of five members, PiL have arrived at their present "perfected chemistry" of John, Keith and Jeanette Lee following the dismissal of long time backroom member David Crowe six months ago for "doing nothing", and the departure of Jah Wobble after Chris Bohn's interview with Keith Levene (*NME* July 5, 1980). In that article it was made clear that Wobble was rapidly losing favour within the set-up. When the subject is now broached, John remains unruffled.

"Not only did Wobble use PiL backing tracks for his own solo albums, which are terrible, but he also got into this whole condescending attitude of playing for the kids. It was against everything we started out to be.

"We used to be really good friends but I haven't seen him for months. He seems to be keeping himself hidden, but that's his prerogative. Look, this is a fact, Wobble was never present at one of our mixes — he just played his bars and left the studio before the real work began."

I tell him that Wobble's new band is presently rehearsing, and Lydon admits he is very interested in hearing what they sound like.

"Whatever else there was about him, Wobble was a very, very good bass player."

Although John, Jeanette and Keith knew each other during the original punk era — Miss Lee was a shop assistant in Acme Attractions where she would give Sid Vicious discounts — there was no thought of forming a band.

"Moronic as Steve, Paul, Glen and Sid all were, there was absolutely no thought of walking out and getting it together with people of a higher intellect," John explains. "Firstly Jeanette had no interest whatsoever in being involved in a band, and secondly there was all sorts of personal bickering going on. It might seem like the most obvious thing to do but it's the hardest — to work with friends. It's something that just happens; you can't plan it or want it, it just works that way.

"Eventually kindred spirits will flock together. Does that sound terrible? It's the only way I can put it."

In the studio at least, the PiL triumvirate appear to be an effective and well balanced identity with each person bringing characteristics to the set-up that complement and contrast successfully with those of the others. Johnny is still the court jester possessed of an invaluable honest cynicism. Jeanette has a practical efficiency and a wily way of assimilating the significance of the factors and people who influence PiL's movement. 'Flowers Of Romance' is the first LP on which she has played an instrument, although this is not to underestimate her role on previous works.

"I'm always present at studio mixes, and just the fact that I'm there means I'm contributing to the clash of personalities," she explains, slapping her hands together for emphasis.

Her role is often said by others to be that of manageress, but she openly scorns such a description.

"There is no band, there are no rules and there are no managers," she states.

Lydon is curt and adamant: "Whoever is available will do whatever is necessary."

IT WAS Levene who was originally responsible for putting PiL into motion. Following the Pistols split he saw Lydon on TV telling everyone that he had a new group together, but instinct told the primitive technical co-ordinator that Johnny was lying and he phoned him to put plans for PiL into operation.

Levene is sad and serious-faced, a precise theorist searching for purpose and precision amidst a maze of organisational and financial obstacles. His technical interests and early determination to abandon orthodox studio sound, have fired the other members with a similar desire, resulting in 'Flowers Of Romance' which sees them hurtling headlong into previously untested territory.

We meet one chilly afternoon to discuss the new album and the shape of PiL in general in Jeanette's third floor West London flat. The living room is eye-level with a schoolroom where various youths spy and giggle at the proceedings. Present at various times throughout my six hour stay are all three members of PiL, but with the small, fragile and charming Jeanette suffering from a nagging toothache, and Levene not in the mood for talking and otherwise engaged on company business, most of the exchanges are made between John and myself. Lydon seems to prefer a stumbling, fragmented conversation, whereas Levene — when he joins in — sounds like a well-drilled PR rapping machine.

The LP was finished last December, recorded in three weeks during November. But PiL have encountered the most ludicrous opposition from Virgin Records who claim that the record is so uncommercial that they should first re-release the group's 'Public Image' debut single to stimulate interest in it.

"They said, Oh, it's not commercial. It won't sell," John alleges in his best Chelsea arts critic whine.

Keith: "No, Virgin don't say that."

John: "They don't now, but they did when we gave it to them. They only wanted to press 30,000."

Absolute insanity! It's the best thing, the most accessible thing you've ever recorded, I say.

John: "It's like at Virgin there's a few people who have their brains somewhere in their feet. One in particular is Laurie Dunn (head of Virgin publishing) who has a lot of influence for no particular reason. He thinks PiL have never made a good record and people like Simon Draper listen to that sort of crap."

Keith: "But he found it offensive that Dunn said that, he told me."

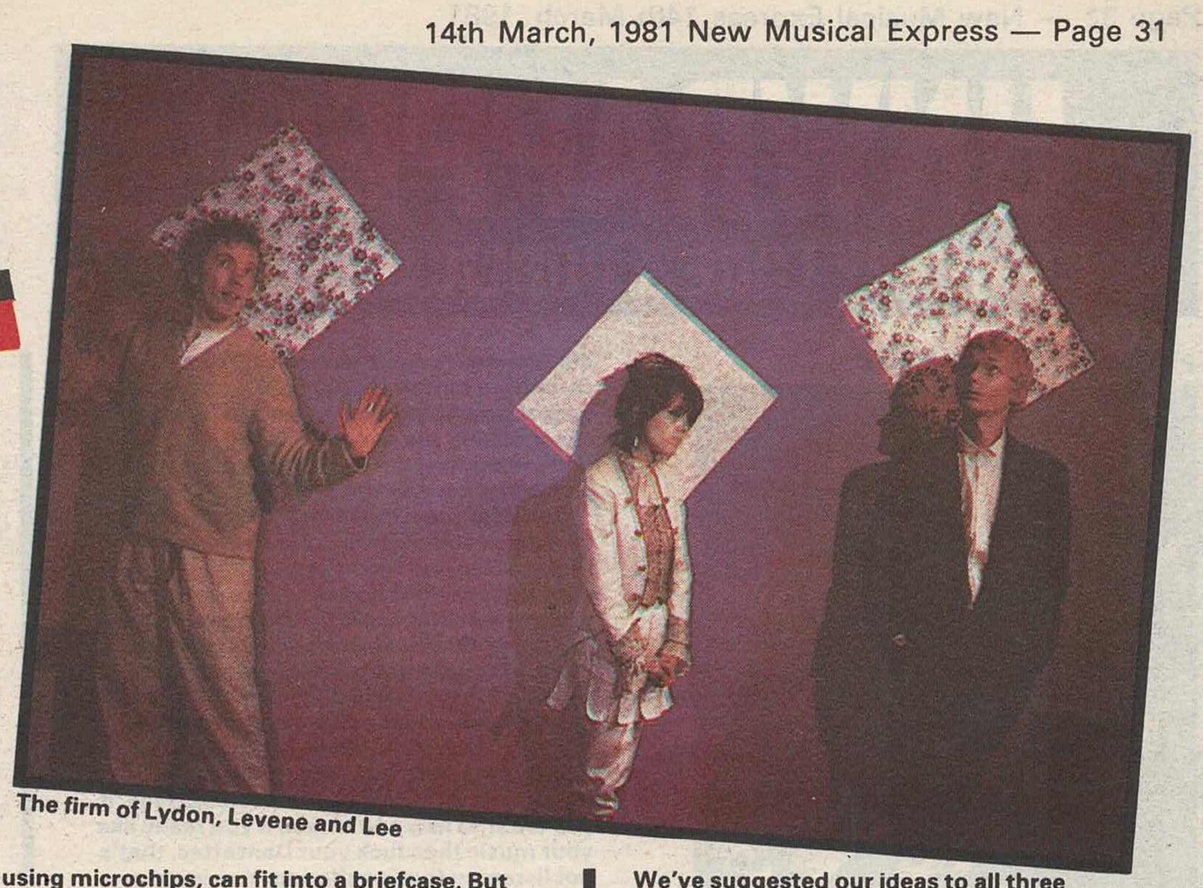
John: "Only after The Slits went in the same studio using the same engineer trying to get the same sound."

With your contract coming up for renewal are you thinking of leaving Virgin then?

Keith "No, I'm thinking of ways to work with Virgin and to get Virgin to work for us. I'm always trying to find ways of doing that because Virgin have got a large corporation thing going in this country. They've got one of everything so far: they've got their venue;

BLIC DISORDER

MEMORANDUM ▶ PHOTOGRAPHER: ANTON CORBIJN



The firm of Lydon, Levene and Lee

they've got their house in the country; they've got their Manor House and their barges and each one of these has a studio. They've also got their independent cinema, their publishing company and their foreign investments, and now they're establishing themselves in the States.

"I don't see why Virgin shouldn't be a very worthwhile company to be involved in, I mean PiL certainly is. But there seems to be a clash of ambitions and the clash isn't PiL's fault. Virgin started off on the right foot but soon forgot what they were doing and developed fat necks.

"It's simple, we can see into the future and they can't. I keep telling them PiL will release an album that's going to sell millions and

they're going to have to print up lots of copies of the other albums, but they won't listen. Virgin used to be able to see into the future, or rather they used to take a chance on the biggest load of old shit and invest in it. Now they just have their pet loves like The Skids, but PiL were around a long time before bands like that."

John: "XTC are the latest favourites. But just because I moan and grumble about Virgin doesn't mean I don't want to work with them. In fact, because I moan and grumble means I can see room for improvement."

A VENTURE that seemed to give PiL breathing space and a focus for their other talents, was a chance to work on a film with *Woodstock* director Michael Wadleigh.

John: "They offered us the chance to do a soundtrack. I mean who wouldn't want an opportunity like that? It's not *Woodstock*, it's not. The clips we saw were really excellent, it looked like it could have been a really good film but as far as I know they've stopped production on it totally.

"Originally Wadleigh wanted us to write music to suit the atmosphere, it's about wolves and killing people and that suited us fine, of course."

Keith: "Yeah, our next album is called 'Music for Prisons'. Tell him how we've got it worked out on an ambient scale and . . ."

"Fuck off," John laughs. "No, I think a lot of soundtracks are really vile and I think films are being done a disservice. I think we could do a service to a film. Like with this Michael Wadleigh thing we wanted to go right down to a bottle banging on a table — *the whole lot*, not just music but sounds.

"But then Tom Waits and other people came into it and it wasn't what we had in mind, there's so many confusing factors, none of which is on our part. They wanted us to ask for a certain amount of money and I still think that's well, prattish — they should make an offer. But they insisted, so I said a million would do quite nicely, thank you. I haven't heard anything from them since."

Levene will happily talk at length about two other pet projects — a drum synthesizer and a portable recording studio which, designed using microchips, can fit into a briefcase. But gradually he begins to sound like a science boff in junior school with a lot of plausible ideas but no way of actually producing or marketing them.

Typically Lydon gives a succinct overview of the problem.

"They have the finance but no ideas. We have the ideas but no finance. That's where the arguments begin and end."

Of course! But that doesn't mean PiL are unique in their problem; it's something all groups wishing to utilise the channels created by a new challenging medium have to face. Until PiL accept this and begin to put efficency rather than spontaneity at the forefront of their business dealings, then they're certainly not going to realise their aims.

Levene admits to sloth on PiL's part, but refuses to accept that as the only reason for their inactivity.

"We're lazy but we've got enough discipline to know when to work and when not to work. The things we want to do and the things we have in mind are mainly restricted by basic company set-ups — record companies and production companies. The way round that is to make PiL the company, but it's a company that doesn't exist because you need a massive cash injection to give it a boost.

"We need people to invest in us on a contract basis, which Virgin are doing in terms of music in Britain as are Nippon Columbia in Japan and Warners in America. We've suggested our ideas to all three companies and all the problems that amounted were the same: We can't do that. It won't sell. There's no market for this; there's no market for that.

"The market probably won't exist for another seven years and they're waiting until the market exists instead of inventing one."

PiL now adamantly refuse to be drawn into the circus of live performing: "You ask, do I care who our audience is?" Levene says. "I sometimes wonder if our audience cares who the band is, if they know what we're there for."

John: "There's nothing wrong with playing a live gig but there's a lot wrong with doing a tour, because if you're singing and performing the same songs every night in different cities up and down the universe a video would be much more honest."

But once again their prospective solution to the problem is still only wishful thinking.

Keith: "It's all very well saying — lazy bunch of sods, they've got it sussed, all they do is sit at home making movies of themselves. I mean for one thing people haven't a clue what the videos are going to look like, least of all us."

BUT IT is in the studio that the real PiL success story exists: it's the one place where they undoubtedly excel — vividly displaying their inventive talents. The depth and vision of each LP is enough to persuade this listener that PiL's other interests are not only genuine but could prove very rewarding if and when they receive an opening.

PiL are founded on a devotion to high principles, and in the studio they demand and achieve maximum control: which is something John believes to be vitally important.

"Most producers are only into getting the band into the studio, letting them thrash out their song and then kicking them out while they mix it the way they want it. I think that's wicked. Every band should mix their own records because who better than the people that made the records to know how it should sound? Really, that's just commonsense.

"All you need is for someone to talk to you in a real straightforward way, but engineers and producers won't do that because they've got a job to keep. We learned right from the start how to use the studio — by booting them out!"

And so to 'Flowers Of Romance' where PiL noise is styled and boosted to create an effect which is immediately proud and powerful, only this time they seem to have transcended the position where they can be considered an influence and are living up to James Blood Ulmer's claim that they play themselves right past music and go on to points beyond. Certainly descriptions such as *slyly irregular* or *angular* no longer apply to a music that

CONTINUES OVER

UNWRAPPED!

COMPANY LORE & PUBLIC DISORDER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Johnny bursts out . . .

"My whole attitude with the Pistols was to better ourselves and not to wallow in working class peasantry and love the idea of being downtrodden and broke . . . The Pistols was to make things better! The end of rock'n'roll. Get rid of that music, there is life beyond."

uses bare almost brutalised dynamics, to burst straight up from the roots and wreck everyone's preconceptions.

Like all ambitious, original and anti-rockist (in their case it's obvious, they don't need to make a religion out of it) outfits PiL see their work as contributing to a wider experience, satisfying more than one emotion and stimulating more than one sense. John prefers to describe the tracks on 'Flowers' as film themes rather than songs. That's certainly a better, though still inadequate, way of describing the huge shuddering shifts of sound and the deep, troubling body-moving rythms which are always present, wherever the band go.

Consider the turmoil and passion grasped by a drum sound somewhere between thunderclap and earth tremor, and Lydon's unique pitch, which, it comes as no surprise, broke the studio oscilator during recording (meaning he can sing notes that haven't yet been discovered). On 'Four Enclosed Walls' the combination makes for one of the most dramatic introductions to an album ever.

John: "One thing we get criticised for, it's what gave us the intellectual tag, was that we made records for expensive stereos. Well, if you want to listen to music, if you really like your music then fuck your Dansettes, that's not listening that's suffering. You want a good system with big speakers where you can hear every instrument to its fullest, not some sewing machine in the corner."

While some of the tracks on 'Flowers Of Romance' are completely shattering and instantaneous like 'Four Enclosed Walls,' other tracks take time to grow. So you can be sure that the LP is a positive investment and likely to engross you for months.

John: "You must remember that's how our records are made: we go into the studio and play the noises we want to hear. We don't write songs, we don't write a tune. I can't believe that bands actually go into the studio and write songs. We're a long way from electronic noises; natural sounds is most definitely where we're going — harmonics."

What are they?

"It's when you play all the instruments you want to hear and then when you're mixing them the noises and the resonances weave into one another and form their own tunes."

Have you always worked like that?

"Yeah but people haven't always realised."

Would you compare it to anthing else?

"Well, Irish folk music can sometimes do it, but it's usually too laid back. I just consider that pub music really. Certainly, as far as other groups are concerned, no. Although I hate to do this I could compare it with something else, did you ever see *The Prisoner* on TV?"

No.

"Well, it had lots of images fired onto the screen one after another, with quick impact but a lot of significance behind them. That's the nearest comparison I can think of."

But doesn't the album rely on a lot of synthesizers?

Keith? "No, we've just used acoustic synthesizers. Like with the drum sound — which is one of the major features of the album — it's not a heavily electronic drum sound.

"Should I give away the secret? I guess everyone's going to find out soon enough anyway.

"What we've done is used the tones of an acoustic drum and instead of compressing it you bring out the fullness of its tones on the equalisation, then you multiply it by ten with the volume control.

"Certain noises that sound like synth noises are just conventional instruments played in a different way.

"Another thing that's simple about what we've done is that most of the tracks haven't got more than three or four instruments on them — drums, guitar, voice or even on one track, drums, funny noise and voice. So it's very minimal. Although I spent two weeks in the studio going, 'God, what am I going to put on? . . .' I couldn't think of a sound for some tracks and just on the day we were due to finish I heard a few of the numbers being played and decided — that's it! They were finished and had been all along."

John: "That's why it's such a pleasure to do. So little is used, but what is used is used to maximum effect. *Sheeer deloight!*"

WHAT A LOT of people don't understand about John Lydon is his cynicism; they mistake it for negativity and wilful obnoxiousness when really it is honesty and consequently positivity. He certainly doesn't use it to be aloof, nor does he relish a chance to sound off critically on any subject.

On the contrary, he's one of the friendliest, most unaffected and humorous characters with whom my work has brought me into contact.

Today he is enjoying his first jolly-up in some time — "if you drink every day you stop enjoying it" — and though he gets through most of a crate of beer his speech never falters, and never does he approach an alcoholic stupor. He chats, watches TV, does quick two minute clown dances to some choice dub or a Christy Moore jig, and asks one of his two female acquaintances if they've made progress on a bikini he plans to wear soon on a holiday in Atlanta, Georgia. And it's that area of America which appeals to Lydon as a future, albeit temporary, homestead.

There's also a serious side to John Lydon; a side highlighted in his songs which shows a remarkable talent for reflecting the shallowness of the times and the terrifying consequences of what lies beneath the surface — circumstantial weakness, fears and innate prejudice.

"I spend a lot of time on the words. I usually write them before I go into the studio. Each song has a very definite attitude — I have something to aim at, an idea, an attitude. All the songs I do are about people around me, just things that I know about. I mean, I can't write about Hungarian politics, it's just real life — that's all I know about."

Don't the people around you ever take offence at what you write?

"Why? What would be the point? It's only my viewpoint, innit? It's no great tragedy. Humble as I am, I only speak the truth."

Although there's a lot of hate in your songs, it seems that you don't hate people but rather their attitudes.

"There's no point in hating people, it's a waste of time. I'm more concerned with the symptoms than the person, definitely. It just seems to me that human beings are always willing to settle for second best."

I focus the conversation on specific songs on the album: 'Track 8' is particularly interesting because it's the continuation of 'Poptones' in that Lydon seems to be one of the few songwriters who approach sexuality from an honest angle, free of stereotypes or feminist unrealism. Both songs are exercises in confrontation but 'Track 8' reverses the roles and guilt of 'Poptones' and is a crucial almost frightening piece.

"I don't want to say anything about the track, thank you."

You don't really like talking about your songs?

"No, I don't see why I should have to; the words are all very straightforward and they speak for themselves. I'm certainly no Bob Dylan."

THE TITLE track of the new LP will soon be released as a 12" single, with a superior re-mix. Surely he is aware that it is the same name as Sid Vicious' first band?

"'Flowers Of Romance' is about ponces, people who pretend to be friends but all they really want is to leech in on a good thing and spend your money. The original Flowers of Romance had about 40 fucking members — Keith was one of them — and I gave them that name.

"But it has nothing whatsoever to do with the song; it's just a similar situation. It ended up just being a socialite farce with people leeching off one another for credibility."

Of course, since those days of pre-punk posing and preening John Lydon has grown up: from teen icon that shocked a nation, through harassment from fans, police, loyalists and numerous court cases. Amazingly he still receives a heavy postbag of letters telling him to give it all up and re-form the Pistols. Everytime he goes out he seems to encounter some very odd, slightly crazed people.

"It's meant to be one of the facets of my birthsign (Aquarius) that I attract mentally unstable people."

Do you believe in that?

"No."

Determinedly unselfish and severely optimistic, he won't perversely be swamped by depression or paranoia, so that as well as being the most influential figure in today's popular music (though seldom for the right reasons), he has survived and with PiL continues to make music that is just as challenging and glorious as anything ever recorded.

Surely, after all he's been through he must feel old?

"Not at all, that's the joke. I feel like a 16 year old. Down on paper it might look like a lot, but it's not. It's just life, innit? I'd rather lead the life I do than be working in a fucking shoe factory.

"We were talking earlier about people getting things wrong with PiL, well think of the Pistols. My whole attitude with that band was to better ourselves and not to wallow in working class peasantry and love the idea of being downtrodden and broke. It just makes me feel so sick, people take things off you but they always take the wrong things. The Pistols was to make things better! The end of rock'n'roll. Get rid of that music, there is life beyond."

How can the obvious greatness of PiL — anger, uncondescending and totally honesty — ever be ignored? They are fulfilling the promises made for and by The Sex Pistols, proving conclusively that there are no endings, only new beginnings. Upward and onward. Forever!

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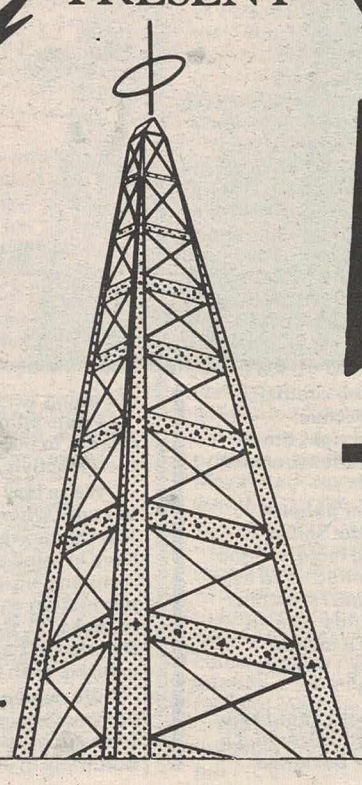
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RAP CHORES AND INHIBITIONS

LINX
Intuition *(Chrysalis)*

RAP-TOUR. I'm cruising on the inside of the curve. It's extreme, it's sharply insistent. The driver has a nervous tic and the cassette plays funktones. Louder!

Move over darling. "Funk" is really something of a misleading commodity category. These days — think funk, think all manner of angels and devils. A multiplicity of signs: humour, bluff, splintered and shattered imagery, a language of extremes. Think the higher times rhythm burn of sax exile James White *nee* Chance, the real progress through real pretension of A Certain Ratio, the lofty lusts, conceptual lustre and desert island ensemble-packed blister of Talking Heads and The Coconuts.

Breeze over deeper danceable drilling into the funk soil, often from culturally wide-apart folk; from Fela Anikulapo Kuti to doin' the Southern Freeze, from the deadly Defunkt to the dandies in our midst. *All* the rhythms *all* around the globe's great curve: the world moves on a funk group's hits! The meaning is in moving (at your own speed). If electric time — the speedo media — particularly defines music's effect, the new electronic studio determines levels of aesthetic power.

It's not just a question of being slickly professional — in the right hands perfection can be shy or sexy, sublime or ridiculous, overflowing though understated. Dance music can overstep its mark(et) as commodity and kick up a kind of community. The corny bliss of nightlife push and shove, the loudscape of flying skirts, shiny shirts and sly flirts! Immense dance uninhibition! My my, a funky manifesto.

Linx has the same number of letters as funk. Sketch and David have pushed their partnership forward with caution and care, justifiable arrogance and sharp non-aligned clothes. Fast after the high salsa heeled 'Intuition' 12" 45 comes their move into the serious business of The Debut Album. It's got the same name as the single. It's also got the single, its B-side (mixed up a *little* differently) and the two previous 12" flyers 'You're Lying' and 'Rise and Shine'. This leaves six tracks . . .

This is your consumer service speaking? No, this is really your acutely subjective reviewer speaking, for aside from side two's opening 'Throw Away The Key,' the LP Linx aren't as subjective (or suggestive, or selective or . . .) as I had expected — they don't match the expectations fostered by the singles' knowledge and enjoyment. 'Wonder What You're Doing Now' is an awfully restrained opening, replete with awfully ordinary guitar solo — awfully disappointing seeing as how for the most part they steer clear of instrumental virtuosity for the stopwatch's sake. Sketch's malleable bass in particular echoes the old Weather Rapport ethical chestnut: "Everybody solos, nobody solos". 'I Won't Forget' is again in company like 'Intuition' and 'You're Lying', no more than a nice-enough catchy fast ballad . . .

The other problem is words. As on the near (sighted) "protest" lyrics of the closer 'Don't Get In My Way,' intense emotions simply can't find words out-of-the-ordinary enough to represent themselves. So the musical imagination of 'There's Love' is lost on the near (blighted) "mysticism" of the song's lyrics. That said, Linx thankfully sit on the opposite side of the stance related at such length to us by soul's cosmic elite — Earth Wind And Fire, Marvin Gaye, *et al.*

I speak as someone infatuated with the 'Intuition' 45 which, to take some words out of David Byrne's text, seemed to indicate that Linx were keeping one step ahead of themselves and our expectations of them — especially pleasing and pertinent given the inflation of the UK jazzfunketc phenomenon from roots passion to national institution. But . . .

One other striking, and disappointing thing about this LP is that Linx look set on Being A Band. The dull graphics, lyric sheet (bah!) and lyric sheet photography all seem to signify an unbecoming conservatism. I suppose the next step is Being A Live Band. I'd like to see the duo at the heart of Linx try out different schemes, teams, means — stick in the studio and produce classy, classic singles by themselves and for other people. We could certainly hear such records in better clubs than the places gigs are put on.

In a lot of ways (and in the spirit of conclusive reviewing) I'd pin Linx up, not next to other UK jazzfunk outfits, but next to another young group with a recently released debut LP on Chrysalis. They too are loud talkers and flash dressers, also rose from a clubland clique with elitist funk and frank ideals. I (temporarily) reach the same conclusion for the both: love the (same) inputs and ideas, but they could *use* them so much better.

I crave stunning unstitching and dreamy deconstruction: tear apart the old codes and structures with a real vengeance towards history. I want a crash-course slipped-disc discourse! I want the driver's nerves to break down altogether and the funktones a *lot* brighter. This LP is just rap-chore.

Ian Penman

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Heat From The Street *(Charisma)*

IMAGINE YOU were given the chance to release a compilation album: 13 tracks from new musicians anywhere in the UK. The potential is great, the possibilities endless, so why do they never seem to work?

This effort is by the men who put together the fair 'Hicks From The Sticks' LP, and as the finger-on-the-pulse title suggests, it is pretty abysmal. Heat from the streets? This product is about as hot as last week's dinner.

The problem is that none of these bands seem to have anything to say, either musically or lyrically, that hasn't been said much better before. They seem committed to nothing, just doodling away in search of record contracts, *TOTP*, fame and fortune: rocking up a dead end for the sake of it.

But don't they ever *feel* anything, get angry, sad, confused, depressed? Not here, anyway . . . The Beatniks sing cliches about 'Rich Girls', Ric Adams about 'French Girls', both with the sterility such hackneyed subject matter would imply, and only The Papers' 'How Many More For The Third World War?' seems to have any valid point to make: a poppy attack on the current war mentality interspersed with speeches by a faded Hollywood star called Reagan.

I don't expect or want a valid political point in each song ('Das Kapital: The Album'?), I'm just tired of lyrics sung because they rhyme, tunes written to antique conventions, music with no real *emotion*.

Most disappointing of all were The Cuban Heels and Eyeless In Gaza, both of whom can do better. The latter, especially, released a debut single as memorable as this track is forgettable: just a few good synth noises that wear thin after the first hundred or so repetitions.

Of the rest, Endgames offer pleasant electronic/sax doodlings rendered pointless by washed-out vocals and more repetition, while Fifi And The Firebirds sound like The Tourists without a hookline and waste a good voice on lyrics like *"My mom and dad say I'm a slob/When are you gonna get a job. I'm only waiting for the snowman."* Ahem!

Airkraft rock blandly on about 'Moving Targets' and Small Print and Poptones do more or less the same about other things before someone called Steve Hervieu has the bright idea of singing about machines to a beeping computer-like tune. By the time The Decorators and Albania came up, I was too bored to even attempt criticism.

A negative review, yes; but to me, bands that lifelessly flog worn ideas to death and trap themselves in dated restrictions are pretty negative themselves. Keyboards or electronic noises to *not* make a band 'modern': a little imagination and a widening of horizons do.

Sheryl Garratt

FAMILY FODDER
Monkey Banana Kitchen *(Fresh)*

BEST KNOWN until recently for their Blondie infatuation — witness the 'Sunday Girls' mini-LP and 'Debbie Harrry' (sic) single — Family Fodder have blossomed into a recording unit of stunning force and invention with 'Monkey Banana Kitchen'. The title originates in three lines of the first track, 'Darling', which combines different sets of multi-tracked vocal chants like a latter-day round or madrigal: *"Reason's in the monkey-house/Cooks never cook in the kitchen/With a banana"*. At first meaningless, these lines serve to introduce a general anti-rationalist theme present through the album, especially on side two's contentious 'Philosophy'.

The same lyrics resurface towards the end of the first side, in 'Monkey', and at the close of the second side, in 'Banana', these tracks using the same elements looped and dubbed in different combinations. Despite their ever-changing nature, they're remarkably hypnotic pieces which display an impressive command of studio techniques, a suggestion reinforced by the warm, spacious cello-based dub which closes 'Symbols', and the similar dubwise sensurround sound of the rootsy 'Bass Adds Bass'.

There's several other sides to Family Fodder, though, one of which surfaces in strength on 'Love Song', 'Organ Grinder', and the recent single 'Savoir Faire'. This latter, included here, combines a sense of innocence and experience *(savoir faire?)* in a song of engaging beauty, the whole presented in a curiously warm, full, rounded production.

'Organ Grinder', their adaptation of a song by Schubert, has a similar warmth and fullness, partly the result of the production, and partly due to French singer Dominique's gently Gallic German, a language which never sounded quite so mellifluous before. It opens with another smoothly rhythmic dub loop, enlists a restrained, low-key version of the guitar figure from 'Don't Fear The Reaper', and dubs its way out again, speaker-hopping back and forth. There's a strange, mysterious feel to 'Organ Grinder', which, considering it contains elements of Schubert, dub, and Blue Oyster Cult, isn't all that surprising.

So far so good. The only point on which I disagree with Family Fodder comes towards the end of the album, with 'Philosophy', whose deliberately oafish, heavy-handed musical approach I dislike almost as much as its clumsy anti-philosophical message.

It's difficult to pin Family Fodder down, and almost impossible to pigeonhole their music. There's an atmosphere of mature (rather than "ageing") hippie-ness about 'Monkey Banana Kitchen', by which I mean there's a certain set of principles at play throughout which, though allied to a definite contemporary consciousness, are rooted in the parts of the hippie ethic worth retaining. It's difficult to explain, but that fits Family Fodder. There are no quick and easy answers, no codified categorisations which fit. Fine!

I'm glad they're around.

Andy Gill

Spizz loses his fizz

THE SPIZZLES
Spikey Dream Flowers
(A & M)

THOUGH THIS is only his second album, The Spizz shows itself in dire need of a carbonate. I'm not surprised, taking into account the ridiculous rate someone's forcing him to release records in the increasingly vain hope that one might hit. Spizz's songwriting just can't keep up the pace — a pace which has worn away the irrational, defiant clown in him, leaving behind a sadly conformed, tragically lost, little man grasping for the intuitively great pop he was once capable of.

The indecent haste with which 'Spikey Dream Flowers' has followed Athletico Spizz 80's debut 'Do A Runner' (released only last August) has left very little time for imagination, thus in format this one mimics — and badly at that — his former glories; the polished, palid re-run of 'Soldier Soldier' (still Spizz's finest moment) attests to the decline, as do the inclusion of his past two, failed singles 'Central Park' and 'Risk'.

The former, like side two opener 'Downtown', stems from the band's trip to New York and at least they have a flavour of the exotic that most of the album sorely lacks. The long-running *Star Trek* serialisation, taken up here in 'Five Year Mission', is wearing perilously thin — it's only saved by Spizz's enthusiasm for the subject. 'Melancholy' is one of his one-wordgames, but unlike the truly epic joke of 'Airships', it fails miserably to take-off.

Which leaves the sub-Human League future shock fantasies, 'Robot Holiday' and 'Brainwashing Time', and the album's two fair songs 'Dangers Of Living' and 'Scared' — both bewailing the tendency towards an emotionless, sterile society.

'Spikey Dream Flowers' is the product of a band who've learnt a little too much to keep up a pretense of pop primitivism; they're trying to disguise the loss of innocence with a more sophisticated production but it can't work when the spirit's so obviously lacking.

Part of it went with departed guitarist Dave Scott and keyboardsman Mark Coalfield, whose vague, dizzy perspectives are definitely missed now. Without them, Spizzles' attack is too one dimensional, too reliant on a dulling, semi disco/rock rhythm. Replacement guitarist Lu's edgy guitar hasn't yet the confidence to add much and Spizz's once wild vocal shrieks are far too subdued.

The Spizzle fizzle-out is sad to watch, especially as it appears to have less to do with the ever-ebulliant Spizz than bad career misguidance. More Spizz pep, less Poppa, please.

Chris Bohn

The Lizards practise lounging.

CHICO MARX MEETS THE MAD MONK STYLISTS

JUDAS PRIEST
Point Of Entry *(CBS)*

HM ISN'T just about those phallocratic guitar posturings. Don't forget the role which the lead vocalist plays in the monotonous ritual of assault without rhythm. Those singers — they're all road-grit and no feeling; the white blues voice as a mechanical nightmare.

Live, Rob Halford of Judas Priest rams home this point by powering on stage astride a motorbike, as if to make up for his (lack of) vocal prowess. There's a similar sort of compensation on JP's sixth album: push that voice out there, beef it up, because there isn't much of it. . .

But it's this very vocal incompleteness which gives JP the novel edge over many of their 'competitors': the fans, you see, like to help Rob out. JP are a singalong band and break the cast-iron rules of the HM genre: punters give (lend?) voice rather than mime and masturbate over imaginary or toy axes. Head-bangers as voice-twangers: it's no accident that crass knees-up merchants Slade have recently returned to the charts with a single not many croaks away from what JP get up to in their mythic infernal beer hall.

'Point Of Entry' is more of what you hard-case long-haired community singers like, though a little softer and slower. 'Hot Rockin'' and 'Solar Angels' are mellow and ecological compared to JP's overtly S/M 'Killing Machine' phase. Perhaps the band are having a crack at the US; it's not out of the question with a drummer who distinguishes himself from the rest of the HM tribe by not being a blur of cymbals, and two guitarists who restrain themselves from the tinny ton-up.

But Rob, grinding and shrill as ever, works against any moderate intentions. Americans won't take to that, regarding such behaviour as suspicious and neurotic — as is his other live ploy (more compensation?) of dropping his leather pants. . .

Paul Tickell

THE LOUNGE LIZARDS
The Lounge Lizards
(Editions EG)

WHAT WITH Martin Scorsese and Woody Allen making black and white movies, James Chance trashing funk and The Bongos milking teenybop, New York nostalgia plainly ain't what is used to be. Woody Allen aside, there's not much sentiment in this new wave of looking back, though all the participants obviously love their sources (their childhood and youthhood?). In fact, detachment is the key to what they're doing.

Likewise the great, ersatz cocktail Lounge Lizards, whose background in the NY art/jazz loft scene — two of them were involved with DNA and The Feelies — has left them with a palate as jaded as we pop consumers. Not much new to look forward to, so what better than looking back to rosier periods?

Like the above, they're fully

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'Bone idol daydreams

RICO
The Man Is Forward *(2 Tone)*

WHILE PEOPLE like Sugar Minott may be the future of Jamaican music, Rico Rodriquez is definitely part of its history. One of the grand masters of original ska, he got little popular recognition until some boys from Coventry revived/revamped the music and asked him to play with them.

I don't know how he feels about that — probably the same benevolent attitude Saxa holds towards The Beat — but the musical purists (snobs) who sneer at The Specials make me sick. Were it not for them, a lot of people (me included) would probably never have heard of Rico, never have gone to see him with his own band, wouldn't be reading this now. Which would be tragic, because he fully deserves our attention and respect.

This, then, is his fourth solo album, although the first two are not what he calls typical of his sound. Music for sunny afternoons, for late at night, for day dreams; just lay back and let the notes wash over you. A chugging ska beat; lazy, lumbering trombone . . . dance? Of *course* you can, but I prefer to sit and dream of Bacardi-ad beaches, blue seas and tropical fruit. Stupidly romanticised, I know, but Rico's music always makes me feel warm, happy and relaxed, and I'm convinced that the best way to listen to him is horizontally.

That said, as a solo artist he has still not succeeded in capturing on record the atmosphere he creates live. Even though his choice of musicians is impeccable — the compulsory Sly'n'Robbie, Earl 'Chinna' Smith, Dick Cuthwell, etc. — the attention still tends to wander, the end result being eight instrumentals that I would define as strictly background/mood music.

That is not meant as an insult. What we're talking about is a very classy aural backdrop, none of yer supermarket pap muzak here. The refreshingly informative sleeve notes were written by the "Popular Music critic of the *Times*", no less. (Back, Rupert, back!)

Sheryl Garratt

The trombone's connected to the hip-bone? *Pic: Jean Bernard Sohiez.*

SUGAR MINOTT
African Girl *(Black Roots)*

DETERMINED NOT to be exploited in the way of nearly every reggae musician before them, Sugar Minott and friends formed Black Roots, a radical label run by and for the youth to escape the big studio monopolies, and distributed here entirely by Rough Trade and other independents.

A new generation, a step forward, and his committment runs over into the music; his distinctive soul voice insinuating itself over and through some of the freshest rhythms around, a pure, sensual sound.

In his hands, Black Slate's pleasant 'Mind Your Motion' becomes sublime, a shivers-down-the-spine job as he curls round the notes. Roots lovers style, and in case you haven't got the message yet, I like it.

Naff-sounding yellow vinyl aside, there's little to fault: it's hard to choose, but the best tracks are probably 'African Girl', a hit already (but why not on Radio One?), and 'Chant A Psalms', which surely will be . . . percussion to the front, thumping bass, dance music.

Listen with an open mind, and let Mr Minott demonstrate that Sugar is in no way bad for the heart.

Sheryl Garratt

aware of just how hazy and inaccurate memories can be and they know it only takes a tasteful hint of our common past — the steamy jazz soundtracks of late night movie shows, radio family favourites — to draw hitherto uninterested listeners from a rock arena into their exotic old/new world. (Naturally their quest for an audience has been helped by Chris Stein's patronage and their debut album being on a rock label, but much of their appeal lies in them appearing out of context).

The Lizards are as much about style as music — check the '50s jazz chic image on the Peter Saville sleeve, which could easily be a still from John Cassavetes' *Too Late Blues* or *Shadows* movies. But ultimately on record it's down to the music and the Lizards definitely deliver. The loving cynicism with which they rework old sources puts them more in the camp of Simon Jeffes' Penguin Cafe Orchestra or Carla Bley than their acknowledged influences, these being Miles Davis, John Coltrane and Thelonius Monk; the latter's 'Well You Needn't' and 'Epistrophy' are, shall we say, covered here.

The 13 brief instrumentals — only one clocks in above four minutes — are highly evocative mini scenarios that match pop wit and bravado against an assumed virtuosity. It might be faked, but who cares? The Lizards' playfulness is the important thing.

Whatever their skills, there's no doubting the sweetness of John Lurie's sax-led melodies. His slight but stirring tunes are often taken up at a stride by Steve Piccolo's bass and embellished by the contrived schoolma'am prissiness of Evan Lurie's piano playing. And just when we're all getting comfortable, the cosiness is shattered and a wholly different mood of unease is created by the gleefully malicious row kicked up by Arto Lindsay scratching or thrashing away at his guitar.

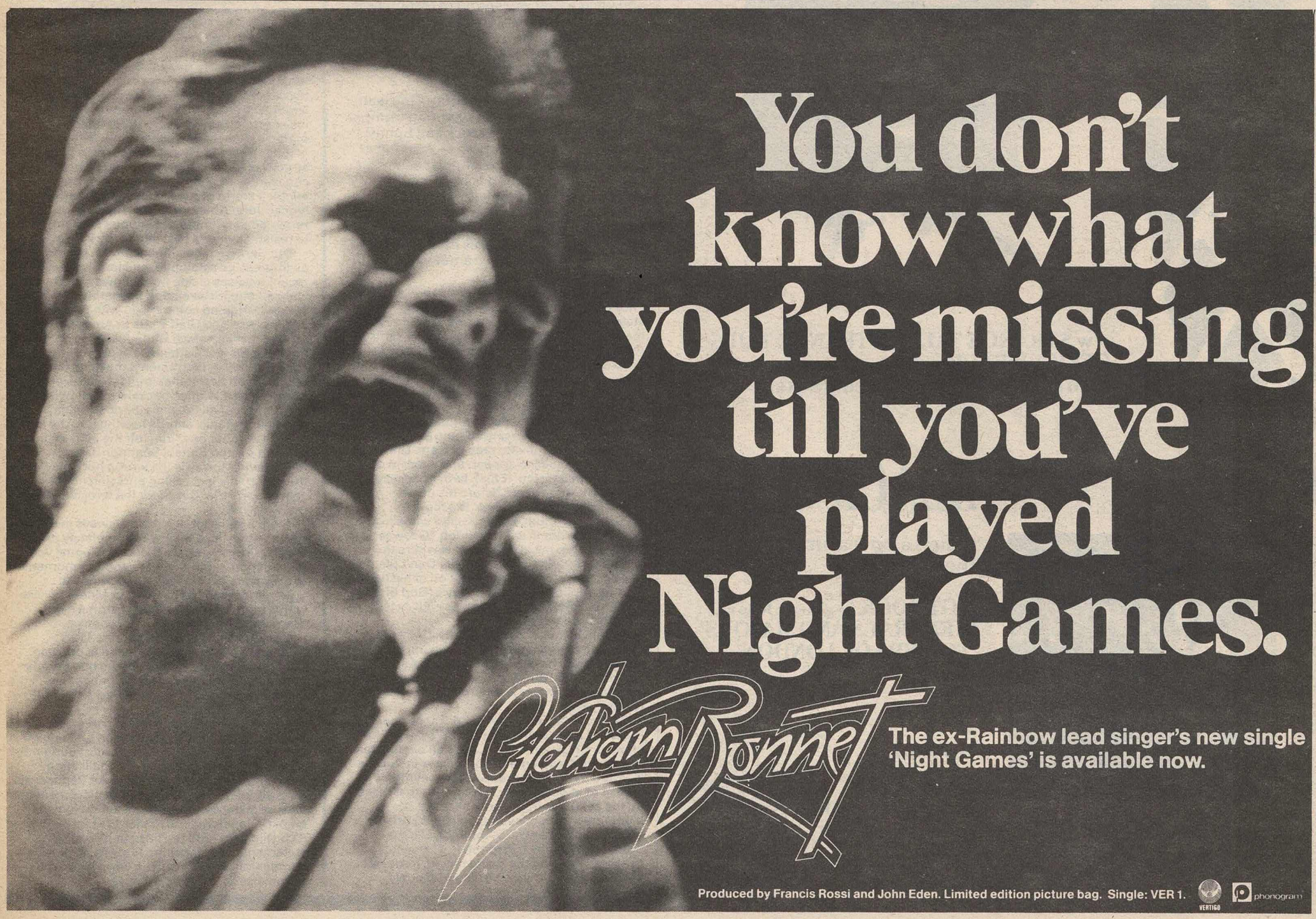
Sometimes, when there seems to be no way out of the music's circular motions — occasionally reminiscent of a Chico Marx piano instrumental: "I can't remember the ending" — Arto's atonal thrust opens up an escape route. Check the wonderfully spiteful destruction job he pulls on the hitherto beautifully sustained skyline atmosphere of 'Ballad'.

His work isn't as negative as the description might make it out to be. He provides just the right foil to the more "conventional" attitudes of the rest, though Evan Lurie's sinister organ parts sometimes slither across into the guitarist's playpen.

It's a good, wholesome balance between melody and discordance. And eventually John Lurie's understated, unassuming sax achieves a naturally dominant position in the Lounge Lizards' oddly harmonious world.

Or maybe it's just because he writes most of the tunes.

Chris Bohn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JAZZ

BY RICHARD COOK

Pic: Valerie Wilmer.

Wailer Ayler.

THE RELEASE of hitherto undocumented work by '60s giants underlines how much recent jazz still owes to their pioneering and what a vast wellspring of resources it was. **Albert Ayler's 'The Hilversum Session'** (Osmosis — Dutch import), a radio date from 1964, retains a blistering impact that makes the time lag meaningless.

It's the classic Ayler quartet — the leader on tenor, Don Cherry's skywriting trumpet as superb foil, Gary Peacock and Sunny Murray in the engine room — working a programme of the saxophonist's familiar themes. Ayler's sound is an awesome amalgam of screaming lunges into the extremes of register, exaggerated vibrato lending an edge of cutting poignancy. His compositions are basic as earth, a folkish simplicity imbuing the framework for his incantatory drive.

To pick just two, 'Ghosts' and 'Angels', are at once frightening and moving, towering statements torn to tragic tatters. A set like this makes a nonsense of this music being 'difficult'. Ayler *demands* involvement, almost as if he were dangling his heart before you. Albert forged a crucible of emotion which too many copycats have mistaken for vacuous raging. Hear the original, and marvel.

Eric Dolphy's influence is arguably greater: the wide intervals, vocalised tone and surging virtuosity still captivate reed players. Unissued Dolphy continues to appear, and a recent one is **'Stockholm Session'** (Enja), two broadcasts from 1961, three years before his death.

The kicking opener 'Loss' is a flight of onrushing delirium, Dolphy's alto wheeling over the rhythm in wild abandon. 'Geewee' and 'Ann' develop the attack, but elsewhere the aching sweetness of the flute on 'Don't Blame Me' or the sorrowful introspection of his bass clarinet version of Billie Holiday's 'God Bless The Child' map out the affinities with Ayler's wracked undercurrents.

As with so many of his records, Dolphy's European companions fail to keep up, and consequently he can sound detached and self-obsessive. But the impact of a man literally bursting with music is undiminished after twenty years.

One from last year that needs more attention is **Steve Lacy's** double set **'The Way'** (Hat Hut import), cut live in Basel. Lacy's an old master. He virtually reinvented soprano sax in the late '50s and has since pursued a journeyman's course of idiosyncrasy. The themes that make up the central six-part work here are ingenuously direct but the guileless surface masks a rare intensity of thought, like the Chinese texts which inspired it. The vocal passages sung by the string player, Irene Aebi, aren't entirely convincing; too brusquely tuetonic for my ears. But the music offers a bounteous harvest of fascination.

Lacy is the colossus throughout, squeezing along impossible routes to the top register, lines spun cotton-thin till they jangle or flatten out into squawks. 'The Way' is a definitive record of one of the most humane and distinctive voices in improvised music.

More obviously romantic is **Ralph Towner's 'Solo Concert'** (ECM) for acoustic and twelve-string. Where Towner scores over a legion of fretboard sharpshooters is in his insistence on speed being subjugated to melodic shapeliness; there's much decoration in these tracks but it's all an essential part of the structure, never merely rococo. The vertiginous concentrics of 'Spirit Lake' and 'Zoetrope' winter a storm of notes and emerge lush and lyrical. John Abercrombie's 'Timeless' is rendered as a limpid sumptuous draught, hard to resist. Towner's best album, by a mile.

The German label, Moers Music, is racking up an impressive catalogue, and leading their recent releases is one from James Blood Ulmer's **Music Revelation Ensemble. 'No Wave'** makes intriguing comparison with Rough Trade's 'Are You Glad To Be In America?' The quartet format, which Ulmer used for his London gigs last October, is at once more concentrated — instruments meshing and bouncing off each other implosively — and looser — four longish tracks, each allowing room to scour all the melodic possibilities.

Ulmer is titanic, chords hewing into the kernel of each number and firing off the pitiless drive of Amin Ali and Ronald Shannon Jackson. I think David Murray is the wrong horn player for the group; his big, rolling phrasing needs more space to work in. But check the ferocious tenor on 'Time Table'.

There's still a lot of blind alleyways in this muse — they lose their way completely on 'Sound Check', despite Blood's bilingual vocal punctuation — but there are enough moments of desperate excitement to crack the nut.

Ray Anderson helms another Moers release with a trombone/guitar/bass/drums date, **'Harrisburg Half Life'**. I like trombones; their timbral flexibility allows a sprinter like Anderson to avoid being lumped in one bag. Here the simmering drama of the title track is immediately followed by the rumbustious tailgate burlesque of 'If I Ever Had A Home It Was A Slide Trombone'.

And one for the small hours: trumpeter **Chet Baker's 'Night Bird'** (Circle import), a Parisian club date from last June. The tragic young man of '50s jazz has undergone a revitalisation comparable in its way to that of Art Pepper. His art is about nuance, filigree note placement and abtruse silences; when allied to that familiar smokey, lovelorn tone in the solos on 'D.S.Dilemma' and the title cut it creates statements of unflinching honesty. A good companion to his excellent 'Once Upon A Summertime' for Artists House.

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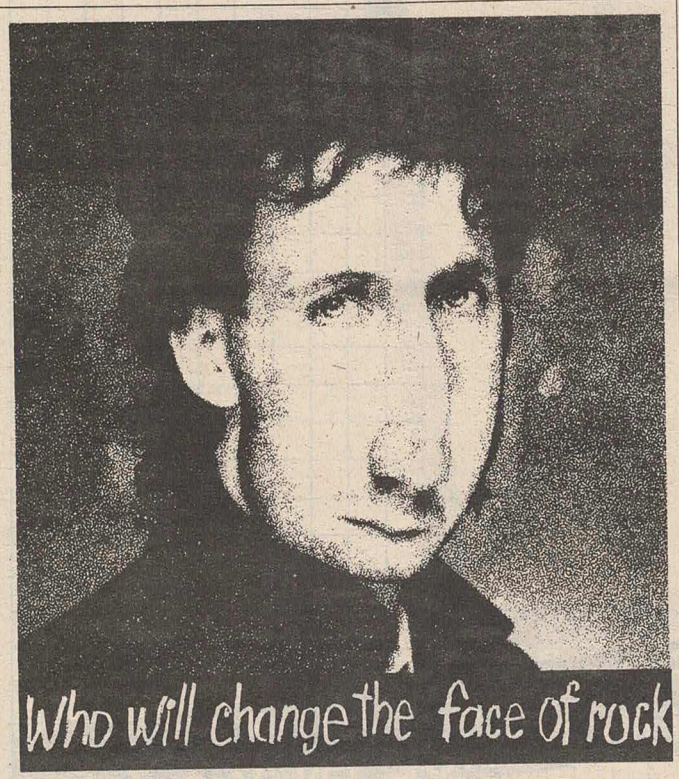

DATA CONTROL RECORD NEWS

Thunderbirds are go

THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS — whose Kim Wilson and Jimmy Vaughan are pictured above — have their third album issued by Chrysalis this weekend, titled 'Butt Rockin', and for the first time they've used brass and piano on some of the tracks. A single from the LP, 'Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White', is expected at the end of the month. The band are currently touring in the States with Eric Clapton, so there's no prospect of a UK visit for the time being.

● Following the news that MCA is releasing the 24-track 'Tribute to **Bill Haley**' album on March 20, it's learned that a single titled 'Haley's Golden Medley' will be issued the same day. It contains sections from five of his best-known titles — 'Rock Around The Clock', 'Rock-A-Beatin' Boogie', 'Shake Rattle And Roll', 'Choo Choo Ch'Boogie' and 'See You Later Alligator'.

● 'You're Driving Me'/'I Am The Dreg' is the fourth single from Redditch band **The Crayats**, and it's released by Small Wonder Records on March 20.

● A new **Joe Jackson** single titled 'One To One' is issued by A&M tomorrow (Friday), and the **Live Wire** album 'Changes Made' is released on the same day and label.

● **Saxon**, currently engaged in an extensive European tour, have a three-track picture disc issued by Carrere on March 27. The A-side is a new track recorded last month, titled 'And The Bands Played On' — and it's coupled with 'Hungry Years' and 'Heavy Metal Thunder', both from their 'Strong Arm Of The Law' album. The picture featured on the record shows the band in action at Hammersmith Odeon, and it's believed to be the first time a live shot has been used on a picture disc.

● Hot on the heels of their 'Sgt. Rock' hit comes a new **XTC** single, issued by Virgin this weekend. It's a remixed version of 'Respectable Street,' coupled with two previously unreleased tracks — 'Strange Tales, Strange Tails' and 'Officer Blue.'

● Following the Battle Of The Bands Final at Hammersmith Odeon on March 1, RCA are releasing a compilation album this weekend titled 'Battle Of The Bands Vol. 1'. Groups featured are **Asylum, Arrowmatic Tors, Cobra, EMF, 100% Proof, Louis & The Look, The Nerves, Ohibo Paronti, Pretty Boy Floyd, Time Flies** and **Xena Zerox** — plus national final winners **Carl Green & The Scene**, whose debut single 'Wam' is issued on March 20, also by RCA.

● **Blue Orchids** release their second single 'Work'/'The House That Faded Out' on Rough Trade this weekend, and they'll be playing some British dates in late April and early May. They're also considering expanding their line-up from their trio nucleus.

● **David Bowie's** new single 'Up The Hill Backwards', for March 20 release, is the fourth to be culled from his 'Scary Monsters' album. The B-side is an electronic instrumental titled 'Crystal Japan'.

● Carrere have signed Australian rock band **Rose Tattoo**, and release their debut LP — produced by Vanda & Young, who worked on the early AC/DC albums — on April 3. The five-piece outfit from Sydney will be playing selected UK dates in April and May.

UB40-Graduate row delays single release

UB40 are still involved in a legal dispute with Graduate Records, and will be unable to release their new single 'Don't Slow Down' until it is resolved. The band's previous material has been issued on the Graduate label, with distribution by Spartan, but they wanted to put out their latest single on Spartan's own label. Following action by Graduate, who claim that UB40 are still under contract to them, the Appeal Court has upheld a temporary injunction banning distribution of the single — until such time as the matter is settled in the High Court. Both parties are now awaiting a date for the hearing.

BILL NELSON IN MERCURY DEAL

BILL NELSON, former Be-Bop Deluxe and Red Noise front man, has signed a major deal with the Mercury label. The initial outcome is a single released on March 20, coupling 'Banal' and 'Mr Magnetism Himself' — with two additional tracks, 'Turn To Fiction' and 'Hers Is A Lush Situation' included on the 12-inch version. These titles were all recorded over a year ago, but have been delayed due to a series of disputes with his former label and management company — though in the interim period, he's released material on his own Cocteau Records and a small Belgian label. Mercury will issue Nelson's first solo album in May, and he's currently readying a group to tour Britain, Europe and America in the summer.

League splinter band

HEAVEN 17 are the first offshoot of the British Electric Foundation, the production company formed by ex-Human League synthesiser players Ian Marsh and Martyn Ware, and the line-up comprises both Marsh and Ware plus singer Glenn Gregory. Their first single '(We Don't Need This) Fascist Groove Thang' is released by Virgin this weekend in 7" and extended 12" formats, and the group are currently busy recording their debut album. At the same time, the Foundation have their own album available on cassette only, titled 'Music For Stowaways' — and this is intended to showcase the various musical styles which the B.E.F. plan to pursue.

● **Nigel Dixon** — who was lead singer with Whirlwind when they recorded two albums for Chiswick, and has recently been playing rhythm guitar with Pearl Harbour — has a solo single titled 'Thunderbird' issued by Stiff this weekend.

● **The Comsat Angels** have a new single issued by Polydor on March 20 — which is, in fact, their first release since their debut album 'Waiting For A Miracle' last September. Titled 'Eye Of The Lens', it's coupled with 'At Sea' — and there's also a 12-inch version which contains two extra tracks, 'Another World' and 'Gone'.

● Decca are making available a series of classic singles, featuring original couplings and packaging. First two out this weekend are 'Telstar'/'Jungle Fever' by **The Tornadoes** and 'Sha-La-La-La-Lee'/'What'cha Gonna Do About It' by **The Small Faces**. Due later this month are 'Shotgun Wedding'/'High School Drop Out' by **Roy C** and 'London Boys'/'Till Tuesday' by **David Bowie**.

● **Trapeze** — currently rehearsing with their new drummer Steve Bray, formerly with Toyah — have a double A-sided single issued by Aura this month. Produced by the band and Jimmy Miller, it couples 'Running Away' and 'Don't Break My Heart'.

● Reggae band **Revelation** are now with the Kingdom label, and they have their first single for two years issued this week, titled 'Tonight'. And the six-year-old 'Under My Thumb' by **Wayne Gibson** is re-released by the same label, due to its current popularity on the Northern soul scene.

● **Fad Gadget** releases a new single on Mute Records next week, a double A-sider coupling 'Make Room' and 'Lady Shave', and featuring the musicians who played with him on his recently completed European tour.

● Batchelors Foods this month start a special offer on their Snackpots range. Collect three Snackpots lids featuring the promotion, send them to Batchelors, and you'll receive a £1 record token from EMI.

● Sheffield-based **The Past 7 Days** have a double A-side single out on 4A.D. Records this week, 'Raindance'/'So Many Others'. Two albums coming from the same label during the next few weeks are 'Prayers On Fire' by **The Birthday Party** and 'Mesh & Lace' by **Modern English** — plus an EP by **My Captains**.

● One of **Sir Winston Churchill's** most famous wartime speeches, remembered for the classic punch-line 'This Was Their Finest Hour', has been set to music by a group calling themselves **The Finest Hours**. The original speech, re-named 'Without Prejudice' and now offset by music, is released this week by new independent company Black Label.

● Stoke heavy rock band **Demon** have their first single issued on Carrere on March 27, following the completion of a deal by Mike Stone, head of Midlands independent label Clay Records. The Clay/Carrere single comprises two originals, 'Ride The Wind' and 'On The Road'.

● Nems have acquired a shareholding in independent label Secret Records. Accordingly, Secret have terminated their distribution agreement with Spartan, and all their future product will be sold and distributed by Stage One. First releases under the new deal will be an album and single by **Temporary Title**.

● **The Polecats'** current Mercury single 'John, I'm Only Dancing' / 'Big Green Car' is being made available as a limited edition 12-inch pressed on pink vinyl. It will be in the shops on March 20, the opening day of their previously reported headlining tour.

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DATA CONTROL

DOMINO DATES

FATS DOMINO, the near-legendary New Orleans R&B giant, pays a rare visit to Britain next month to play two concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon on Easter Sunday and Monday, April 19 and 20. He's undertaking an extensive European tour, accompanied by his own U.S. band, but these will be his only dates in this country. Tickets are on sale now at £7, £6 and £5. The concerts are promoted by Showstopper Promotions in association with Paddy Malynn.

ELTON DELAY

ELTON JOHN will not now be touring Britain in May, as had been planned. Although no dates had been announced for his spring tour, they were all booked — but Elton has now decided to postpone them, so that he can have his new album available when he goes on the road. He's almost finished recording the LP with his new producer Chris Thomas, but it won't be ready for release until the summer, and is likely to be withheld until early autumn. So although there's no official confirmation, September is now looking the most probable month for his UK concerts.

MORE M'HEAD

MOTORHEAD — whose three concerts at the end of the month were announced four weeks ago, at Leeds Queens Hall (March 28) and Newcastle City Hall (29 and 30) — will play a low-key warm-up gig on the way to those venues. It's at Cromer West Runton Pavilion on Friday, March 27.

SLADE PERSIST

SLADE, who completed their latest tour this week, are already planning another major outing for the spring — such is the renewed demand to see them in action. But prior to this, they're following their hit compilation 'Slade Smashes' with a new studio album titled 'We'll Bring The House Down', released by Cheapskate Records next week — it contains their hit single of the same name, as well as their follow-up single 'Wheels Ain't Coming Down' which comes out on March 27.

ROYCE EXTRA

ROSE ROYCE have added another London date to their UK tour, starting this week — at the Apollo Victoria on Tuesday, March 31. They're already set for March 27 and 28 shows at this same venue, but both these are virtually sold out. Tickets for the extra concert are now on sale priced £6.50, £5 and £3.50.

KOSSOFF TALK

PAUL KOSSOFF, the Free guitarist who died five years ago next week, is the subject of a series of talks with music being presented by his actor father David Kossoff. His story will be interspersed with Paul's music, some of it (including home tapes) never previously heard. The first are at Glasgow Alan Glenn School on March 18 and 19 (open to the public), with all proceeds going to the Paul Kossoff Fund.

CATS ENCORE

THE STRAY CATS, currently engaged in their second headlining UK tour, have added a second London date to their itinerary. They've already sold out their show at the Lyceum in the Strand on March 22, so they've now added a second performance at that venue the following night (Monday, 23). Special guests on both dates are The Pirates, who've re-formed specially for the occasion, and The Barracudas are also on the bill. Admission is £3.

HOLLY RETURN

HOLLY & THE ITALIANS will be playing their first UK tour for two years next month, aiding promotion of their album 'The Right To Be Italian', issued by Virgin this weekend — and from which a single will be released at the end of this month, titles yet to be decided. Full details of their schedule are expected next week, but meanwhile their first confirmed date is at Manchester Polytechnic on April 5.

JAPAN, who played a major London concert in January and announced that it would be their last UK appearance this year, have now had second thoughts. They're going out on a full British tour in May, with details to be announced within the next two weeks. First date confirmed officially is at Nottingham Rock City on May 7. The band's David Sylvian is pictured right.

TOUR NEWS

SLATE HIT THE TRAIL

BLACK SLATE return this weekend from their tour of Belgium, where their 'Amigo' single is currently charting, and immediately launch into a string of British dates. They play Reading University (March 17), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (18), Liverpool Warehouse (19), Salisbury College of Technology (20), Stroud Leisure Centre (21), Plymouth Fiesta (23), Bristol Romeo & Juliet's (24), Swansea Circles (25), Bath University (26), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (27), Sunderland Polytechnic (28) and Preston Polytechnic (29). They'll be previewing material from their new album, due for release by Ensign in the late spring. Meanwhile, their first dub album 'Ogima' is currently available through TCD Records.

WAITS TRIPLE

TOM WAITS has added a third London concert to his UK mini-tour later this month. It's at the Apollo Victoria on Sunday, March 22, and it has been slotted in because of the heavy ticket demand for his shows there the previous two nights. Tickets for the extra gig are on sale now priced £5, £4 and £3.

BIG CURE TOUR

THE CURE are going out on a major tour next month, the most extensive they've yet undertaken in this country. Full details are expected in a week or two, but meanwhile it's known that the opening date is at Aylesbury Friars on April 18. The band will also have new releases to tie in with their outing.

LIGHTFOOT GIG

GORDON LIGHTFOOT headlines in concert at London Royal Albert Hall on Monday, May 18, with tickets priced £6, £5, £4, £3 and £2. They are available by postal application only from Andrew Miller Promotions Ltd., P.O. Box 141, London SW6 5AS (enclose s.a.e.). The Canadian singer-composer will also be playing some provincial dates, details expected shortly.

Transfer: 15 concerts

MANHATTAN TRANSFER are set for their first British tour since 1979, opening with a five-night season at London Victoria Apollo from May 13 to 17. Other dates are Edinburgh Playhouse (20), Manchester Apollo (22 and 23), Blackburn King George's Hall (24), Coventry Theatre (26), Liverpool Empire (27), Croydon Fairfield Hall (29), Brighton Centre (30), Reading Hexagon (31) and St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (June 2).

They'll be playing the entire show with no support act, backed by their own personal band, and augmented by a full orchestra in London only.

Ticket prices are £7, £6 and £5 (London and Reading); £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 (Croydon); and £6.50, £5.50 and £4.75 (elsewhere) — and they are already available at most venues. Tour promoter is Harvey Goldsmith.

The group's new album 'Mecca For Moderns' is scheduled for April release by WEA. Two weeks ago, they won two major honours in this year's Grammy Awards — the Best Jazz Fusion Performance and Best Vocal Arrangement, both for 'Birdland' — and they've also been voted No. 1 vocal group in the U.S. magazine *Downbeat*.

BUZZ & THE FLYERS

Tuxedo Moon, Scars in April

TUXEDO MOON and SCARS are coming to Britain next month for separate tours, timed to coincide with new releases both on Pre Records, the West Coast label distributed in the UK by Charisma. San Francisco experimental band Tuxedo Moon have their album 'Desire' out this weekend, with the first 5,000 copies containing a free litho print, and selling around the £4.25 mark — and they'll be playing live dates here in mid-April. Scars also have their single 'All About You' issued this weekend, to be followed on April 10 by their album 'Author! Author!' — they tour Europe in early April before coming on to this country. Details of UK dates by both bands are expected shortly.

● Two U.S. acts on the Hot Rock label are touring this month. New York rockers band Buzz & The Flyers are promoting their single 'Go Cat Wild' with a string of dates, including London gigs at Southgate Royalty (tonight, Thursday), Catford The Square (Friday), Canning Town Bridge House (March 17), Fulham Golden Lion (18) and Camden Dingwalls (19). And rockabilly veteran Mac Curtis plays London Southgate Royalty (March 19) and Gt Yarmouth Caister Festival (21), before heading for Europe — and his current 'Hot Rock Boogie' EP includes a rockabilly version of 'Do The Hucklebuck'.

ZEPPELIN OFFSHOOT REPORTS

ROCK CIRCLES in America are speculating on the emergence of a Led Zeppelin splinter group, comprising some or all of the remaining Zep members, plus current Yes drummer Alan White — and indeed, this story has already been reported as fact in one U.S. paper. When Zep split last year shortly after drummer John Bonham's death, their vaguely-worded disbandment statement appeared to leave the door open for a number of possibilities, and it's now suggested that they would operate under a different name. Needless to say, it's been impossible to obtain any confirmation of this project.

Even so, the theory raises two intriguing side issues. The first concerns the alleged involvement of Alan White which, if correct, would add a further burden to the upheavals Yes have endured in recent months. Secondly, such a scheme might have to operate without the participation of Robert Plant who — according to London reports — is considering linking up with Dave Edmunds of the recently disbanded Rockpile band . . . again no confirmation, although a spokesperson volunteered: "I know that they're the best of friends". It's also understood that an Edmunds solo album, recorded some nine months ago before the Rockpile LP, is due for release by Swan Song.

● One rumour finally squashed this week concerns the alleged Beatles' reunion or all-star tribute to John Lennon album. Paul McCartney, back in the UK after completing the LP in the West Indies, denied either of these interpretations. He explained that it was simply his own album, on which he had been joined on various tracks by a number of guests, including Ringo Starr and Stevie Wonder.

□ **TYGERS OF PAN TANG** are going out on a major headlining tour next month. Their schedule is still being finalised and full details are expected in a week or two, but one date already confirmed is at Nottingham Rock City on April 23.

□ **THE GAS** — the London-based trio featuring Donnie Burke (guitar and vocals), Les Sampson (drums) and Dell Vickers (bass) — have just finished work on their debut Polydor album with Police and Siouxsie producer Nigel Gray, for release shortly together with a single culled from it. Meanwhile, they're setting out on a series of one-nighters, and the first to be confirmed are at Newport Harper Adams College (tomorrow, Friday), London Southall White Hart (March 16), Hayes Hamborough Tavern (19) and Leeds Warehouse (31).

□ **THE EXPRESSOS** play a short series of London club dates, prior to the spring release of their self-titled debut album by WEA. They visit Fulham Greyhound (March 18, April 17 and May 1), Camden Dingwalls (April 3) and Herne Hill Half Moon (18).

ALI THOMSON, currently playing a series of gigs to promote his WEA single 'Foolish Child', plays London's Shaw Theatre in Euston Road on March 26 as part of the campaign to save the venue. The 500-capacity theatre is threatened with closure after withdrawal of its Art Council grant, and many artists are joining the fight to save it. Admission to Thomson's gig is £3 (£1.50 for students and OAPs). He's pictured here (right) with Radio 1's Paul Gambaccini, American actress Beth Porter and Shaw Theatre director Michael Croft.

SAUCERS ARE FLYING HIGH

FLYING SAUCERS have signed a long-term worldwide deal with EMI, who relase their album 'Some Like It Hot on April 6 — it contains 14 tracks, 11 of which were penned by the lead singer, guitarist and producer Big Sandy Ford — and the LP's title track is issued as a single this weekend. To tie in with these releases, the Saucers — who'll be remembered as the leaders of a 10,000-strong London march to protest at the lack of rock'n'roll on Radio 1 — are undertaking a series of dates.

They have a regular Saturday night spot throughout March and April at London Hackney Pembury Tavern, and additionally play Bournemouth Tiffany's (tonight, Thursday), Bognor Riverside Club (Saturday), Gt Yarmouth Caister Festival (March 21), London Plumstead Green Man (28), London Strand Lyceum (31), London Southgate Royalty (April 2), Burnham Pontins (4), Brighton Lewes Road Inn (24) and Southampton Guildhall (25).

Straits movie on view

DIRE STRAITS resume their delayed world tour this month, re-arranged in January due to the birth of Pick Withers' first child, kicking off in Australia and continuing until late July. But during their absence, they'll be seen extensively in their own self-financed 20-minute film *Making Movies*, to be released by CIC at the end of March as support to the highly-rated move *Coal Miner's Daughter*. One of the songs they feature in the film is 'Skateaway', and it's to be released as their new Vertigo single on March 20 — written by Mark Knopfler, and produced by him and Jimmy Iovine, it's the follow-up to their 'Romeo And Juliet' hit. The band leave for Down Under with the news that their 'Making Movies' album has now achieved gold status.

GARAGELAND IS ON PAGE 51

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Saturday 21st March — Adm £2
THE VAPORS
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Friday 13th March — £1
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Saturday 14th March — £1.25
THE SPECTRES

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Sunday 15th March — £3.00
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+ DEPARTMENT S
Late Night Celebrity Disco — £2
Friday 20th March — £3.00
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Saturday 21st March — £3.00
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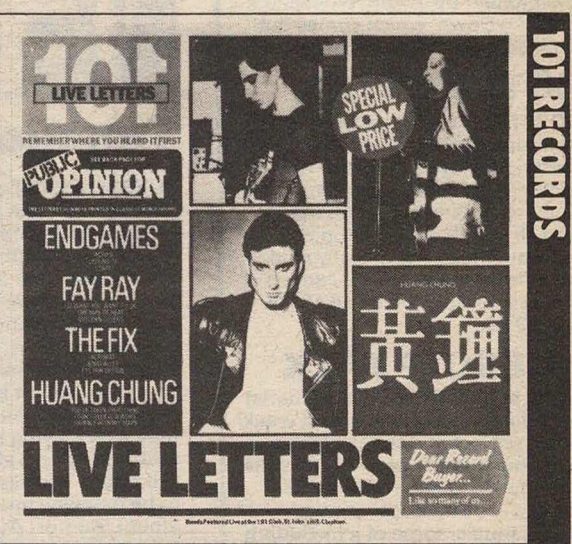

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DATA CONTROL NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 1

THURSDAY

Aberdeen Robert Gordon Institute: **John Otway Band / The Europeans**
Bicester Kings Head: **C-Saim**
Biggleswade Shuttleworth College: **The Europeans**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Nash The Slash**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Osprey**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Odeon: **Iron Maiden**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Overdrive**
Birmingham University: **The Amber Squad**
Bradford Tiffany's: **New Musik / Snips**
Bradford University: **Dr. Feelgood**
Brighton Concorde Club: **Eye To Eye**
Brighton Sussex University: **The Vapors**
Bristol Granary: **The Bopcats**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Robin Hitchcock Band**
Canterbury Kent University: **The Photos / Jools Holland & The Millionaires**
Cheltenham Town Hall: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Coventry General Wolfe: **21 Guns / Babylon Rebels**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Cilla Black**
Dewsbury The Entertainer: **The Odds**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Morrissey-Mullen Band**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **The Kicks**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Panther / The Other Half**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Selecter**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **White Lines**
Hull New Theate: **Richard Digance**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **Emotion Pictures**
Leeds Fan Club: **Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Shake Appeal**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Shader**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **Spyder Blues Band**
Leicester Beaumont Leys Youth Club: **Burn**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Krokus**
Liverpool Gatsby's: **Shades**
Liverpool The Dolphin: **Dead On Arrival**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Afraid Of Mice**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **The Sweet**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Asylum**
London Acton Kings Head: **Lucky Saddles / FK9**
London Balham The Bedford: **Gun Control**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Queen Ida & The Bon Ton Zydeco Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Limehouse**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Dolly Mixture / Public School**
London Chelsea Kennedys: **A. E. Liquid**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Brunel**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Margo Random & The Space Virgins / Academy One**
London Ealing Technical College: **Vox Pop**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Bluesblasters**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Lemons / Daddy Yum Yum**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Greenwich White Swan: **720**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Status Quo**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Long Tall Shorty**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Fix / Shine**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Belle Stars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **7 year Itch**
London Lewisham Odeon: **Moe Bandy Country Show**
London Marquee Club: **Lionheart**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Albert's Relatives**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Barrington Levy**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Juice On The Loose**
London Putney White Lion: **Mr. E & The Imaginations**
London Richmond Snoopies: **The Carpettes / Big Table**
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: **New Cross**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Oliver Jackson Trio**
London Southall The Cavern: **Lost Property / Midnight Hour**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Buzz & The Flyers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford**
London Stratford Green Man: **Mickey Jupp Band / John Spencer**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Judie Tzuke**
London Victoria The Venue: **Airto Moreira**
London Walthamstow The Towers: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Restricted Code / Creature Beat**
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: **The Talk / The Imports**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Geno Washington**
Maesteg White Wheat: **Chevy**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Ed Speight-Nigel Moyse Quartet**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Chas & Dave (for three days)**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Nine Below Zero**
Manchester (Romiley) Grey Horse: **Plastic Tools**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Rockin Horse**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Kristo Hughes**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **The Stray Cats**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Nottingham Rock City: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
Oldham Lancashire Vaults: **Dead Giveaway**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Weapon Of Peace / Denizens**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **The Revillos**
Seaford Great Dane: **Nouveau-a-go-go**

GANG OF FOUR LAUNCHING NEW PARTY

Not a report from our Political Correspondent, even though the headline has a topical ring to it. *(Clever clogs — Ed).* The party in question is, in fact, a package headlined by THE GANG OF FOUR (above) with special guests PERE UBU (inset) and DELTA 5. They hit the campaign trail at Sheffield (Friday), Liverpool (Saturday), Leicester (Monday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Manchester (Wednesday).

Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **Disease**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
Sheffield University: **Alvin The Aardvark & The Fuzzy Ants**
South Ferraby Nelthorpe Arms: **Gaskin**
St. Ives (Cornwall) Cherry Tree: **The Happy Few**
Stockport Smugglers Nightspot: **Marquis De Sade**
Stroud Beacon Club: **Back Door Man**
Stroud Crown & Anchor: **Nouvelle Vague**
Willenhall The Cavalcade: **Sub Zero**

FRIDAY

Bicester Nowhere Club: **The Kindergarten**
Birmingham Aston University: **The Vapors**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **Discharge**
Birmingham City Polytechnic: **The Set**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Norton Hall: **Musical Youth**
Birmingham Odeon: **Franki Valli & The Four Seasons**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham University: **Dr. Feelgood**
Bristol Trinity Hall: **Pigbag / Essential Bop**
Bristol Turntable Club: **Shotgun**
Bristol University: **The Revillos / Osibisa**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **Iron Maiden**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Profiles**
Cardiff New Theatre: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Cardiff University: **Hot Gossip**
Chalfont St. Giles Newlands Park College: **Soul Direction**
Colchester Essex University: **Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos**
Colchester St. Mary's Art Centre: **Treatment / Psycho Hamster**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Evil Genius**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Coventry The Pilot: **The Syndicate**
Coventry Weavers Arms: **The Zorkie Twins**
Crawley College: **New Musik / Snips**
Crawley Civic Hall: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
Croydon Technical College: **Back Door Man**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Cleo Laine / John Dankworth**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **John Otway Band / The Europeans**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Ian Campbell Band**
Falkirk The Magpie: **H20**
Frome Town Hall: **The Review / The Mob / Bikini Mutants**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Ojah**
Harlow Technical College: **The Newtown Neurotics**
Hastings Queens Club: **The Piranhas**
High Wycombe Bucks College: **The Mighty Strypes**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Moe Bandy Country Show**
Kingston Polytecnic: **The Pop Group / Birds With Ears**
Lancaster University: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
Leeds Trinity & All Saints College: **Stiletto**
Liverpool Bradford Hotel: **Loose Change**
Liverpool Brady's: **Theatre Of Hate**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **The Selecter**
Liverpool Warehouse; **Spider**
London Bow Tenterden Arms: **Italian Parcels**
London Brixton Lambeth Town Hall: **BIM**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Salt / Talk Over**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Sunfighter / Capital Dandies**
London Catford The Squire: **Dynamite**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Debbie Bishop**
London Chelsea Kennedys: **The Naturals**
London City Polytechnic: **A Bigger Splash / Mekaton Chat / Fair Exchange / Apocalypse / Dance Chapter / Zeitgeist / The Collectors**
London City University: **The Faraway Stars**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Red Rinse**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Restricted Code / Eleventh Hour**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Chelsea**
London E.1. Dame Colet House: **Bop Squad / Mike Carver / Strangers In The Night**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dave Swarbrick**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ian Mitchell Band / Terry Vision & The Screens**
London Hackney Chat's Palace: **A Popular History Of Signs**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Status Quo**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **7 Year Itch**
London Haringey Community Hall: **Sons Of Cain / Burma Blur / Dalston Vampires**
London Hendon Midland Arms: **Dolly Mixture / The Uprights**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Resistance / Phil Japp**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Daddy Yum Yum**
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **Weapon Of Peace / Denizens**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London Marquee Club: **Samson**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **The Sweet**
London N.W.1 Film Co-op: **Schleimer K**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Julian Stringle's Jam Session / Steve Lane Band**
London Old Kent Rd. Lord Nelson: **The Nashville Teens**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Rocket 88**
London Plumstead Prince Rupert: **Avenue**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Nicky Barclay Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Big Chief**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight**
London Southall White Swan: **Scarlet O'Hara**
London St. George's Hospital: **Tour De Force**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Papers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **The Orange Cardigan**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Manana**
London Victoria The Venue: **Fischer-Z**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Icaris / Assyne / FK9**
Macclesfield Masonic Arms: **Rockin Horse**
Maidstone Mid-Kent College: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Shader**
Manchester Millstone: **Wanda & The Dentists**
Manchester Moss Side Community Centre: **Cimarons**
Manchester The Squat: **Ali Thomson Band / Artery**
Manchester University: **Alberto y Los Trios Paranoias**
Nelson Town House: **Wamm**
New Brighton Grand Hotel: **Dead On Arrival**
Newcastle University: **Nine Below Zero**
Norwich St. Stephen's : **Screaming Trees / Ordained / Plastic Sandwiches / Dissolute Youth / Falling Men**
Nottingham University: **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
Ormskirk Edgehill College: **Pearl Harbour**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Chevy**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Movie Stars**
Oxford Polytechnic: **Darts**
Pailsey Technical College: **Foreign Press**
Pontypridd Wales Polytechnic: **Misty In Roots**
Retford Porterhouse: **Splodge**
Salford Moonrakers: **Localeroes**
Sacrborough Penthouse: **Nash The Slash**
Sheffield Polytechnic: **Judie Tzuke**
Sheffield University: **Gang Of Four / Pere Ubu / Delta 5**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **Chain Saw**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Rose Royce**
Sunderland Annabell's: **Deemus Mint**
Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom: **Anvil**
Sunderland Polytechnic: **The Stray Cats**
Taunton Market House: **Radioactive**
Tewkesbury Gupshill Manor: **Dangerous Girls / Vision Collision**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Photos / Jools Holland & The Millionaires**
Weybridge Lincoln Arms: **Larry Miller Band**
Weymouth College of Education: **The Ebony Rockers**
Wolverhampton Brunsford Lodge: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
York College of Ripon & St. John: **The Freshies**
York University: **Girls At Our Best**

SATURDAY

Aylesbury Friars: **Dr Feelgood**
Baldock Victoria Hotel: **Scarlet O'Hara**
Bath Pavilion: **The Sweet**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Brimingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Haven: **Handsome Beasts**
Bognor Riverside Leisure Centre: **Jets**
Bolton Sports Centre: **The Cockney Rejects**
Botley Elm Court: **The Old Swan Band**
Bournemouth Winter Gardens: **Rose Royce**
Bracknell Bridge House: **Joe Average**
Bracknell Sports Centre: **Iron Maiden**
Bridlington Spa Hall: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
Brighton Alhambra: **Midnight & The Lemon Boys**
Brighton Richmond Hotel: **Eye To Eye/Voluntary Sector**
Bude Headland Club: **Soul Direction**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **The Zorkie Twins**
Carshalton St Helier Arms: **The Cruisers**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Wamm**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Zorkie Twins**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Rock Island Line**
Coventry Warwick University: **Stiletto**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Chevy**
Derby Lonsdale College: **The Union Blues Band**
Doncaster Tally Ho: **Nosferatu V**
Edinburgh Fountain Inn: **Twisted Nerve**
Egham Royal Holloway College: **Nightdoctor**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Juke Jump**
Folkestone Springfield Hotel: **Silent Movies**
Gainsborough United Services Club: **The Bopcats**
Galashiels Maxwell Ballroom: **Foreign Press**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **John Otway Band/The Europeans**
Hartlepool Gemini Club: **Deemus Mint**
Hatfield Stonehouse: **Spider**
Hereford Market Tavern: **The Review/The Mob/Bikini Mutants**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Arrogant**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Climax Blues Band**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Shader**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Shake Appeal**
Leeds University: **The Stray Cats**
Liverpool Brady's: **Nash The Slash**
Liverpool Mountford Hall: **Gang Of Four/Pere Ubu/Delta 5**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Eric Bell Band**
London Brixton Town Hall: **The Straps**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ruby Turner Band/The Pakt**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Peter Gibson & Ted McDowell**
London Chelsea College: **Weapon Of Peace/Denizens**
London City Polytechnic: **Lux Electro/Into The Red/Industrial Music/Eraserhead/The Pope**
London Clapham The Landor: **New Cross**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Holdsworth & Co/The Balloons**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sore Throat/Spangs**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Gun Control**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Soul Distributors/The Hit Factory**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **BIM/The Heartbeats**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Spectres**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Dingle Spike**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Cleo Laine/John Dankworth**
London Marquee Club: **Atomic Rooster/Press Gang**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **Darts**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **First Aid**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Julian Stringle's Jam Session/The Breakfast Band**
London Old Kent Rd Lord Nelson: **The Nashville Teens**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Salt**
London Richmond Brollys: **Tenpole Tudor**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Oliver Jackson Trio**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Manana**
London Victoria Apollo Theatre: **Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons**
London Victoria The Venue: **Alberto y Lost Trios Paranoias**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Sound/The Lines**
London West Norwood Thurlow Arms: **The Flatbackers**

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DATA CONTROL

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE 2

Rejects enjoy the easy life

THE COCKNEY REJECTS are inflicting their own particular brand of havoc on the gig circuit once again, this time coinciding with the release of their live EP 'Easy Life'. Dates this week are at Bolton (Saturday) and Brighton (Monday), with more to come later in March.

● Other acts setting out this week include The Vapors and The Revillos — while, for those of a more mundane disposition, Rose Royce and Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons are also on the road. But bear in mind that Bow Wow Wow's gigs this week are postponed (see page 3).

Luton The Kingsway: **C-Saim**
Lyme Regis Seed Club: **The Happy Few**
Manchester (Ardwick) Devonshire Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Spider**
Mansfield High Oakham Rock Club: **Taurus**
Northampton County Ground: **The Photos/Jools Holland & The Millionaires**
Northampton Lings Forum: **The Angelic Upstarts/Criminal Class**
Norwich East Anglia University: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Norwich Festival House: **Falling Men**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **No Tigers**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **The Laughing Apple**
Peterborough The Halcyon: **Sacre Bleu**
Peterborough Sovereign Hall: **Moe Bandy Country Show**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **The Revillos**
Preston Polytechnic: **The Selecter**
Preston Warehouse: **Ali Thomson Band**
Retford Porterhouse: **Pearl Harbour**
Saffron Walden Fairycroft Centre: **The Work**
Scunthorpe Priory Hotel: **Girls At Our Best**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Stares**
Southampton University: **Games To Avoid/The V-Necks**
St Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Swansea University: **Misty In Roots**
Walsall Watering Trough: **Xpertz**
Watford Herts College of Education: **The Vapors**
Winchester Railway Inn: **Larry Miller Band**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Woking The Cricketers: **The Mighty Strypes**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **New Musik/Snips**
Wrexham Erbistock Country Club: **Terminal**

SUNDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **New Musik/Snips**
Birmingham Hosteria No. 1: **Orphan**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bolton Swan Hotel: **Twisted Ace**
Bradford Princeville Club: **Meanstreet**
Bradford Vaults Bar: **Shader**
Brighton Sussex University: **The Hoodlums**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Perfect Vision**
Chorley Joiners Arms: **Wamm**
Coventry The Sportsman: **The Syndicate**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Rose Royce**
Croydon The Star: **The MGA Band**
Dundee Bonar Hall: **Billy Cobham's Glass Menagerie**
Edinburgh Valentino's: **Nash The Slash**
Eton Christopher Hotel (lunchtime): **Milenberg Jazz Band**
Glasgow Burns Howff: **H20**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Foreign Press**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **El Seven**
Hatfield The Forum: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Hatfield Stonehouse: **Spider**
Hemel Hempstead Old Town Hall: **Spirit Level**
Hull City Hall: **Moe Bandy Country Show**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Lancaster University: **Ali Thomson Band**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Chevy**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Tiffany's: **Gang Of Four / Pere Uba / Delta 5**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
London Acton Kings Head: **Dolly Mixture / Eddy Steady Go**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Club 99: **Zeitgeist**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Red Beans & Rice / The Avengers**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Chelsea Kennedys: **The Idlers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Red Letters / Press Gang**
London E.C.1 New Style Gallery: **Bed Of Roses / Mat**
London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co.**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Telephone Bill & The Smooth Operators**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Chip Hawkes & Bob Benham**
London Hackney The Queens: **Avenue**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Iron Maiden**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **The Pick Ups**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Talk Over / Paul Goodman**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Nashville Teens**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Juice On The Loose**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Frankie Valli & The Four Seasons**
London Marquee Club: **Long Tall Shorty / Eddy Steady Go**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Yakety Yak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Bac Band**
London Putney White Lion: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
London Rainbow Theatre: **Prince Far I / The Arabs / The Congos / Renegade**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Roy Vaughan Trio**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Arthur 2-stroke & The Chart Commandos / 3.P. Sweet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Ojah**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Wanderers / Martian Dance / The Straps / The Cosmetics / FK9**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London Tooting The Castle: **Fruit Eating Bears**
London Victoria The Venue: **Freeez**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Roger Ruskin Spear/ John Dowie**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Stan Arnold**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Alan Elsdon Band**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Status Quo**
Manchester Polytechnic: **John Otway Band / The Europeans**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Zanathus**
Manchester (Whitefield) Mason Arms: **Rockin Horse**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Selecter**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Street Arts Centre: **Plastic Idols**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Hot Gossip**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **No Tigers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **English Rogues**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Graham Cooper**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Nine Below Zero**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Still Earth**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Photos / Jools Holland & The Millionaires**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Stray Cats**
Southend Roots Club: **Stiletto**
Stockport Portland Bars: **Walter Mitty's Little White Lies**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **The Who**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Cleo Laine / John Dankworth**
Windsor Blazer's: **The Stylistics (for a week)**
Woking The Cricketers: **The Mighty Strypes**

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Odeon: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **A II Z**
Bolto Aquarius: **Shader**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Cockney Rejects**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **The Lonely**
Carshalton The Cricketers: **Avenue**
Cheltenham Eves Club: **The Vapors**
Coventry Belgrade Theatre: **Dangerous Girls / L'Homme De Terre**
Coventry Polytechcic: **The Accelerators**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Selecter**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Dangerous Age**
Glasgow Warehouse: **Nash The Slash**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse Bar: **Wamm**
Lancaster The Styx: **The Stepping Razors**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Photos / Jools Holland & The Millionaires**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Stray Cats**
Leicester Quorn Youth Club: **Burn**
Leicester University: **Gang Of Four / Pere Ubu / Delta 5**
London Acton White Hart: **Gaskin**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Red Beat / Ski Patrol / Parting Shots**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Depeche Mode / Phillip Japp**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Billy Cobham's Glass Menagerie**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Simon Wallace Trio / Biddie & Eve**
London Chelsea Kennedy's: **Debbie & The Bear**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Taiwan Pins / Tagus**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Modern English**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Spectres**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Big Chief**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ian Henry & Guests (for a week)**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Prize**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Richmond Snoopies: **Brunel / Excalibur**
London Rotherhithe Apples & Pears: **A Bigger Splash**
London Southall White Hart: **The Gas**
London Stoke Newington Apollo: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London Stratford Green Man: **Hot Rumour**
London Wealdstone Royal Oak: **English Country Blues Band**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Jump Squad / Red Shoes**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Status Quo**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Penzance Demelzas: **Radioactive**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Who**
Sheffield Byron Arms: **Nick Robinson's Flying Fingers**
Sheffield City Hall: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
Sheffield Marples Monday Club: **Vital / The Shock Of The New**
Sheffield University: **The Astros / Monoconics**
Wakefield Speakeasy Club: **Nosferatie V**
Wallasey Labour Club: **Harvest Moon**
Watford Bailey's: **Chas & Dave (for five days)**

TUESDAY

Billingham Black Horse: **Marie Little**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bournemouth Moat House: **Switch/7Even**
Brighton Polytechnic: **UK Decay**
Bristol Locarno: **Gang Of Four/Pere Ubu/Delta 5**
Bury The Derby Hall: **The Salford Jets/The Fractured Valves**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Reflex Action**
Carlisle Market Hall: **Moe Bandy Country Show**
Coventry Shades Club: **The Syndicate**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Buddy Rich Orchestra**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Rose Royce**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **The Selecter**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Ammonites/JCB**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **The Sweet**
Hayle The Penmare: **Radioactive**
Helensborough Trident Club: **Arthur 2-stroke & The Chart Commandos**
Hull New Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Hull University: **New Musik/Snips**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Vapors**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Shakin' Pyramids/The Cuban Heels**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Buzz & The Fliers/Moonshine**
London Chelsea Kennedys: **Leszek**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **A Bigger Splash**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Plain Characters**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Faraway Stars**
London E.2 Earl of Aberdeen: **Oxy & The Morons/Derek Bailey**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Chaps**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Department S/Slaves Of Janet**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **5 Pliers**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Hugh Mundell/Matumbi/Brimstone/Bumble & The Bees**
London Hornsey Kings Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Den Hegarty & The Random Band**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Yakety Yak**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Razzy Dazzy Spasm Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Laurie Morgan Trio**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
London Putney White Lion: **Nicky Barclay Band**
London Rainbow Theatre: **The 4"Be2"s/The Bollock Bros/Pope Paul & The Romans**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Southall The Cavern: **The Lot**
London Stratford Green Man: **The London Apaches**
London Tottenham Prince of Wales: **The Alligators/The Wrecktangles**
London Tottenham The Railway: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **English Subtitles/One On One**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Monty Sunshine Band**
Loughborough University: **Hot Gossip**
Manchester (Ashton) Birch Hotel: **Meanstreet**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Harlem Spirit**
Oxford Scamps: **Ali Thomson Band**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Revillos**
Reading University: **Black Slate**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Dead On Arrival**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Temple**
Sutton Bonnington College: **Weapon Of Peace**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Chevy**

WEDNESDAY

Belfast Mayfield Leisure Centre: **Planxty**
Birkenhead Sir James Ents: **Madame**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bolton Sports Centre: **The Selecter**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Rose Royce**
Bradford University: **Weapon Of Peace / Denizens**
Brighton Centre: **Elvis Costello & The Attractions**
Brighton Top Rank: **Cimerons / Merger / Eye To Eye**
Bristol The Berkeley: **Ali Thomson Band**
Cambridge Great Northern Hotel: **Necromancer**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Colchester Essex University: **Nine Below Zero**
Coventry General Wolfe: **T.V. Smith's Explorers**
Edinburgh Club 81: **Arthur 2-Stroke & The Chart Commandos**
Eton Christopher Hotel: **Espionage**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **Status Quo**
Hardstoft Shoulder of Mutton: **Eric Bell Band**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **The Mighty Strypes**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Zounds / The Astronauts / The Entire Cosmos**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Moe Bandy Country Show**
Lancaster University: **The Sweet**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Leeds Warehouse: **Taurus**
London Acton Kings Head: **The Spectres / Art Objects**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Positive Signals**
London Chalk Farm Roundhouse: **Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers**
London Chelsea All My Eye & Betty Martin: **Phil Japp**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Spoilers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Buzz & The Fliers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Expressos / The Keys**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **5 Pliers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Temper**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Safita**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Pick Ups / A Bigger Splash**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **The Firm / The Elite**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bill Skeat Quartet**
London Stratford Green Man: **Jazz Sluts**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Otway Band / The Europeans**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Elgin Marbles / The Extras**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Beach Club: **Animation**
Manchester University: **Gang Of Four / Pere Ubu / Delta 5**
Manchester (Walkden) Bulls Head: **Band 4**
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **The Shots**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **New Musik / Snips**
Newport Stowaway: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
New Romney The Seahorse: Transcendants
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Reading Top Rank: **The Stray Cats**
Sheffield University: **Hot Gossip**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **State Secrets / The Grids**
Southport Floral Hall: **The Vapors**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stoke El Syd's: **Shader**
Swinton Duke of Wellington: **Rockin Horse**
Wakefield Speakeasy Club: **Nosferatu V**
Winchester Railway Inn: **Games To Avoid**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **Black Slate**

Upcoming gigs

☐ **ROD STEWART** has announced three new members of his touring band, who will back him on his world tour starting in Japan at the end of next month — guitarist Robin Le Mesurier and two American musicians, Danny Johnson (guitar) and Jay Davis (bass). They join Carmine Appice and Jim Cregan, who've been with Stewart since 1976, and a new keyboards player has still to be announced. Stewart is not expected to play any UK dates this year.

☐ **HANK WANGFORD BAND,** whose new single 'Cowboys Stay On Longer' has just been issued by Cowpie Records, support Chas & Dave at London Dominion Theatre on March 29. Also in London, they have a Thursday residency at Stoke Newington Pegasus, and dates at Islington Hope & Anchor (this Friday and March 28), Euston The Pits (April 4) and Fulham Greyhound (10). The band's line-up includes such respected musicians as B. J. Cole (pedal steel guitar), Andy Roberts (lead guitar) and Melanie Harrold (vocals).

☐ **POSITIVE SIGNALS** have a couple of dates in their own right, after their recent stint supporting After The Fire on the road. They play Harrow College of Higher Education (this Friday) and London Canning Town Bridge House (March 18).

☐ **GANG OF FOUR, Pere Ubu** and **Delta 5** have added yet another date to their package tour starting this week — at Stirling University on March 21. And they'll be joined by America's Bush Tetras for their London date at the Hammersmith Palais on March 30.

☐ **PRINCE FAR I** plays his first major show in Britain this year at London Rainbow this Sunday (15). Special guests are Jamaican bands The Arabs and The Congos, plus new six-piece reggae outfit Renegade. Tickets are all at the one price of £3.50.

☐ **CLEO LAINE** is undertaking her annual spring tour, backed by John Dankworth and his Quartet, with concerts at Eastbourne Congress (tomorrow, Friday), London Lewisham Concert Hall (Saturday), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall (Sunday), Hull New (March 20), Scarborough Futurist (21), Middlesbrough Town Hall (22), Bradford Alhambra (29), Harrogate Royal Hall (April 1), Sheffield City Hall (3), Camberley Lakeside Club (5), Preston Guildhall (8), Halifax Civic Theatre (9), Derby Assembly Rooms (10), Poole Wessex Hall (12), Bristol Colston Hall (13), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (14), Birmingham Night Out (27-29), Purfleet Circus Tavern (30-May 2), Warrington Festival (14-15) and London Wembley Conference Centre (16-17).

☐ **RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON** headline a benefit concert for Amnesty International at Guildford Civic Hall on Friday, March 20. Special guests are Chilean group Saraguro, and tickets are all at £3 (students £2.50).

☐ **SUGAR MINOTT** headlines a 'Roots Rockers Jamboree' at London Hammersmith Palais on Monday, March 23, with David Rodigan and One Blood. It's promoted by Capital Radio, who are recording it for subsequent broadcast. All tickets £3.50.

☐ **STILETTO** — whose pre-Christmas visit to London was scrapped when the Music Machine was damaged by fire, their bassist lost his thumbnail and their lead singer Bren Laidler was taken ill — return to the capital to play Fulham Greyhound on March 16. Other gigs this month are at Kingston Three Tuns (17), Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (20), Leeds Amnesia Club (25), Scunthorpe Priory Hotel (26), Paisley Technical College (27) and Sunderland Polytechnic (28).

☐ **LIONHEART** make their debut with their new vocalist Reuben Archer at London Marquee tonight (Thursday), and return there on March 25. Other dates this month are at Lincoln Drill Hall (26), Grimsby Central Hall (27) and Retford Porterhouse (28).

☐ **THE CRUISERS** are lining up a new one-nighter series to promote their latest single 'Rockabilly Fever', issued on March 27 on the Feelgood label (distributed by RCA). So far set are Carshalton St. Helier Arms (this Saturday), Lancaster Rock Centre (March 20), Manchester Midland Hotel (21), Northwich Cook Inn (22), Rayleigh Crocs (23), London Southgate Royalty (26), Dunmow Foakes Hall (27) and Birmingham Tyburn House (30). More gigs are being finalised through until late April.

☐ **GRACE** go on the road next month to promote their debut MCA/Clay album, due out on April 10. So far set for the Midlands band are Stoke Meir Wagon & Horses (April 11), Blackpool JR's Club (17), Preston Warehouse (18), Carlisle Border Terrier (19), Birkenhead Gallery (25) and Blackburn Rishton Bay Horse (26), with more to come.

☐ **THE ALBION BAND** headline in concert at London Royal Festival Hall on Friday, March 20, with special guest Bert Jansch. Promoted by John Martin, it's the prelude to a full UK tour.

☐ **BENNY GOODMAN** pays a rare visit to Britain to guest in this year's Benson & Hedges Music Festival at Aldeburgh Snape Maltings for a week from September 28. It's basically a classical event, and for the most part Goodman will be playing clarinet pieces by Brahms. But the final night of the festival will be a special jazz evening.

DATA CONTROL — LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

ROCK CITY
TALBOT STREET, NOTTINGHAM
Tel 0602 412544 — Open 8 pm - 2 am

Thursday 12th March — Adv £2.00
ALBERTO Y LOS TRIO PARANOIAS

Saturday 14th March — £2.00 on door
Rock City Special
FUTURIST DISCO

Thursday 19th March — Adv £2.00
SPLODGE

Friday 20th March — £2 on door
WASTED YOUTH
Plus Special Guests

Saturday 21st March — £2.50 Adv
THE SELECTER
+ Support

Tuesday 24th March — £4.00 Adv
ROSE ROYCE
+ Support

Saturday 28th March — Adv £2.50
2002 REVIEW FEATURING CLASSIX NOUVEAUX
+ Shock + Naked Lunch
+ Theatre Of Hate
+ Eyeless In Gaza

Thursday 2nd April — Adv £2.50
BOW WOW WOW
+ Support

Friday 3rd April — Adv £2
THE PHOTOS

Saturday 4th April — £2.50 Adv
ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80
Presents
SPIZZLES
+ Special Guests

Saturday 11th April — Adv £2.00
THE BLUES BAND

Friday 17th April — Adv £2.50
Rockney Night
CHAS 'N' DAVE

Thursday 23rd April — Adv £2.00
Heavy Metal Special
TYGERS OF PAN TANG
+ MAGNUM + Alkatrazz

Friday 24th April — £3.00 Adv
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN
+ Support

Saturday 25th April — Adv £2.50
999

Wednesday 29th April — Adv £3.50
BILLIE JOE SPEARS
Plus The Hillsiders

Thursday 7th May — Adv £3.00
JAPAN

Friday 8th May — Adv £2.50
ALEX HARVEY BAND

Tickets from Rock City, Virgin Selectadisc Victoria Box Office, Way Ahead Revolver, R E Chords (Derby), Revolver (Leicester) or by post from Rock City. Cheques payable to Rock City. Must be over 18 years of age.
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Matumbi: "as positive and celebratory a set as you could hope for." Pic: Peter Anderson.

NEW CROSS: THE CAUSE AND THE EFFECT

Pic: Peter Anderson.

UB40 — with added Stax appeal.

UB40
Matumbi
Merger

Central London Poly

"YOU KNOW what we're here for . . . Normally we'd give you one minute's silence, but tonight we're gonna give you a minute of notes: DAANG DAANG DAANG . . ." And on that strident note, that minute of strident notes, Matumbi launched into their set — as positive and celebratory a set as you could hope for.

Tonight's event was a benefit for the New Cross fire campaign, which commemorates the disaster in which 13 young blacks lost their lives, allegedly because of a racialist attack. Personally, I'm far from sure that New Cross was a massacre, or that there's been any cover up — but the activists are undoubtedly correct in their contempt for the media who ignored the tragedy and then printed the most grotesque distortions and irresponsible exaggerations in their accounts of last week's protest march in London.

Beyond that, it's true to say the New Cross campaign owes its momentum to more than that particular issue: it draws its strength and anger from a sense of grievance among English blacks that goes back a long way, and its target is the weight of racialist oppression across the board. From that perspective, the campaign is certainly a valid one, and it touches on feelings that we can't afford to keep on ignoring. So it's encouraging to see that acts like UB40, tonight's headliners, are as willing as ever to lend their support.

Still, it has to be said that whatever the political merits or the financial value of this gig, it wasn't exactly the perfect musical experience. With a two-hour delay in opening the doors, I go in wondering sourly whether the Left could organise a Piss-up in a brewery Against The Nazis without fouling up. Once inside, packed to absolute capacity, the hall is hot, the sound is chronic and visibility is minimal. First group on, reggae act Merger, come and go without leaving a single impression — literally — they could be neither heard nor seen.

Matters have improved slightly by the time Matumbi emerge. But even from a better vantage point it's not possible to assess their performance. The crowd, fortunately, is a committed and supportive one: the act of being there outweighs other considerations.

Compere Alex Pascall introduces Mrs Ruddock, the lady whose house was burnt, and who lost her daughter and son in the blaze; she offers some words of thanks. A Jamaican poet comes on — and, helpfully, offers summarised explanations of his poems before reading them. Linton Kwesi Johnson is also at hand, all solemn authority and dry humour. He recites 'Sonny's Lettah' and 'Down The Road', then introduces the night's main attraction.

UB40 use the opportunity of this informal evening to try out a lot of unfamiliar material — but from the outset the group strike up such an easy, fluent tempo that new and old don't ever jar. The set flows gracefully on between established stuff like an extended 'Tyler' and the clutches of new numbers, two or three at a time. The relaxed righteousness of their songs seems to blend into the atmosphere to create something that is uniquely enjoyable. Even with all the disadvantages of the night's conditions, UB40's mood works perfectly.

Which is not meant to imply that they were bland: there's a cutting edge to their rhythms which, even if it never quite matches the attack of the lyrics, still ensures their music won't unwind you to the point of torpor. And what's more, UB40 demonstrate very convincingly that the Devil doesn't have the best tunes.

Paul Du Noyer

Simple Minds
Positive Noise

Glasgow

THE CLASSIC rock concert should have several ingredients: good light show, great sound, a well-established group adept in their particular line of business, packed hall, enthusiastic audience, lots of encores — you know the kind of thing. A support group can, or should, have a major advantage; the freshness of being first, when tolerance is at a peak.

For Positive Noise, currently topping the alternative single charts, this is probably their most important Glasgow show yet. Are they serious contenders?

Tonight, they keep it short and sharp: eight songs, and a nicely balanced mixture. The song structures are still fairly conventional; there's a debt to Lene Lovich, Chrissie Hynde and The Clash. Some of the audience recognise 'Refugees' from the group's vinyl debut, 'Second City Statik', even though it's a faster, more powerful electric version. The words seem to have been changed too, indicating that earlier preoccupations with rape, war and pillage have now been replaced by more abstract notions — ghosts, treachery and passion. Less trial and tribulations.

Even more people recognise 'Give Me Passion'; and like it; perfect, disposable pop should always earn its rightful place in the real charts. Beg, borrow or even buy this record!

Waiting for Simple Minds to come on, the audience generate warm anticipation rather than eager excitement. Looking around, I see we already have a few ridiculous, velvet. pantalooned versions of the London *Face* crew.

Jim Kerr strolls on confidently with slicked-back hair, dark shades — Cool! The 'Poser Ned' will never be in danger of extinction: in groups throughout the country, Glasgow can probably boast the most flawless examples of the species — the most obvious pair of course being Richard Jobson and Midge Ure.

Jobson's group are tailor-made for the genre, while Midge Ure represents the more subtle, moustachio'd version, churning out such pretentious nonsense as 'Vienna' (and capable only of dreaming of the talent of The Human League). Jim Kerr is much more subtle again, but with his group now the latest pawns in Virgin's plan to buy Scotland, the resulting promotion is going to make him much more public. I hope he has no plans to become the third party in an infamous triumvirate.

At least Postive Noise will freely admit to the love of a good hookline, but Simple Minds, whose singles rely on it totally, seem desperate to disguise this fact during their performance. But by going to great lengths to smother the appeal of the instant, they inadvertently reveal a considerable lack of substance in most of their compositions. Is their talent, then, merely the ability to produce competent Euro-rock? Just music to look good to?

The audience wait patiently to hear 'Life In A Day', 'Celebrate' (celebrate what?) 'I Travel' (shamelessly 'I Feel Love'), and the group oblige during the course of several encores, before sending them home happy. Outside, bus-loads of fans press their smiling faces against sad, rain-swept windows.

Indeed, this was the classic rock concert.

Kirsty McNeill

THE BUREAU INVESTIGATED

The Bureau

Holland

IT COULD only happen in Holland — buried in a cozy country village lies an old schoolhall that the local hippies have taken over and transformed into a small concert hall, what the travel brochures would call 'Dutch incongruity' I think.

Anyway, as the young Dutch contingent locked up their bicycles outside, The Bureau prepared to play their first-ever performance. The Bureau are the splinter group from Dexys Midnight Runners (Jeff Blythe: tenor sax, Pete Williams: bass, Steve Spooner: sax and Stoker: drums) with Rob Jones (guitar) and Archie Brown (vocals) recruited from little-known soul outfit The Upset, Mick Talbot (piano) — one of the musicians to have escaped the shipwreck of mod — hauled in from The Merton Parkas, and trombonist Paul Taylor rescued from the obscurity of traditional brass bands.

The obvious critical preconception towards The Bureau is that without Rowland's guiding hand and inspiration they'll be nothing more than a group of stuffy soul hack merchants, but each time I've seen them perform, the opposite seemed to be the case.

For whatever reasons — laziness, personal weakness or convenience — it would seem that a fair portion of Dexys Midnight Runners allowed themselves to be stifled under the gifted, inspirational guiding light of Kevin Rowland (the only new hero of 1980). The Bureau are less regimented and sombre than Dexys, but they still develop a tension and exert considerable musical muscle — the charge is similarly positive and stimulating.

After only three weeks of writing and rehearsing they've emerged with a set of eight songs, well balanced and constructed with flair and poise. The opening shot is frantically athletic — a freshly pulverised version of 'The Horse', with Brown doubling on the drums with Stoker.

Archie Brown is a valuable find and, when he eradicates the overly hoarse and gritty textures in his voice, he's in line for future greatness. He's the only singer who, self-tutored in the style of a Bennett or a Sinatra, has the ability to pull it off without being hackneyed or wimpish. On a taut punchy number like 'Bigger Prize', he gets caught in the movement of the music, the heat and the zip of the horns. On a brooding ballad like 'Find A Way', his rich throaty vocal moves with the group to create a masterful song, capable of warming blood and soothing troubled brows.

Of course The Bureau haven't got it quite right yet, but you can't help smiling when you see the way they're heading — relaxed, confident and dynamic, they allow shrewd musical balances — between finger popping Motown and manic jazz blowing, for instance.

The best way to look at the Dexys disintegration is that they had to split up to continue. Now you can have two good groups for the price of one. Progression and compromise *can* go hand in hand. Check it out, or you won't know what it's all about.

Gavin Martin

Can a man called Archie ever become a star?

Pic: Peter Anderson.

Black Echoes Reggae Awards

Hammersmith Palais

We are jostled suddenly into the future. As award winners Aswad bring their 'It's Not Our Wish That We Should Fight' to a close at Hammersmith Palais last Sunday the earth moves for an evil moment, panic grips the audience and it flees.

In the ensuing stampede a bank of lights goes crashing to the floor where just seconds before a crowd stand watching the group, voices scream, alarms ring out, eyes stare in terror, bruises are sustained. Happily, somebody calls for calm over the public address system and order ensues after a few minutes. Biggest known casualty of the incident is Jamaican singer Al Campbell whose set is curtailed as time runs out, though he collects his fee. The show goes on but the night is lost.

Previous to this the event is something of a surreal, semi-incestuous success, assembling one of the more impressive line ups of reggae acts to be seen in this country on the occasion of the fourth annual award show promoted by the reggae weekly *Black Echoes*.

Voted best newcomer by the paper's readers, Jean Adebambo excites favourable comment with a short set of material in the vein of her 'Paradise' hit, the song which escalates her to public acclaim, and followed by the awards themselves, a ceremony that threatens farce yet endeavours to conduct itself in a spirit of good nature, even bonhomie.

Restricted perforce locale to the UK reggae scene, *Black Echoes'* readers vote Pablo Gad top male vocal and best album ('Hard Times'), with Twinkle Brother Norman Grant presenting the award; female trio Sister Love top vocal group, presented by David Rodigan; Aswad top band and single ('Warrior Charge), presented by LKJ; Dennis Bovell top musician; Jah Shaka, accompanied by his small son, for sound system; Cubies top club; Caroll Thompson top female vocalist and lovers rock hit 'I'm So Sorry'; Capital's *Roots Rockers* top radio programme; and billtopper Johnny Osbourne for a special international artist award. The whole performance proves the evening's main talking point, at least until the scenes of panic occur.

Misty In Roots resume the proceedings, in lieu of an impassioned brief set in the group's customary admonitory style, exemplified on 'How Long Jah?', although the limited time allotted them restricted any development and they departed stage to little approbation. University crowds are never this apathetic.

It is very crowded and hot in the Hammersmith Palais. The sensation is of being transported in some huge vessel, the crowd sways, faces swim in the muggy heat, everyone sweats. Onstage toasters General Saint and Clint Eastwood swap comments and sing one of Barrington Levy's songs. On the floor, Barrington Levy is being Barrington Levy himself. The evening wears on. The multi-racial audience comes together without friction, the tension in the air is not of racial origin.

Aswad come onstage to a big build up by King Sounds. Upstairs people pack out the balcony rails for a view. Some more enterprising spectators sit astride the balustrades. Below, everyone rises to their feet and gathers around the stage. A large crowd roar their approval and solidarity. Aswad go into their stride.

They've not done a couple of numbers when one becomes aware of movements, from the stage green searchlights sweep the auditorium, something appears to be going wrong, the house lights come on, the crowd cleaves apart amid running feet and ringing bells, the weeping of women, fear. Calm!

Penny Reel

A RIPPLE IN A STAGNANT POOL

Duran Duran B-Movie

Nottingham

BLACK lips, white skins, chilled faces, frozen poses; at its best the Futurist way forward is the logical step towards greater respect for the consumer in more congenial clubs, an abolishing of barriers between the performers and their audience. At its worst The Movement is a foppish uniform worn over an empty heart.

Tonight B-Movie break the ice with a dissolute piracy chic onstage and an impressive, searching symphony of sound. They sway with expressionless faces while keyboards and guitars swirl behind a rich voice and beautifully structured melodies. B-Movie come from Mansfield and have a hint of Liverpool pop, a touch of soul mystique.

Dry-ice, ultra-violet light, a sharp red laser and a cold disco pulse combine to add a sense of occasion to the warm expectancy for Duran Duran. This should have been an affirmation for their audience, a crowning of their style; a two-way traffic. In the event it turns out to be nothing of the sort. Duran Duran seem a sham, a con that's as rockist and reactionary as they come.

Since the days when they supported Fashion at Birmingham's Barbarellas playing makeshift synthesisers that were apparently constructed from primitive Meccano sets, they've become bloated out of all recognition.

Brimming with the confidence of a quick chart hit and a *TOTP* appearance only a few hours before, they're hammy and (show) business-like. Singer Simon Le Bon looks like a large and sweating Las Vegas Presley, flourishing his thanks at the end of each song and delivering cosy, fake-intimate chat at the audience. Nick Rhodes is primly ensconced behind his keyboards and peroxide fringe, while Andy Taylor labours and grimaces over his guitar like an archetypal HM hero.

As befits a group who cite Queen among their ideals, their sound is loud, brash and turgid. All of which is a waste, for when Duran Duran aren't indulging in amateur pomp-rock histrionics, their quasi-disco drumming and neat bass can combine to create a desirable dance beat, as in 'Planet Earth' where the guitar is restrained to a simpler and more effective motif. As it is, the songs can't keep the seductive rhythm, the sound strays into clumsy bombast and the shrill, showy guitar bulldozes all before it. With white light sprayed over the dance floor, the set is an attempt to create a total experience for the audience that's sadly lacking in finesse and self-control. In effect, it's based on assumptions that make it as distant, condescending and complacent as any of the early '70s rock monsters. In all, it's a show that's as rough and workaday as a blunt instrument.

Between sets the New Romantics writhe to a real futurist and new funk soundtrack: ACR, Talking Heads, Cabaret Voltaire, Blurt, New Order, which stands as stark contrast to the dated and soulless spectacle onstage.

Duran Duran have been assimilated without a ripple into a stagnant rock pool, and their success is the result of an exploitative cross between lip-service to an alternative and the old-fashioned showmanship of an unthreatening tradition. Duran Duran don't deserve it.

Lynn Hanna

Da-Duran-Ran-Ran, Da-Duran Ran.

Pic: Bryn Jones.

The Only Ones Original Mirrors

Lyceum

"YOU LITTLE London boys . . ." The last of this city's great rock 'n' roll junkies is parting company with his other ones. You can't put your arms around a memory, but there may be a future in it.

First, however, we must endure the tiresome parade of The Original Mirrors. Not original, but I agree mirroring everything around them. With their Skids pullovers and inner city baggies, their puny voices and stocky Scots bodies, The Original Mirrors have roughly the same effect on me as the Bay City Rollers.

For all their laboured keyboards and multi-echoed guitar, the Original Mirrors' sound is plastic pseudo-music. They are already well out of the picture. Opening with 'Time Has Come', they move through the excessively Skidsish 'Military' and old favourite 'Really Moody', to 'Boys Cry'. The encore is their new single 'Dancing With The Rebels'. Dance on your own, boys, the rebels don't need you.

Back to Peter the Pet, in whom one must continue to have faith. For too long he's been saddled with these three cruds, the honorary other ones, and the split should have happened years ago. Perret is no musical genius, but he has written better lyrics than any of the Costello brigade word-merchants, poetry that springs from the big sleep of heroin addiction as from an oracle.

Bundled onstage, Perrett has to wear a dirty raincoat to keep him warm. His eyes over the microphone are empty black sockets. He is tiny, broken, and his mouth hangs open when he isn't singing. Even his guitar has been turned down, as though the others, with their obtuse, prosaic approach to rock 'n' roll, hadn't trusted him to find the right chords.

John Perry's guitar, on the other hand, drowns the whole auditorium. His Hendrixy Strat-ifying has always been at complete variance with Perrett's songs, and never more so than now, as he piles it on for the last dance. It's like Polyfilla, closing up the gaps left by the band's loss of face, and Perrett's loss of image.

The fans, getting a dignified pogo together for 'Trouble', try to show how distraught they are, but a distinct atmosphere of depression and futility overcomes their efforts. It has always amazed me that a group can play a farewell concert at

CONTINUES p. 47

The People

101 Club

CHARLEY ANDERSON plays like he's glad to be free of The Selecter; now he's able to show what can be really done using his prominent dirty bass with more than a pulsation of melody. Desmond Brown on keyboards looks like he's enjoying his liberation, too. He's more of a comic than The Selecter led you to believe, and tonight he's laughing at the audience for sitting down when they should be moving — and at himself for bouncing offstage and into the crowd to get them dancing.

The People's line-up is completed by drummer John Hobley (late of pallid fop-funk boys Gods Toys) and guitarist Chris Christie, who used to be with Hard Top 22, Charley's old band and the one The Selecter originally sprang from.

Although The People are reggae-based, their syncopations are hypnotic — not predictable like a lot of British practitioners. Mind, reggae is only half the story: ska, jazz, funk and soul are in there as well, together with a very strong rock influence, most evident during shameless guitar breaks. What's most interesting about the band is that they don't combine these elements into a seamless whole: they want you to see the stitching and very consciously move from one genre into another.

But the music still flows, because the sureness and depth of the arrangements means that the transitional passages are bold and dramatic without being awkward and histrionic. The structures which the band build up bear their fair share of catchy pop appeal, displayed to great effect during the slightly melancholic 'Johnnie', the big motorway beat of 'Hit And Run Man', and the quirky, humorous 'This Phone Is Not My Home.'

As a vocalist Charley can be a bit sweet, and Desmond definitely flat and gruff. In combination, though, they seem to work with some help from Chris' oddball low-key soul. However, the lack of a single vocal focus means that some of the songs — especially those proclaiming general (cosmic?) goodwill as a solution to the world's ills — aren't pushed enough at the audience. Still, there's always the hard, brisk, lucid sound to fall back on . . .

The honourable 2-Tone ideal was buried months ago, but the London debut of The People demonstrated that there's life and adventure in some of the spin-offs. The band have a great concluding anthem to prove it: 'Free The People' hammers out its concerned energetic message with monumental tomtoms. The drums are also probably saying: See The People.

Paul Tickell

Chandra & The Dance

Mudd Club

BY 1.30 am, the atmosphere at the Mudd Club has taken on the air of a Bohemian brouhaha. The clientele is a curious mixture: from suburban types in down-filled jackets who stuck it out in sub-zero temperatures for an hour before the doormen finally consented to let them in, to the arty brigade with that fashionably dishevelled look who breeze in with a swift nod, barely breaking stride.

Must be something esoteric in the air — and an expectant hush, as the 12-year-old Chandra appears onstage. She's accompanied by The Dance, five shadowy, unlit figures on a stage barely big enough to hold them. It's intimate, anyway, and the Mudd's revellers are respectful, arranging themselves into a 15-thick sea of heads in a terribly civilised manner.

They're prepared to listen, which can only be a help to Chandra, a waif-like Peter Pan figure who looks no older than her age and is making only her sixth performance with the group. She fixes her eyes on the exit sign 30 feet away and keeps them there, barely blinking, then chants her self-penned lyrics in a deadpan, nursery rhyme manner.

It's eerie, hypnotic. The repetitive, layered rhythms that accompany Chandra's dirge-like recital have a spellbinding effect. No one is moving, but they're all watching. Subject matter being dealt with in this opening song

Chandra: Twelfth Night at the Mudd Club.

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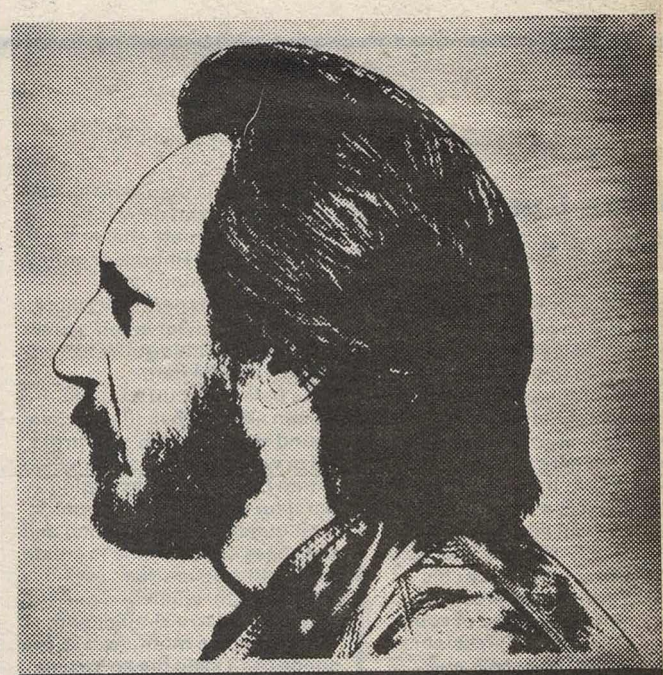

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Introducing the latest pubescent prodigy.

is 'Reincarnation'. Isn't the topic of life after death a little, er, 'heavy' a concept for one so tender in years? Well, Chandra may be a sophisticated pre-teen, but the basis for this and many of her other ideas comes from the staple diet of every other growing American child — television. Her influences range from the scientific series *In Search Of* to *Gilligan's Island*. No different to other kids after all, but her themes are adult in nature, seen through the abstract perspective of pre-pubescence.

Take *'Subways'*, in which paranoia is rampant. *"You're locked in/You fell for the trap/You can't get out/How about that?"* Ironic, really, that an adult who behaves like a 12-year-old is shunned by the rest of a society and treated as sub-normal, but Chandra, a mature mind in a pre-adolescent body, arouses something akin to worship from the grown-ups. She takes them on a mystery tour of her imagination, and the response is obedient, as though she were a deity, a 14-year-old maharishi.

CHANDRA'S early performances were given at parties thrown by her father, 42-year-old sculptor and visual artist Dennis Oppenheim, and her talents were increasingly in demand from guests at the parties, many of them influential film-makers with an eye for developing talent.

Eugenie Diserio and Steve Alexander played with their band, The Model Citizens, at one particular party. Chandra caught them and loved the sound, and upon forming The Dance in December 1979, Eugenie and Steve were looking to expand and take in a younger perspective.

"We wanted our work to have a twofold dimension," says Diserio, "to blend in the ideas of younger people. Chandra's comfortable in the way she sees things. She's naturally psychedelicised, and there's a side of The Dance that can only be expressed through her."

Last summer saw the results of their collaboration, a four-song EP, *'Transportation'*. It's definitely art-rock, psychedelia of sorts, but a newer and more spontaneous wave. Diserio and Alexander work with Chandra until her lyrics mesh with the music, rather than designing one to fit the other. The result is Alice in Wonderland on methedrine; somehow Chandra manages to retain a street-wise New York tough kid image while radiating a sweetie-pie innocence.

Her finest moment, perhaps, is *'Kate'*, a haunting melody made more menacing live by her melodica playing as she sneers at her chum who gets all the attention in school: *"There's a girl named Kate/And she thinks she's really great/But she's not."* She's suitably cold-hearted and cynical, gets just the right amount of Johnny Lydon scowling into her lines as she chides in that spiteful-little-girl tone *"You're so weak/You're so sweet/You're too good for us."*

ADULTS, tarnished by the rigours of grown-up living, see an escape, or perhaps a salvation in Chandra. She teases them about their neuroses, terrifies them with the visions of a generation groomed on video. She has a fascination with board games, and it's easy to imagine her playing snakes and ladders with real human figures, manipulating the pathetic pieces at will.

The collaboration between Chandra and The Dance is still developing, and Eugenie insists that for the idea to work, her prodigy's output must remain uncensored. "She has to be in control of what she's doing. If she were manipulated by adults, we would have to call the whole project a failure. This is our work, it's her hobby and for her it's got to be 80% fun and 20% work." Eugenie hopes to broaden the experiment with the formation of an under-16 band. "Young people are on to a futuristic groove. I think it's valid for 12 and 13-year-olds to have contemporaries up there performing in traditionally adult roles."

Among future projects for Chandra is an appearance later in the year in the prestigious network TV show *Saturday Night Live*. She's already guested for a week on the daytime TV soap opera *Guiding Light*, and her training in acting and articulate manner makes her what the moguls call "a natural" for the small screen.

The Mudd Club liggers just love to be in on the beginning of something.

Mike Barnard

The Only Ones

FROM p.45

all, but tears are not in order.

Some songs are played better than others. 'The Guest' seems especially glacial, with lines like *"I wish I was pure/I wish I wasn't so hot,"* and 'The Big Sleep' is superb. *"I don't have the strength to break an empty shell . . ."* It could almost be true; four years on, Perrett looks like the asthmatic who got teased in the gym. Which is what it all goes back to — the cry of public school disenchantment.

Without drugs, Perrett probably would have been a straight middle-class high rock performer. Now he is one of those precious tarnished angels who might still come up with a magnificent statement about the dignity of death. No longer will his lyrics be vulgarized by that creamy guitar and those dumb drums, 'Kill Yourself' might almost begin to make sense.

It's almost over now. 'Beast' is like filtering the Velvets through T.Rex, and no 'Language Problem' can take the edge off that. A morbid request-spot hammers the last nails into the coffin. Who will win in the end — Perrett or his shadow?

Barney Hoskyns

MARLIESE

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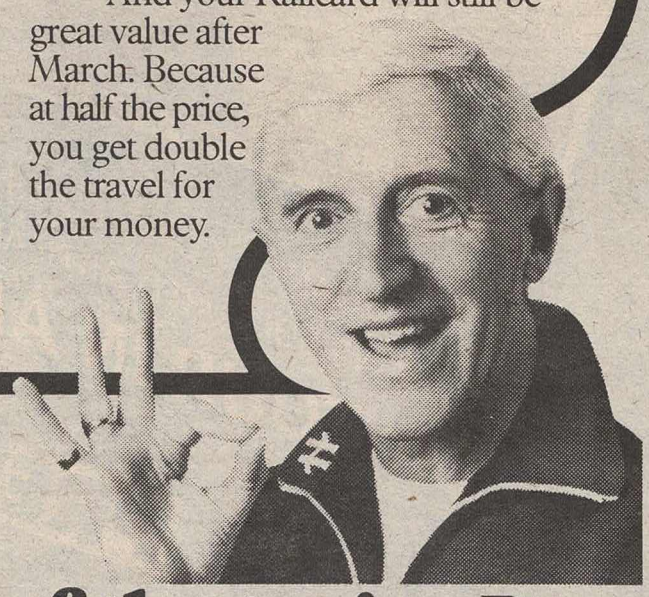

This is the age of the train

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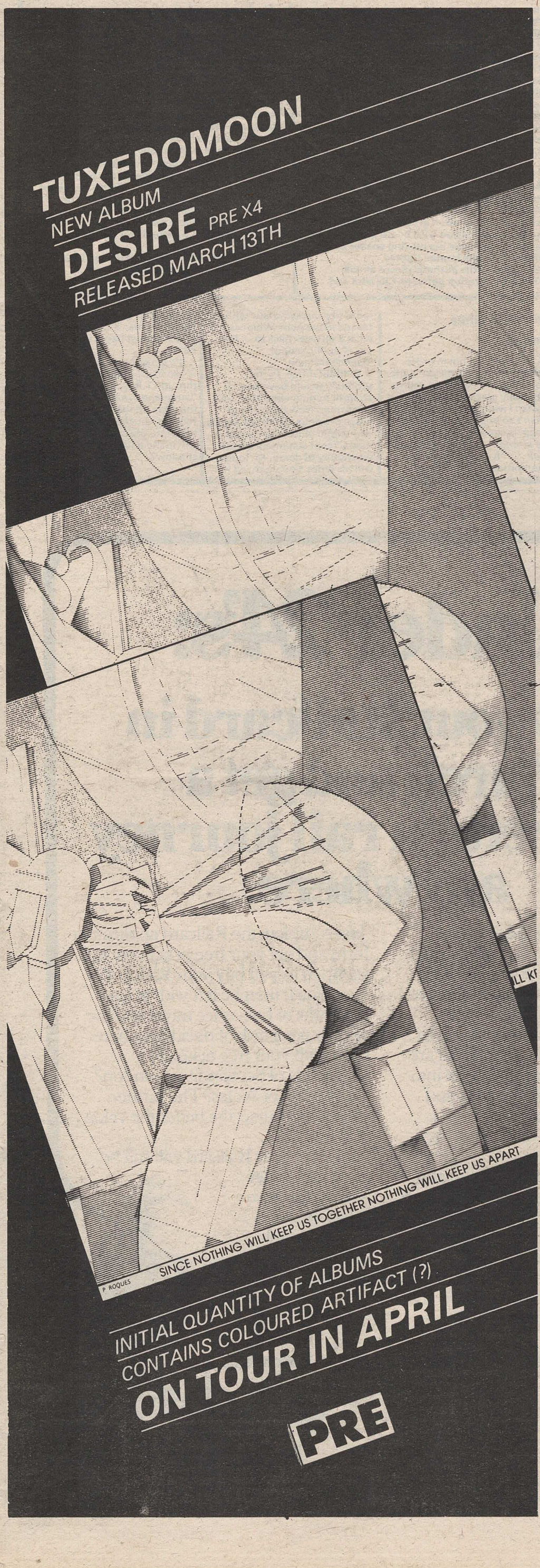

P. ROQUES
SINCE NOTHING WILL KEEP US TOGETHER NOTHING WILL KEEP US APART
INITIAL QUANTITY OF ALBUMS
CONTAINS COLOURED ARTIFACT (?)
ON TOUR IN APRIL
PRE

The ADC Sound Shaper

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL!

1st sub-editor: "Y'know, this really is a great visual."

2nd sub: "Yeah, I still say we should have given it the full colour treatment."

TONE CONTROL BACKLASH

Bernard Futter reports on the burning issue that's dividing the hi-fi world

PROBABLY for no better reason than that they've always been there, tone controls have taken on something of an indispensable look. Mean, how the hell can you have an amp or receiver worthy of the name without bass and treble controls to play around with? Christ, even Dansette record players can't do without them. In today's feature — or should I say gimmick(?) — laden world of hifi, a few British makers of up-market esoterica have actually had the temerity to leave them off altogether.

Such notables as Naim Audio and Meridian have started what amounts to a tone control backlash with their excellent ranges of amps. Having owned a Naim amp for a longish period, I must admit to never feeling a sense of deprivation at their omission. The thinking of these two manufacturers is that for every gain made by employing tone correction there's likely to be an unacceptable trade off. For example, you've got a battered but favourite record in your collection that's got a load of top end crackle on it. By applying a degree of treble cut you will certainly improve matters in *that* direction but at the expense of losing a fair amount of top end detail from the music.

The trouble is that tone controls are not very selective and affect a widish part of the frequency range. In studios, graphic equalizers are employed which are able to eliminate problems selectively right the way across the frequency range producing an almost limitless number of sonic permutations. For home hifi there have been few bits of similar hardware available and at the moment, ADC, the USA based arm of the Birmingham Company BSR, have a virtual monopoly with their "Sound Shaper" range. In their literature ADC make some pretty extravagant claims for their Sound Shapers which made me, at least, wonder how the hell I had ever managed without one before!

Perhaps the most fundamental reason for owning one of these devices is if you have real problems with your listening environment. Very few of us are able to listen in surroundings which yield a flat response. Too many reflective surfaces and reproduction sounds over bright. A surfeit of absorbent furnishings yields the opposite — a dead and lifeless response. For people wishing to equalize their whole system ADC do provide an accessory to remove the guesswork. Rumble from a turntable, tape hiss or those scratchy records or even a good old equipment mismatch are other areas where a Sound Shaper should be able to effect improvements. Perhaps the most interesting claim concerns the unit's ability to accent a vocal or particular instrument that you feel lacks emphasis.

So that we could find out for ourselves, ADC sent along the third up in their range, the Sound Shaper Two MKII which can be found at a shop around price of about £135.00. As can be seen from the accompanying pic, the distinctive visual feature of the Sound Shaper Two is a row of twenty four faders — twelve for each channel — spaced out across the fascia. These provide narrow band correction across the nominal adult hearing spectum in control bands at 30, 50, 90, 160, 300, 500, 900, 1600, 3000, 5000, 9000 and 16000Hz. When the faders are stationed in the central detent position no Eq is provided. Moving them to the furthest extent of their travel up or down effects a pretty significant + 12dB boost or cut. Push button controls are provided for power, line record, tape monitor, Eq bypass and meter off/on. Dual L/R channel rotary controls are also provided for meter calibration and for matching the level of an equalized signal with the original. The meter consists of a scale of LEDS which instantly monitors signal levels.

All that remains is a socket to accommodate the SLM3 sound level meter. This is the device that facilitates the Eq-ing of a complete system already referred to. The SLM3 is a battery powered hand held accessory which is used in conjunction with a test record. The SLM3 costs about £40.00. Unfortunately one was not delivered with the SS2 MKII to test. The back of the unit is uncluttered and all connections are via phono sockets. With integrated amps or receivers, the SS2 MkII is hooked into circuit via the tape sockets. The amp or receiver must feature a tape monitor button which is left in the "on" position. Alternatively the SS2 MKII can be connected between separate pre and power amplifiers.

Before getting down to serious business, just playing with the SS2 MKII immediately gives a good indication of the amazing range of permutations possible. Fortunately (for me) I do have a better than average acoustic in my listening room and my first test was to see if I could find an optimum setting that would improve the sound characteristic of my whole system. For this exercise I employed a selection of Sheffield Lab direct cut and Mobile Fidelity Super discs as

■ *Continues p.50*

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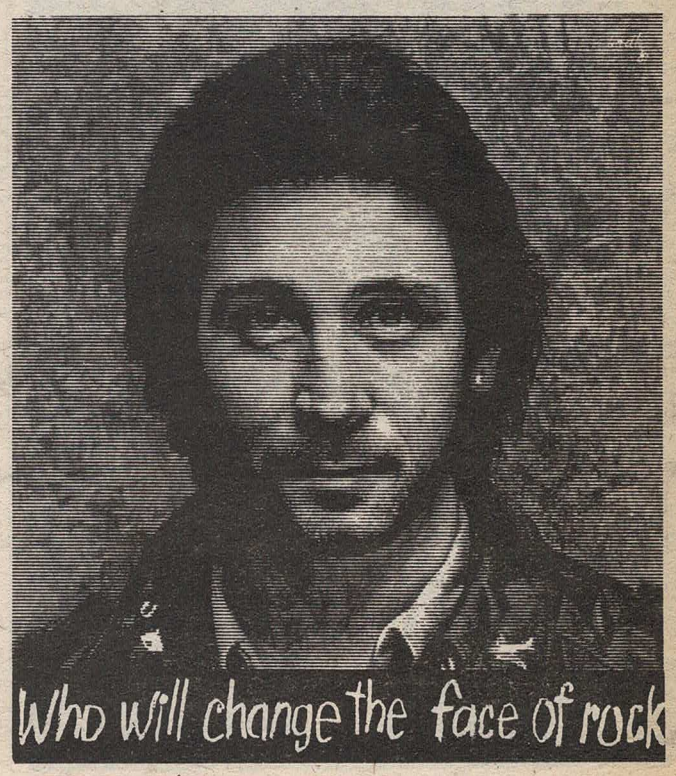

THE SELECTER ON TOUR

MARCH

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12 HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
13 LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT THEATRE
14 PRESTON POLYTECHNIC
15 NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
16 EDINBURGH TIFFANYS
17 GLASGOW TIFFANYS
18 BOLTON SPORTS CENTRE
19 MANCHESTER POLYTECHNIC
20 SHEFFIELD POLYTECHNIC
21 NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
22 DUNSTABLE QUEENSWAY HALL
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+
STATISTICS
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Tickets on night from Jacksons or in advance from "The Little Shop," 251 Archway Rd. N6

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL

■ *From p.48*

well as reel to reel master tapes. Although on individual selections an improved tonal balance could be achieved, it was certainly not possible to find an across the board setting that proved automatically better than the non Eq state. Moving on to more difficult sources such as crackly records and hissy tapes, the SS2 MKII really came into its own here and it's possible to lop off the extraneous noises without overly intruding into the music. One of ADC's, on the face of it, more gratuitious claims concerns the possibility of altering the recording engineers' balance or presentation of the final mix. For this test I selected from my collection The Pirates' 'Out of Their Skulls' album. I was fortunate enough to have been in the audience when one side was recorded live at The Nashville Rooms. This particular disc has proved a grave disappointment to many as it lacks all the dynamics and energy that characterize the live sound of this high powered three piece. However, judicious boosting of the 300 and 500 Hz together with the 9 and 16K faders produced markedly more forward vocal and a much more aggressive and raw lead guitar sound. Altogether much more lifelike than the limp original. To summarize my findings, the SS2 MKII is patently capable of making a significant improvement to a hitherto "impossible" listening environment and also compensating for deficiencies in a system (the SLM3 being specially recommended here). For tape enthusiasts it would quickly prove an indispensible tool. As my experiments with 'Out of their Skulls' proved, a much more pleasing balance can be achieved with older and badly engineered sources. An Eq taped copy can then be made for convenience. The SS2 MKII will have much less justification if you are blessed with good acoustics and mainly listen to clean and newish records or tapes. Equipment freaks also *ought* to avoid the SS2 MKII as they could spend half of their lives "tweaking" instead of listening! Restraint is essential.

The ADC Sound Shaper Two MKII is a well-made product that, if used sensibly, will prove a worthwhile addition to many hi-fi systems.

For further details write to: ADC, Powke Lane, Cradley Heath, Warley, W. Midlands B64 5QH.

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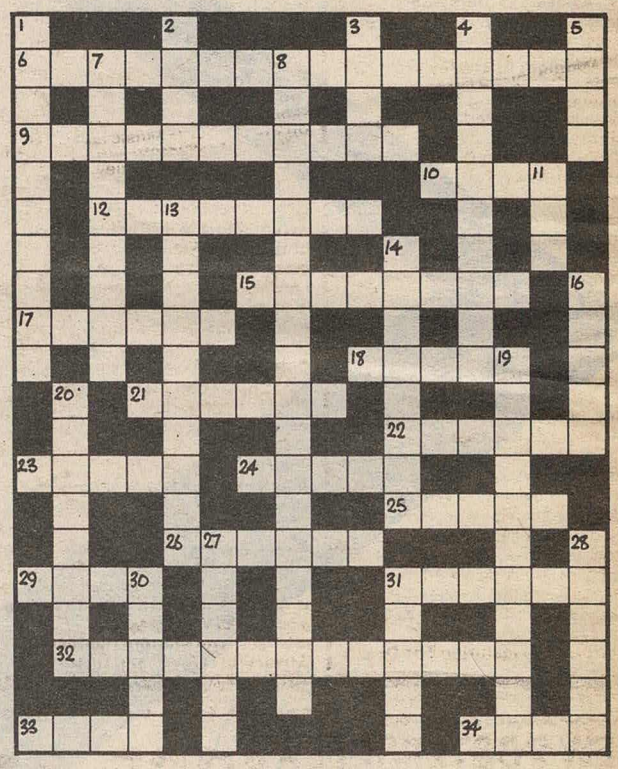

ACROSS
6 The mysterious delights of Joy Division (7, 9)
9 Radio 1 DJ (4, 7)
10 See 25
12 Midge Ure's old band (4, 4)
15 & 20 Doors classic (6, 2, 3, 5)
17 & 33 Followed 'Modern World' (3, 3, 4)
18 Buddy /——/ Copeland
21 & 28 Talented geezer, no doubt you'll have watched his *Soap* spin-off as well as heard his music!!
22 The label I slandered?!
23 Mine's an Upstart!
24 First name of Squeeze vocalist
25 & 10 Costello song that was a hit for Dai Edmunds
26 US musicbiz award
29 American khazi?
31 Wimpy Wings hit (2, 4)
32 Drummer whose surname is part of his group's (4, 9)
33 See 17
34 Nils Lofgren's old band

DOWN
1 Birmingham poser band (5, 5)
2 US West Coast magazine which also runs eponymous label
3 Wingfield or Burns
4 Teardrop and No 1 Scott Walker fan (6, 4)
5 Secret Affair label (1, 3)
7 Chief Coconut at Ze (3, 6)
8 The company John keeps! (6, 5, 7)
11 Pretenders hit
13 'Tapestry' was her big selling '70s LP (6, 4)
14 Controversial 1980 movie starring Al Pacino
16 Byrne or Crosby? (We know which one we'd take)
19 Walthamstow-based independent (5, 6)
20 See 15
27 Jimmy or David (How's your soul?)
28 See 21
30 Surname of female colleague of 32 across
31 Paul Anka wrote the English words (2, 3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 James (Taylor); 4 Cat Stevens; 9 Dance Craze; 10 Tommy; 13 'Southern Freeze'; 15 Alien; 16 Dion; 17 Cindy; 18 Cleo; 20 Roadie; 21 (Ian) Gomm; 24 Meg (Richardson); 25 Ramona Carlier; 27 'I Surrender'; 29 Music; 30 Tim (Rice); 31 & 32 Ellen Foley; 33 (James) Taylor.

DOWN: 1 'Jealous (Guy)'; 2 Mick Taylor; 3 Secret Affair; 5 'The Prince'; 6 Themeninblack; 7 Vortex; 8 Scum; 11 'Makin' Movies'; 12 'Young Americans'; 14 Neil Diamond; 22 & 19 'Once In A Lifetime'; 23 Drummer; 26 '(Jealous) Guy'; 28 (Tim) Rice.

DATA CONTROL

■ **Singing Brains** — who hail from Tottenham — release a couple of tapes on their own SB label. An eight-tracker, 'Singing Brains Two', and 'Solid Stools', a single-track cassette, are available for £1 each or £1.50 for the pair from Steve Maughan, 155 High Road, Tottenham, London N15.

■ NEO Tapes of Lancs release their first compilation entitled 'The Future Now', featuring half-a-dozen local groups, **Religious Overdose, The Outsiders, SonderKommando, Death Watch Beatle, The Philosophers** and **The Underground.** It retails for £1.50 from Michael J Evans, 16 Quernmore Drive, Kelbrook, nr Colne, Lancs.

■ **Kettles In Spring** have their second cassette LP out on Rasquap Products. Titled 'Two Sides To Every Story', it costs £1 from Chris Knowles, 291 Goodwood Avenue, Hornchurch, Essex.

■ **The Midnight Circus** release a C60 cassette LP on Bland Craze Recordings, featuring two previously unreleased recordings. Entitled 'Neo Deco', it is available for a C60 plus SAE from Chris Barker, 48 Woodbrook Road, Loughborough, Leics.

■ 'New Age Noise', an 18-track C60 sampler, features tracks taken from the first nine releases on the Alternative Capitalists label and costs 50p from Dave Dixey, 14 Suffolk Close, Wigston, Leicester.

■ The Leisure Sounds Annual, the third cassette release from the Royston-based label responsible for the recent **Dogma Cats** and **Ersatz** singles, is now out. In addition to a new Cats track, it features recordings by **The Outputs, Rapiers,** and sundry others, and costs 75p from Leisure Sounds, 9 Whitecroft Road, Meldreth, Royston, Herts.

■ **The Bastoids'** latest cassette 'Germany Calling' is available for the bargain knock-down price of just 99 pence — or a blank cassette/SAE — from Sean O'Halloran, 56 Keepers Lane, Weaverham, Northwich, Cheshire. A C30 featuring **The Drug** C/O P Davies, Foremarke Hall, Milton, Derbyshire.

■ X-Centric Noise Tapes present a compilation cassette featuring 27 tracks of both "punk" and "wierd" music, the latter being "Throbbing Gristle type stuff". Complete with an info sheet, it will set you back £1.80 if you write to X-CNT, 17 West End Road, Cottingham, E Yorks.

■ **Yesterdays Parties** have released a compilation cassette of their final moments for £1.25, care of Plectrum Records, 93 Taverners Road, Peterborough. The group's LP 'No Cause For Alarm' is still available through Pinnacle Records.

■ The fourth release on Maidstone's Dead Hippy label is a C30 cassette, 'Deception' by **Appropriate Noise.** It costs £1.50 from Dead Hippy at 19 Westmorland Road, Maidstone, Kent, the place where Gillingham's cup run (more of a stagger, really — Ed) came to an inglorious end a few months back.

■ "Wiltshire's sunniest peasant" **Arnold Grimstead** releases a seven-song cassette 'Guai A Musica' on the No Man's Music label. It is available for £2 from AM Oakley, 12 A Mortimer Road, Botley, Hants. Also available on the same label are two further cassettes, Arnold's earlier effort 'Wild Things' (£1.50) and the 'Tremendous Trifles' compilation featuring **The Oafs, Lardheads** and, of course, Arnold, all for two quid.

■ **APF Brigade** — featured on the Crass label compilation 'Bullshit Detector' — have sent in a missive advising us that they will record "live in their garage" for anyone sending either a blank tape or £1 to them at 56 Robert Ave, Paston Ave, Peterborough, Cambs.

■ Snatch Tapes have two new solo cassettes out, 'Reprint' by **Claire Thomas** and **Susan Vezey** and 'Slow Music' by **David Jackman.** Both cost £2 and are available from Snatch at 112 Elm Grove Road, London SW13.

■ A C60/SAE is all it takes to secure a couple of West German tape releases, **The Sombre Reptiles** 'Love/War/Travel' and **DDHR's** 'AMF'. The DDHR tape is a piano LP inspired by Brian Eno's 'Ambient Music' and includes a cover of the balding one's 'By This River' while The Sombre Reptiles are more conventional, mixing synthesiser with guitar, bass and drums. The tapes are available from David Reilly, Langenwaldstrasse 12, 3582 Falsberg, West Germany.

■ Southampton's **Games To Avoid** release a tape of a local live date, feturing three of their own compositions. It retails for £1 from Background Music, 'Hollywood', 78 Burseldon Road, Bittern, Southampton.

■ A North Wales compilation featuring **The Non-Trendies, X Men, No Commercial Potential, Psychotic Graffiti, Cheap Plectrum, Tempodex** and **Prevent Forest Fires,** is available for £1.35 from Working Man's Tapes, 18 Edward Henry Street, Rhyl, Clwyd, Wales.

■ Conventional Tapes release a series of four tapes, largely compilations, all one hour long and costing £1.50 each from A Clough, 1 Atkinson Court, 2 Kings Close, London E10. 'Cigars On Wednesday' features **The Notsensibles, The Scum** and others. 'An Ye As Well' is exclusively **ATV**, nowt else. 'Mother Of A Punch' includes **The Door And The Window, Tiger Tails, The Ordinary** and others. 'National Grid 2' is an electronics compilation.

■ Smegma Records of 4 Trentham Avenue, Mossley Hill, Liverpool, have two current releases, 'The Greasy Fuckers' Party', a £1 compilation and **Cyclic Amps'** '25 Golden Greats' for £1.45. Both are also available for a blank tape plus 25p.

■ **Mutant Voice,** a Northampton electronic group, release their first cassette, 'My Mutant Voice'. It costs £1.30 from the group themselves at 25 Gallfield Court, Bellinge, Northampton.

■ 'Music Without Culture', a C60 by **The** — yup, just **'The'** — is available for £1.30 or a blank tape/SAE from 2 Drayton Street, Swadlincote, Derbyshire.

■ Nice Surprise Records' first cassette, 'Damp Crotch' by **The Clinging Underpants,** is available for £1 from NSR at 18 Mancot Lane, Mancot, Deeside, Clwyd.

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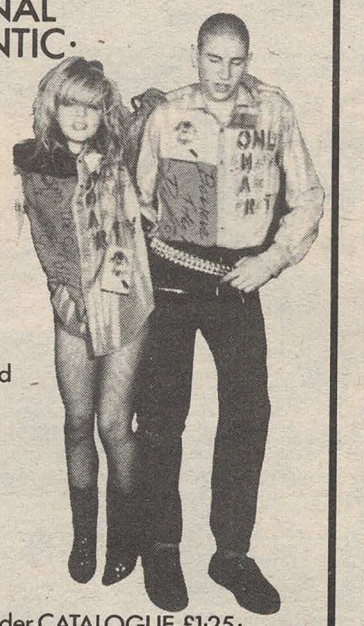

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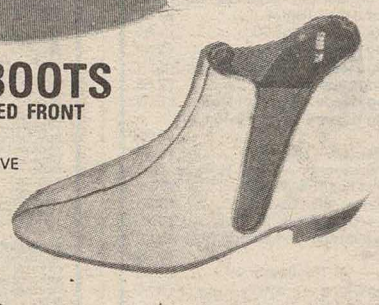

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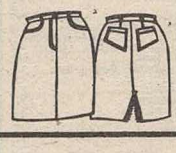

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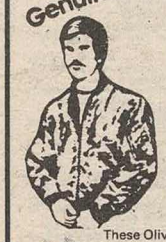

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OL' SAM RIVERS

From page 27

"Who knows? If the Klan make the blacks mad enough — and that's what they seem to be trying to do — you might see slaughter on an incredible scale with the military stuck right there in the middle.

"But the poor white people in the States, there's probably more of them than the entire black population. The whites keep quiet about it though because they're ashamed of being poor. This works well for the establishment. These people aren't going to fight, they're not intending to join with the blacks to improve things — because they feel so separate, and their feeling that way helps keep those forces back and those tensions down.

"In general there hasn't been much progress made since the '60s and the civil rights campaigns. I think the leaders of the black community are pretty disillusioned themselves by now.

"There's also this other thing of property being more important than people, which is why when the blacks riot like they did a while ago in Miami they go tearing up things. It doesn't bother the authorities how many people get killed, but if you burn down a building — that's *serious,* you know?

"And all the blacks understand that. People wonder why they burn down their own homes but they don't own those houses. The black community in America is not owned by the black community. So that's something everybody should understand — when the blacks burn down a black neighbourhood, it's white-owned by people who live someplace else in the suburbs. The blacks basically don't give a damn. Why should they? What difference does it make to them? They can only be moved on into another neighbourhood that isn't theirs to own."

THE CONVERSATION returns to music and motivation. Rivers regards rock and pop, black or white, with faint bewilderment.

"I guess it all depends on why you're making music and whether a musician wants to extend himself and develop or not. Something like disco has its place, but I've never thought music was a thing you just sort of *threw* at people. I'm surprised at the musicians who make those kind of records. I mean, don't they ever get bored? They must do. And is the money they might be earning enough compensation for that?

"I like to dance, but whenever I've gone to discos I've always found the music so monotonous. It's the steadiness of the thing, all those exact counts and beats per minute, that really gets to me after a while.

"I'm happier myself playing to small audiences. Jazz is an intimate music. You can't put it in stadiums, or if you do then it takes on the status of an event more than of a musical performance. But something must be going right otherwise I wouldn't still be getting regular royalties on albums I made 20 years ago or playing to full houses over here in Europe.

"There are times, though, when I realize I've been lucky to have survived . . ."

Rivers goes on the relate an incident that happened when he was preoccupied with his Manhattan loft. A well-known American news magazine had commissioned an article on the current state of jazz and, casting about for a hook, their man descended upon Rivers fully expecting to be given a guided tour of the "scene", introductions to other musicians an optional extra.

Insulted by the writer's patronising manner and apparent ignorance of recent, important developments in the music, Rivers gave him short shrift — "I was amazed they'd sent someone so completely untutored". An interview did however take place, during which Rivers happened to express the not unreasonable opinion that all the crucial innovations in jazz had been made by black musicians. But when the article appeared in print, Rivers was far from surprised to discover he had been badly misquoted.

"It amounted to a deliberate attempt to destroy me and what standing I have or had at the time. I was down as saying that there was no white man that had contributed anything to jazz. The sense of what I'd really said was totally distorted. I've been playing with white musicians all my life: I don't make those kind of distinctions.

"But then you tell them what you know to be the case, and they really resent you for it. Anyone who questions their view of the music just isn't going to get a fair hearing. The article itself was terrible; Ornette and Cecil were dismissed in a couple of lines, then Keith Jarrett was made out to be the major musician of the day. Now much though I like Keith's piano playing and admire him as a performer, there's no way that's so. It's like saying Weather Report are the best jazz group in the world just because they win polls in *Downbeat.* Sure they're good, but that's not the point."

In Rivers' experience, all the evidence points to one thing: if you're a musician in his situation and you take aesthetic chances or make a creative stand, then the critical orthodoxy will hack you into tiny pieces.

"It's just like up at City Hall — the wrong people are in control. There have always been just a few critics with an enormous amount of power that they abuse. Their influence is basically negative; they have, I think, done the music more damage than any other one thing.

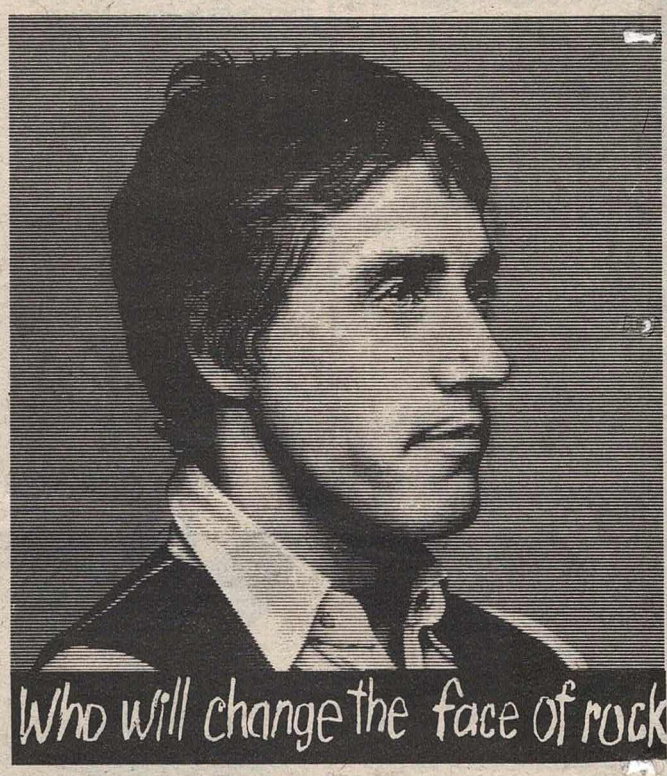
"They promote mediocre musicians at the expense of the innovators. Why did Parker try to commit suicide? Most probably because he received such a bad press, because these people made no effort to understand his music.

"But what the hell? In New York one or two of the critics there see me coming down the street and they cross the road. They won't even talk to you. So if that's how they want it, that's alright by me."

Sam Rivers' resolve seems unshakable. Living as we do in a society with values that have invaded many musicians' artistic integrity and effectively destroyed their creativity by making it a commodity, it's not a little humbling to meet such a man. But canonise Rivers, and you'd be missing him by a mile.

"For me," he declares, "it's always been pretty straightforward. I've spent a lot of time and effort trying to add something to the music and extend the tradition. I happen to think that's a worthwhile thing to do, and I've never regretted becoming a jazz musician.

"I've always had this thing inside me which means I'll never be satisfied with what I do. I'll always be chasing some golden Grail or another that's just out of reach. And, believe me, I'm grateful for that. I wouldn't have it any other way."



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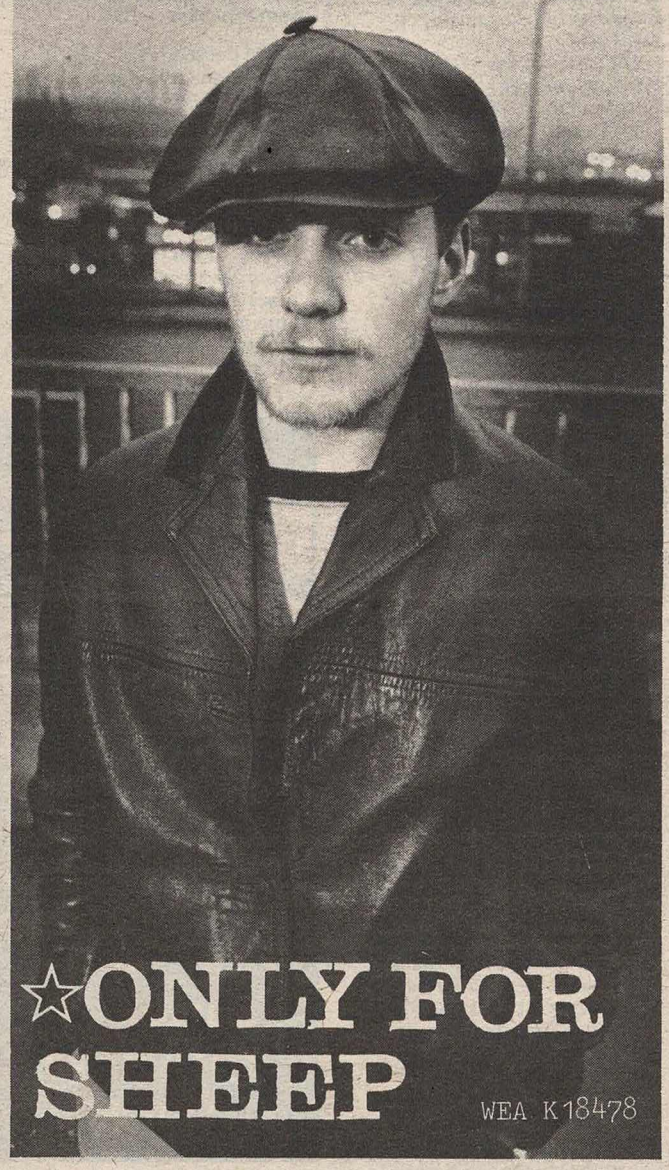

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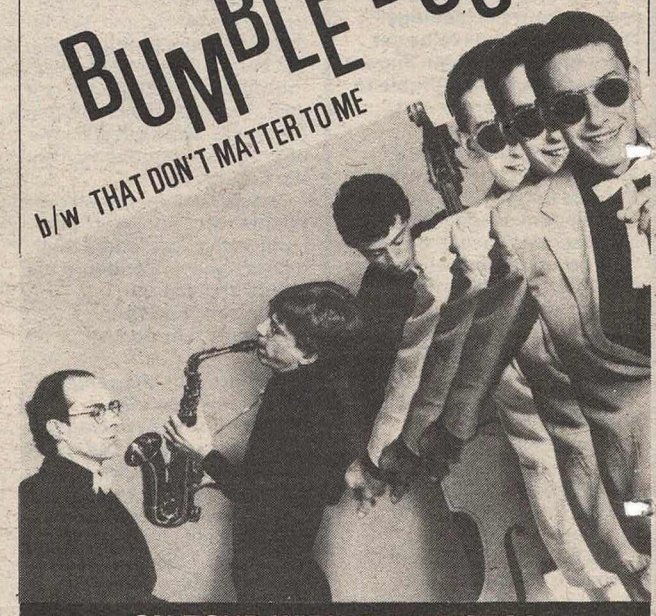

ON TOUR WITH THE PHOTOS

MARCH 12 Canterbury University
13 Brunel University
14 Northampton Cricket Club
17 Sheffield Limit Club
18 Leeds Warehouse
19 Harlow Technical College
21 Manchester Polytechnic

A&M RECORDS

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As I've recently gone up in the world, I'm afraid I'll have to cancel my subscription to *NME*.
Lady Diana Spencer, London.

Lady Diana Spencer is the sort of person who thinks a brillo pad is a smart flat in the city.
Prince Andrew.
I bet you're the kind of person who thinks "Domestos" is Italian for "housekeeper". — G.L.

Your correspondent in *Gasbag*, Konrad S. Marlow, and for that matter Andy Gill as well, seem to have got their wires crossed a bit about anarchism.

Anarchism is a creed that has been held by millions of people all around the world, and which in some countries (Spain, Italy, Russia, China, Bulgaria, Argentina, etc.) could lay claim to have been a truly mass movement.

But Fascist and Communist dictatorships between them physically annihilated these movements, and so nowadays anarchists may seem to be voices crying in the wilderness. But even that's not really true, for at the right time anarchists have had an appreciable effect upon their societies (eg. Provo in Holland, or the Situationists in France).

The sad fact remains that the working class of Western Europe has long since ceased to be revolutionary, and until they become so again then anarchism may well go on being a shade 'utopian' as Andy Gill would have it. Anything else though is dead useless. Capitalism is essentially destructive, and no matter how many Michael Foots you elect nothing short of a major transformation of society is going to halt the rush towards war and ecological catastrophe.

As for Marxism, we all know enough about its practice (and even its theory) to realise how futile and sterile it is. As the Situationists put it back in '68, "People who talk about revolution and class struggle without referring explicitly to everyday life, without understanding what is subversive about love and what is positive in the refusal of constraints, such people have a corpse in their mouth." I'm afraid Konrad S. Marlow's got a few cadavers in his gob as well.
Uncle Remus, Beyond The Fringe.
Situationist theory is a bit of a mouthful itself: eg; "the illusion entertained more or less explicitly by genuine anarchism is the permanent imminence of an instantaneously accomplished revolution which will prove the truth of the ideology and of the mode of practical organisation derived from the ideology." This hardly seems to be yer everyday Mills & Boon lingo, and not exactly favourable to anarchism to boot. — G.L.

Have the highest regard for Josef K and The Fire Engines but less for Paul Morley's extravagant exaggerations. He describes Josef K as the best group performance he'd ever seen, and the music world's salvation.

A few weeks later, Morley gives the same euphoric reception to The Fire Engines.

Every new group he sees seem to give ever-increasingly brilliant performances.

Now he says "Bush Tetras are the most exciting and uplifting I've ever heard."

We have in this country Freedom of Speech. But!
Dr. Snuggles Fan, Edinburgh.
"Paul Morley" is a rockist term which should be deleted from all jest lists at jigs. — Errol Binbag.

So, Graham Lock, what's with you and, for that matter,the entire music press, slagging off hippies and their philosophies? (*Gasbag NME* 21.2.81) Because it's trendy to knock hippies, *you* do. Think for yourselves, for God's sake.

A lot of people follow your publication and a lot of people want peace, so lead the way towards universal peace and prosperity.
Dave Bates.
I'm all for peace and love as goals but I doubt if they're effective as tactics. We won't defeat Reagan and Thatcher by loving them — we have to *organise* and *fight back*. — G.L.

The day John Lennon's death was announced I left London to come to Zimbabwe. It was a grim departure, but the warmth and friendliness of the Zimbabwean people soon put a smile back on my face.

My job here is to re-organise the most racist record library likely to be found outside a Nazi concentration camp and the task is not made easy by the lack of foreign exchange in existence here.

It is a desperate situation and I am hoping that some of you who read this will come to our assistance. Any old R&B, blues, soul, punk, new wave or reggae records you may have lying around would be greatly appreciated. You could either send them to me direct at Z.B.C., PO Box HG 444, Highlands, Salisbury, Zimbabwe, or send or deliver them to Miss Alison Murray, Zimbabwe House, The Strand, London WC2, and she will send them on.

On behalf of the people of Zimbabwe, I would like to say thank-you in advance to anyone who comes to our assistance.
Michelle Churchill, Zimbabwe.

Since the tragic death of John Lennon, I have listened with enjoyment, admiration and respect to his music played frequently on the radio.

But I pray to God I don't outlive Cliff Richard.
Johnny Lister, Reigate.
A-men! — G.L.

Re. R. Nixon's letter *(NME* 28.2.81). Have John Lennon fans let him die in vain?

Mass patriotic hysteria has prepared the American people for a US invasion of El Salvador. They already have more military advisers in El Salvador than they had in Vietnam, and are pouring millions of dollars in to prop up the fascist regime. While the people are fighting against the brutal dictatorship which murdered 18,000 people last year, Thatcher backs Reagan's attempt to wipe out all signs of progressive movements in the Caribbean.

Now is the time for all the people who mourned John Lennon to show where their hearts really are and turn his words into action.
El Salvador Solidarity Campaign, London N1.

Funny how it's the same people that back US intervention in El Salvador who keep warning the USSR to stay out of Poland. — G.L.
Dear Comrade N (re. *Gasbag* 21.2.81), along with many other people (Jews and non-Jews), I disagree with the current policies of Israel's right-wing government. But because of these policies, does it therefore mean that the whole idea of Zionism is shit? In the same vein, just because the Soviet Union is a Stalinist State (and about as socialist as the USA), does it mean that egalitarianism can never be achieved? Just because the C.P. has butchered and debased Marxist philosophy it does not mean that Marxist philosophy is defunct.

Please take note of how the well-worn phrase of the Nazis "International Jewry" has given way to the more respectable and "hip" term "International Zionism". To beat up and intern Jews in the USSR under the pretence of Zionist activities can thus be justified.

Let's face it, the PLO are about as radically left as the Communist Party (yes, that's what I said!) The great PLO are backed by the Soviet Union. . . it must be left-wing! Well bullshit. . . it is a Nationalist Organisation, whereas Israel, with all its faults, is multi-nationalist. Take closer look at the PLO's aims — Palestine for the Palestinians, bye-bye everyone else. Compare that with Hitler's Germany for the Germans. If anyone wants a pure race, it's the PLO.

And finally, just for the record, some facts on the C.P's anti-fascist record in this country. At the end of the last war, the C.P. demanded that Polish displaced citizens should be repatriated on the grounds that they were stealing British workers jobs!
An anti-fascist, London.

I like your paper but my fingers make the pages black.
An irate coalminer, Llangollen.

I see Vivien Goldman managed to drag a criticism of the Pope into her review of *Prostitute* (February 28).

Look, Viv, what the Pope says or does need bother only us Catholics. If he lays down standards of morality, that's our concern, nobody else's, because we're the only people who have to abide by them. You don't have to, so you're not entitled to comment.

How about minding your own business? If, as you say, any "Sexual/social hypocrisy" is generated by our beliefs, then leave us to worry about it, eh?
Bob Lyons, Birmingham.
What a load of (Papal) bull! It's the Pope who's laying down the law and telling women what to do with *their* bodies and *their* sexuality, so obviously *he's* the one who ought to shut up and mind his own business. — G.L.

White people (especially a person called Vivien Goldman), you make me fucking sick.

Stop ripping off, scrutinising, cultures other than your own for your own petit-bourgeois voyeuristic pleasures.

Why, white people, does your mainly middle-class 'black fever' demand that you consume our culture and, in the process, distort it into unrecognisable manifestations when you present it in 'your media'?

You have no understanding of the conditions under which young black people live in this country, nor their aspirations, and you never will. So give up the illusion that you are trying.
Mohammed Karim, Birmingham.
So what do you want, Mohammed, apartheid? Do you also think English people shouldn't write about American music? That men shouldn't write about women's music? Isn't the logical conclusion of your argument that no-one is qualified to write about anything except themselves? Three other points: 1) The people here who write about black music do so, not because of petit-buorgeois voyeurism, but because they genuinely love the music. 2) If we didn't write about black music at all, we'd then be accused — rightly, I think — of being racist. 3) Most of the black musicians I know want *more* not less representation in the media — isn't the point that we're living in a *multi*-racial society? I agree absolutely that there are not enough black writers around but surely the enemy is not people like Viv Goldman, whose support has actively aided black musicians, but a ruling class who consistently deny black people — and working-class white people — reasonable access to the media and the means of production. — G.L.

So *T-zers* have decided to knock the Great Wall club just because they don't play Ultravox, Visage, Ballet and other 'pop music'.

Jap new wave is new and vibrant, and I for one am glad someone is taking the trouble to play it.
The girl in the Plastics T-shirt, London NW11.

You may be right but have you tried the rootsy ambience of St. Pancras Station's 'Buffet Futura'? — G.L.

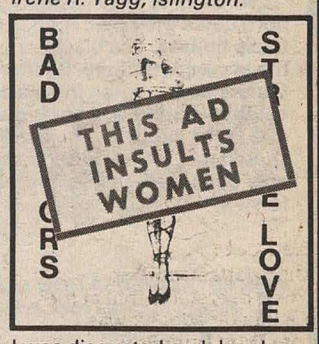
"Sergeant Rock is going to help me, make the girl mine, keep her stood in line, wave the victory sign. If I could only be like him, and win my own battle of the sexes."

This record is *not* about loving, caring, equal relationships; it is *not* about men showing respect and regard for women.

This record is about violence against women.

It's talking about male dominance, one of the worst examples of which is keeping women in line by beating them.

I think this record perpetuates that situation. It is a defence of male power.
Irene R. Tagg, Islington.



I was disgusted and deeply saddened by the advertisement for Bad Actors' 'Strange Love' which you carried in the *NME* (28 Feb).

Every day women are raped, tortured and murdered. The pornographic image used in the ad presents the humiliation and torture of a woman as entertainment.

Following this, can we expect to see ads depicting the delights of lynching blacks or gassing Jews? No, I don't expect we can.

Why is some hateful propaganda more acceptable than other hateful propagada?
Melanie Rawlinson, Norwich.

Sexism is the kind of shit shown on page 43 of *NME*, 28th Feb. issue. I don't care if you do disown your Advertising Dept., the Bad Actors' 'Strange Love' advert is still degrading. Wise up.
Stephen Leuilin, Wantage.
Right. Such ads make me feel sick, angry and ashamed but it's not a question of "wising up" or disowning the Ad. Dept. It's a question of power and we don't have it — we don't even see the ads until they appear in the paper. So don't just write to *Gasbag*, complain to the Ad. Director (address on opposite page), complain to the Advertising Standards Authority, 2-16 Torrington Place, London WC1E 7HN, complain to the record company — in this case, Sophisticated Noise, Ramacre Cottage Studio, 2 Harewood Rd, South Croydon, Surrey CR2 7AL. The more people who make a fuss, the more likely we are to change IPC advertising policy. — G.L.

Yet again, totally predictably, the entertainment wing of the capitalist press tell us that "being with EMI is like joining the Tory Party and still wearing dungarees". The fascist running dog Ian Penman, a pretentious and incomprehensible "writer", pretends that IPC is cool and EMI not! Who're you trying to kid?

Are your dungies, Een, packed away with the freebie records and expense account trips to New York? (IPC better than a fanzine, eh?) Of course, the acned red-nosed dwarf could not possibly be accused of hypocrisy — and what's more *(cont. p.94)*
The Gang Of Four
● **'Solid Gold' album winners. — G. L.**

I've borrowed my friend's C81 and I'm now making bootleg copies of it for other mates. I'm also selling it for £1.50 without p&p or two of those silly coupons.

Can you or Rough Trade sue?

I tape my music — seriously!!
Nellie Garters, Belfast.
● **Blank cassette winner. — G.L.**

GASBAG

THE BAG FIT FOR HEROES

From Fuzz Against Junk & The Hero Maker by Akbar Del Piombo and Norman Rubington (Olympia Press 1966).

The Heroic Impact.

"And here we have an impressive demonstration of the metaphysical force which motivates the heroic drive and constitutes an essential part of the superhuman attributes of the hero.

"Above: A blow on the partition sends goat and chair to the ceiling in a breathtaking loop.

"Opposite: Ordinary man engaged in imitation of heroic impact, sadly oblivious that no amount of practice will dote him with the superhuman gifts of the former...

For free goat and chair, write to Gasbag, NME, 3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1.

Your suave sorter — GRAHAM LOCK

T-ZERS

AFTER A winter spent in hibernation and preparation in darkest Moseley, **UB40** wheeled out their brand new horn section for the New Cross benefit in London on Saturday night — that's toaster **Astro** and percussionist **Norman** playing trumpet and trombone respectively. The resultant sound was a more strident, uptempo skank than the usual mellow reggae groove, more Stax than Studio One. "You think so?" asked bemused saxman **Brian Travers**. "That's probably 'cos we haven't learned to play proper reggae horns yet. Give us another six months and we'll be there." Nonetheless, the horns will be featured on the group's soon-coming new single, once a few label problems have been sorted out . . .

And spotted sporting a fetching deerstalker hat at the same benefit concert was former **Dum Dum Boy, Ranking Roger,** who confessed that The Beat have still to come up with a title for their second LP. Roger's suggestion is 'Compulsion'. Why? "It means the same as 'I Can't Stop It'." Oh yeah, right, hmmm . . .

BRRING Brring! A rather distraught phone call from The Skids camp, situated somewhere north of Adrian's Wall. What seemed to be the trouble? we asked in our most solicitous tones. Well, could we make it clear that in that Jobbo interview last week, Richard's avowed distaste for guitarer Stuart Adamson's work was only a reference to his older, more rock-orientated style, and not to what he's doing these days. Why sure, anything to oblige. And we hope the statement didn't cause too big a rift. God, we're so nice around here . . .

Meanwhile, Quote O' The Month comes from **Ross Middleton** of **Positive Noise:** "It sickens me the way all the bands like us and Magazine get labelled as arty. We're not advocating art. All we're saying is, it just 'appens!" Oi Oi!

And that renowned home of Oi-ful noises, the Bridgehouse in Canning Town, receives a culture shock on March 25 when **John Cooper Clark** (without his **Massed Carnaby Street** collaborators, but with a Thames TV crew) will be invading the place to film a documentary on modern poetry. Doc Martens and tatoos will be obligatory. Of course, this is all assuming that the lad makes it back intact from the Sheffield Limit club's third birthday celebrations which occur the night before . . .

Most indignant, like, little **David Cunningham** (pocket-sized, Napoleonic supremo of **The Flying Lizards)** gets up on his hind legs to denounce **Ian Penman's** description of him, in last week's *Singles,* as "A shorty". The diminutive Cunningham would like it known that he is all of 5'8½" . . . he says . . . Tee-hee, size-ism is such fun . . .

Those irrepressible **Simple Minds,** who are going to work on their first Virgin recordings with **Steve Hillage** of all people, recently supplied the theme music for a BBC Scotland (they get the BBC up there? Really?) production of **Rabbi Burns'** *Tam O'Shanter . . .*

AND NOW, here is Ze news: **Kid Creole And The Coconuts** are doing a month-long, three nights a week residency in Disneyland Florida during the spring. They're presently doing an LP. They might even do some UK dates in the summer (but *where?*) . . . And on the same subject, why are Island so coy about their videos of the lad? (union problems?). Imagine — Kid Creole on *Tiswas!* Let's start a campaign . . .

There's a new **Was Not Was** single, 'Out Come The Freaks', written by the jazz correspondent of the *San Francisco Chronicle.* An LP also completed . . . Other stuff on Ze: new **Gichy Dan** (Coconut offshoot), a "funky" **Davitt Sigerson** track (must be different from that LP), three **Material** tracks with **Nona Hendryx** vocal additions, plus new **Waitresses** stuff (and their single should be *a hit*) . . .

The fourth (count 'em) single to be amputated off 'Scary Monsters' is 'Up The Hill Backwards' — and flipping it will be 'Crystal Japan', the thingy which **Bowie** did for that saki ad . . .

Plastic Bertrand lives! And to prove it, he's doing a cover of **Richard Strange** single, 'International Language' . . .

On Capital independents radio show, *Smash Hits'* **Ian Cranna** dedicated a record to **Tony & Julie,** "the two most independent journalists anywhere" . . .

Virgin to bring out a scholarly history of a major cultural figure. It's entitled *Popeye, The First 50 Years.* Also upcoming: **Sting**'s *Message In A Bottle,* bottle-shaped childrens' book, illustrated by **Sharon Burn** and **Rossetta Woolf** . . . and the paperback version of **Michael Moorcock**'s *Great Rock'n'Roll Swindle,* positively Virgin's final re-cycling of the epic . . . they say . . .

THINGS must be looking up for **TV Smith.** He's quit his job in a timber yard and he's just finished recording a follow-up to the well-received 'Tomahawk Cruise', called 'The Servant'. Just before being whisked off in a cab he fired a parting shot about last week's **Richard Jobbo** cover feature: "Once told me he stole his twirl from me." *(A twirl is a one-legged Long John Silver dance-cum-hop — **R. Nureyev)*** Funny, we thought he'd dropped a microphone on his foot . . .

The Chords are back in action after the departure, a couple of months ago, of singer **Billy H.** New vocalist is **Kip,** a one-time **Vibrator** but we won't hold that against him. According to drummer **Brett Ascot,** they found Kip after 150 auditions/interviews: "Most of the people who turned up were right twats. We had one 38-year-old hairdresser from Barking! He didn't pass . . ."

That **Wah! Heat** album — aarrgghh *LP,* we mean — is almost upon us . . .

Nips to reform soon under a new name . . .

ASH, the anti-smoking lobby, taking a close interest in the new **J. J. Cale** album cover, a pastiche of the French cancer stick Gitanes pack. Lots of nice publicity for Gitanes who are banned under the tough French laws from almost all types of advertising . . .

Rock's great grandpappy **Pete Townshend** seen jamming on *Parkinson* theme with his dad, who plays sax in **Harry Stoneham**'s band. Other than that his profoundest revelation was about the duff perm his hairdresser gave him. We sympathise Pete. Next time try the flan and cold water treatment dished out to **Daltrey** and **Kenny Jones** on *Tiswas* earlier the same day, the results can't be any worse . . .

Just a warning to any filmgoers overcome with '60s nostalgia who want to go to the *No Nukes* business, due to open March 26. It's a laborious name-dropping monument to the downhill slide in the careers of its main proponents **(Nash'n'Stills'n'Crosby, Jackson Browne** and an overweight **James Taylor).** Hypocrisies galore, including endless references to babies — ersatz concern for "our sons, our children and our descendants" issuing out the mouths of coked-out ex-superstars who only got wind of the whole thing when a few sea-dumped canisters of nuclear waste showed up within range of their Malibu abodes. Everyone except big draw **Bruce Springsteen** was allowed to overdub their vocals, leaving him with the poorest sound quality on film (though he still outshines the rest of the hacks). Most hilarious moment: Graham Nash running over at the mouth about "actual GIANT MUTANT SPONGES I HAVE SEEN WITH MY OWN EYES IN PICTURES!!!" that grow on the dumped canisters. All we really want to know is, who got the Hawaiian shirt concession for this film . . .

Hurrah! Hurrah! A double live LP by **Motorhead!** Hurrah! . . .

Joe Strummer in a Bloomsbury squat with **Tymon Dogg — Virginia Woolf**-type literary salons the order of the day, no doubt . . And while we're on the subject, wouldn't it be a surprise if **Bernie Rhodes** became the manager of **The Clash** again? Well, maybe it would, and maybe it wouldn't . . .

Hospital chic — they call it fashion, but we call it SICK. Seen here are Undertones Micky Bradley (plastered) and Damian O'Neill (collared, holding Micky's crutch), just two of the Bright Young Things who've taken to this extravagant new fad. "What most people don't realise," remarks Damian, "is that the expense of looking like this need not be crippling. Especially if you're a personal friend of the designer (in this case, the highly exclusive team, NHS)"

Richard, of New York group The Bongos, gasps in astonishment as a mysterious Paul Morley lookalike leaps on stage to add some magical keyboards and thus rescue their flagging set from imminent flop-dom. "What can I say?" the singer marvelled later. "Who was that unmasked man?" That was no ordinary man, Richard, that was . . . Errol Golddust!

Pic: David Corio

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8	(2)	Ants — Physical	20p
9	(10)	Siouxsie — Israel	20p
10	(—)	Comsat Angels	20p

NEW RELEASES
New Order — "Ceremony" 1"; Gang Of Four — "History" 1¼"; Delta 5 — "D.V." 1"; Pere Ubu — "Art Of Walking" 1"; Crass — "Nagasaki Nightmare" 1"; U.K. Decay — "Unexpected Guest" 1".
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Headphone vs. headphone.

Give them both a fair hearing before you decide which of the two is more comfortable perched on your head.

On the one hand, rather we should say head, there is the closed type headphone which covers the entire ear.

Like the Pioneer SE-650. Eyes left.

It seals the ears and cuts off virtually all intruding sounds from the outside.

As a result sound quality of the closed type is smooth and rich in tone. Helped by the presence of low bass notes.

Producing, with this style, a concentration of the music in the centre of the head.

An open verdict recorded.

On the other hand, or head as you look to the right, there is the open type of headphone.

The one worn here is the Pioneer SE-6. It's called open because it sits on the ear and doesn't cup it. Allowing for a small amount of surrounding sound to filter in and be heard.

(Like a telephone ringing or neighbours banging on the ceiling to tell you your bath's overflowing.)

Consequently, on the open type, music tends to spread to a wider 'inner' space.

And sound quality comes over with a clean edge. As bass notes tend to roll off smoothly.

It's all a cover up story.

Whereas there are noticeable visible differences, internal construction is basically the same.

The SE-650, SE-550 and SE-6 are all built around one of the most spectacular innovations in headphone technology.

The samarium cobalt magnet.

A 'rare-earth' alloy that adds an accuracy in response previously unheard of in drive units of these dimensions.

All six in the range, similarly, use a thin polyester dome-type speaker with tangential edge. In combination with a large voice coil. This ensures high sensitivity and low distortion.

Over a wide frequency range stretching from 20Hz to 20kHz.

A load off your mind.

The lightweight champion is the SE-6, weighing in at 8.8oz (251g) including connecting cord.

And what little weight there is on the others can be shifted away from the sensitive areas on the head, using the adjustable two-band head fitting.

For long hours of continuous listening without any build-up of discomfort or uneasiness.

Made that much more relaxing by head-pampering, cushioned pads. Mounted on swivel joints that self-adjust to the contours around your ears.

On the SE-650 you can self-adjust the sound levels with individual left and right volume controls.

Which fits best in your pocket?

Once you decide which is the most comfortable on your head. You have to decide which will cause the least discomfort to your pocket.

OPEN SE-6.

The closed SE-650, SE-550 and SE-450 cost around £20 to £35.

While the open SE-6, SE-4 and SE-2 span the price range from about £13 to £26.

But whichever you choose, open or closed, you won't be disappointed.

After all, heads you win, heads you win.

HEADPHONES ABOVE:
(LEFT TO RIGHT) CLOSED SE-450, SE-550.
OPEN SE-2, SE-4.

To: Pioneer High Fidelity (GB) Ltd., P.O. Box 108, Iver, Bucks. SL0 9JL. I'd like more information on headphones. Please send me the Pioneer catalogue and list of dealers.

Name _____

Address _____

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PIONEER®

Everything you hear is true.